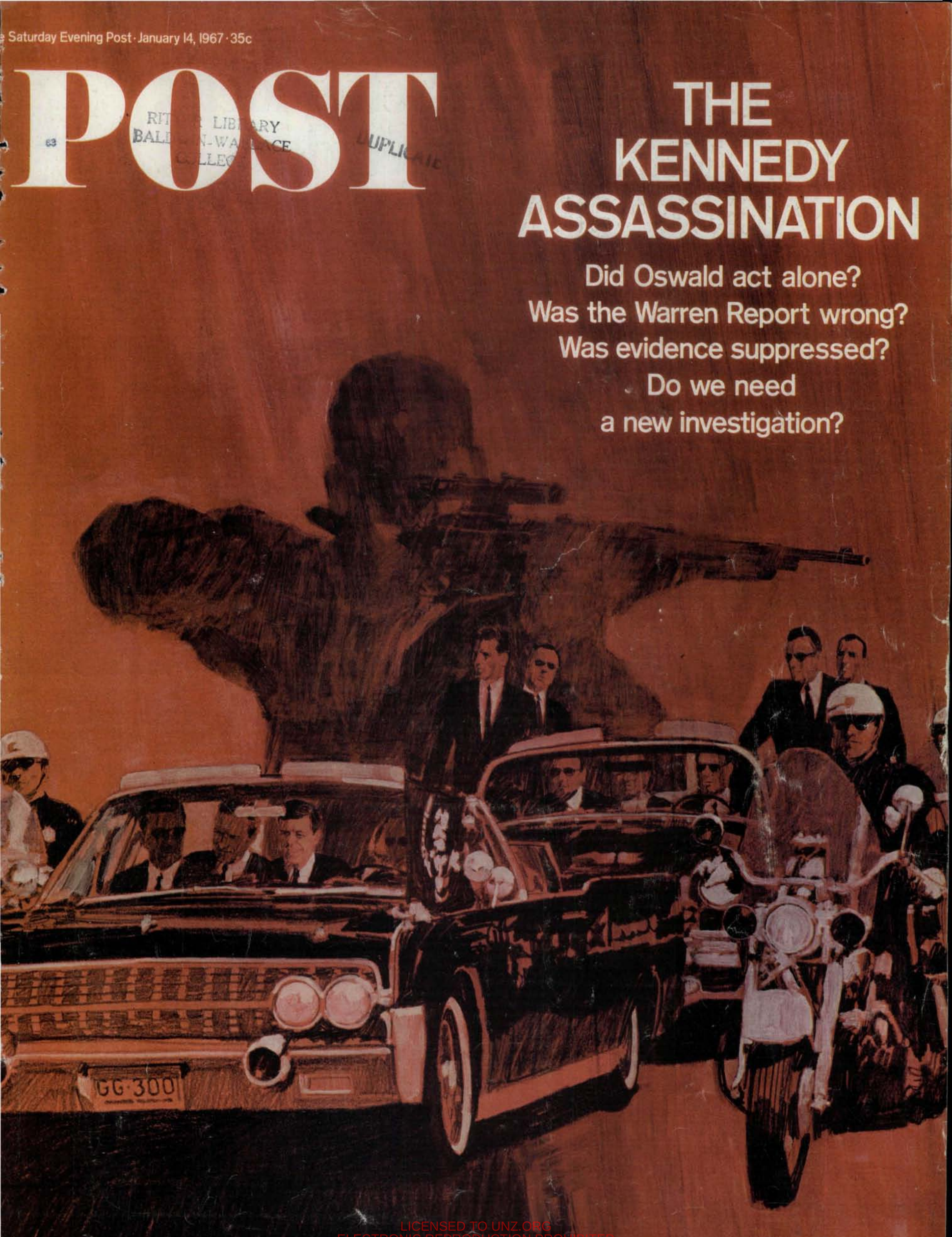
Saturday Evening Post · January 14, 1967 · 35c

POST

RIT LIBRARY
BALL N-WA CE
LLEG
DUPLICATE

THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

Did Oswald act alone?
Was the Warren Report wrong?
Was evidence suppressed?
Do we need
a new investigation?

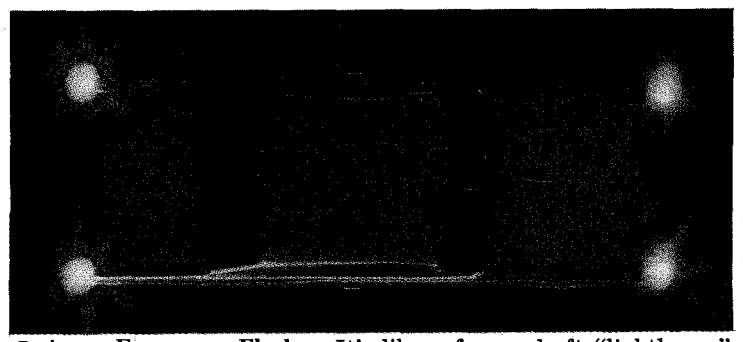


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

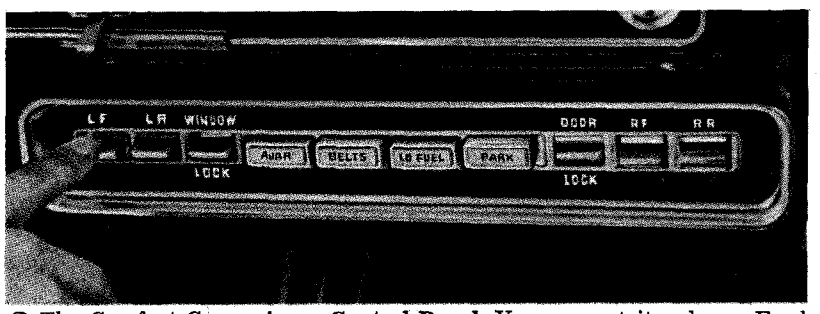
If they start as better ideas, they stay better ideas.

Here are four better ideas we came up with last year.
Four Ford Motor Company exclusives you gave a good, running start.
They're still better ideas. So you get them again in '67.

1 The two-way tailgate. Exclusive! Only Ford and Mercury wagons have it. Use the handle on the side, it opens like a door. Use the handle in the middle, it operates as a tailgate. (One reason why Ford sells more wagons than anyone else.) Something else: you can get side-facing rear seats; makes a kid's playroom out of the back end.



2 4-way Emergency Flasher. It's like a fore-and-aft "lighthouse" on every Ford Motor Company car. When you are parked and you turn on the 4-way flasher—2 lights in the *front* blink on and off, 2 lights in the rear blink on and off. And this year, we put the switch right on the steering column where it's handier than ever.



3 The Comfort Convenience Control Panel. You can get it only on Ford Motor Company cars. One simple device that does 4 big jobs. Individual lights flash on to tell you 1) that your doors aren't properly closed; 2) remind you to fasten your seat belts; 3) that you're low on gas; 4) that your parking brakes are still set.

4 Stereo-Sonic Tape System. Designed for Ford-built cars. Just snap in a tape cartridge and you have stereo sound surrounding you from as many as 4 speakers! Optional.

Ford Motor Company was first with these better ideas.
And there are lots more where they came from for '67.

Ford

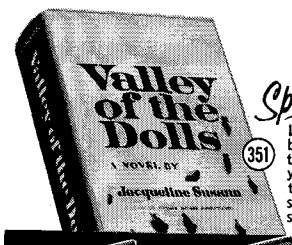
...has a better idea

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER FROM DOUBLEDAY'S DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

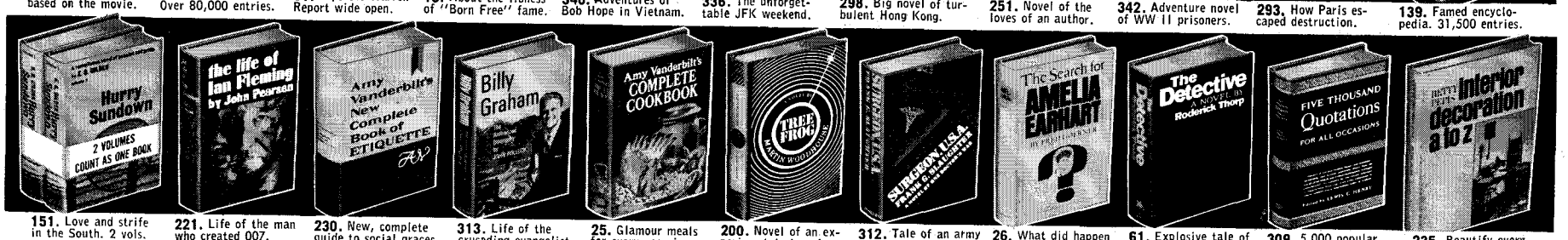
any 5 OF THESE FULL-LENGTH HARD-COVER BOOKS for only 99¢

when you join Doubleday's Dollar Book Club and agree to take only a book a month for only a year, out of a wide selection — at low Club prices

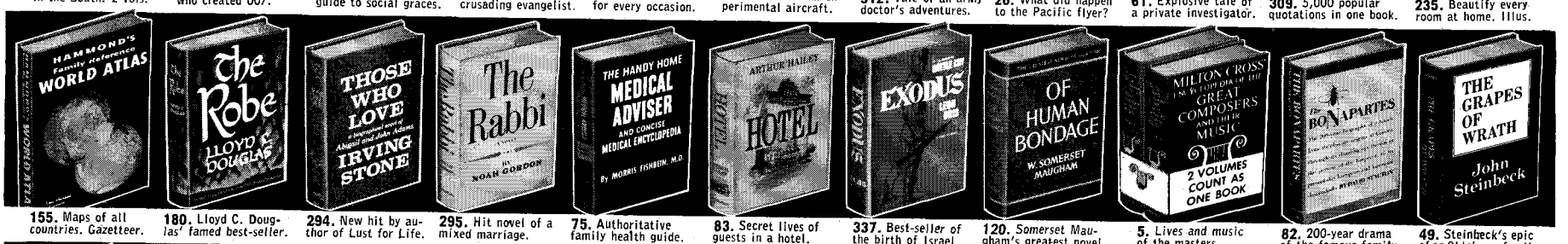


Special! **351** Long-run number one best-seller that rocked the nation. Everything you've heard is true... the fast-moving story of show-biz girls out for stardom at any price!

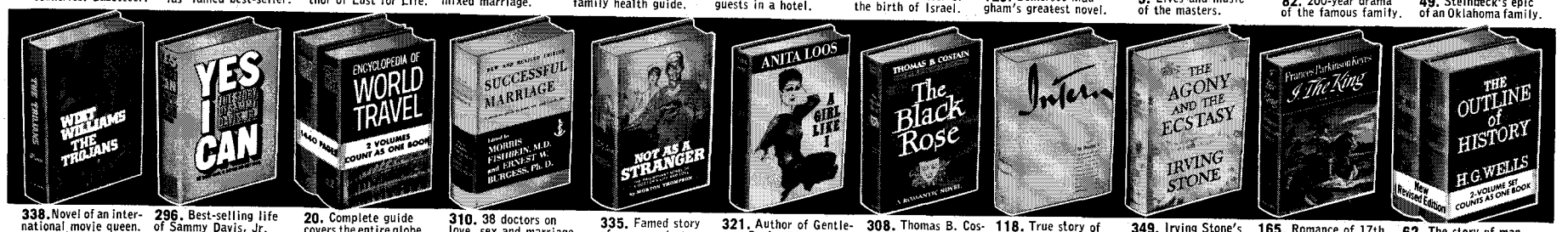
640. Science thriller based on the movie. **42.** Latest edition. Over 80,000 entries. **81.** Rips the Warren Report wide open. **10.** About the lioness of "Born Free" fame. **340.** Adventures of Bob Hope in Vietnam. **336.** The unforgettable JFK weekend. **298.** Big novel of turbulent Hong Kong. **251.** Novel of the loves of an author. **342.** Adventure novel of WW II prisoners. **293.** How Paris escaped destruction. **139.** Famed encyclopedia. 31,500 entries.



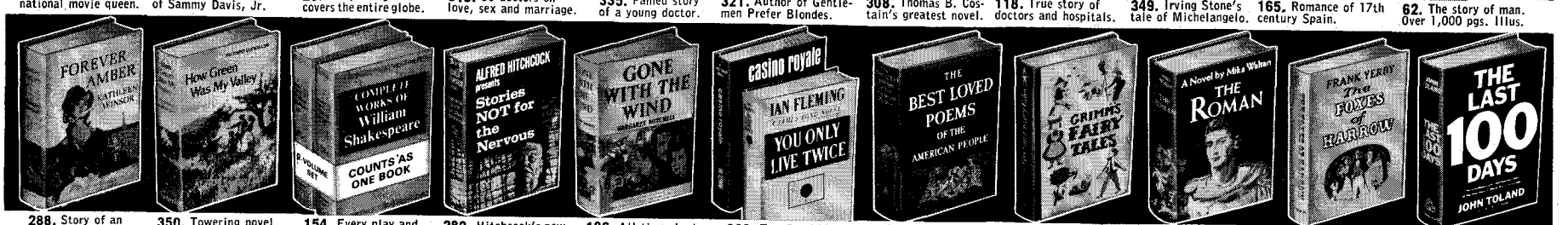
151. Love and strife in the South. 2 vols. **221.** Life of the man who created 007. **230.** New, complete guide to social graces. **313.** Life of the crusading evangelist. **25.** Glamour meals for every occasion. **200.** Novel of an experimental aircraft. **312.** Tale of an army doctor's adventures. **26.** What did happen to the Pacific flyer? **61.** Explosive tale of a private investigator. **309.** 5,000 popular quotations in one book. **235.** Beautify every room at home. Illus.



155. Maps of all countries. Gazetteer. **180.** Lloyd C. Douglas' famed best-seller. **294.** New hit by author of Lust for Life. **295.** Hit novel of a mixed marriage. **75.** Authoritative family health guide. **83.** Secret lives of guests in a hotel. **337.** Best-seller of the birth of Israel. **120.** Somerset Maugham's greatest novel. **5.** Lives and music of the masters. **82.** 200-year drama of the famous family. **49.** Steinbeck's epic of an Oklahoma family.


WES WILLIAMS THE TROJANS
YES I CAN
ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD TRAVEL
2 VOLUMES COUNT AS ONE BOOK
SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE
NOT AS A STRANGER
ANITA LOOS A GIRL LIKE I
THOMAS B. COSTAIN The Black Rose
Jurgen
THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY IRVING STONE
Frances Parkinson Keyes I The King
THE OUTLINE of HISTORY H.G. WELLS
New Revised Edition
2-VOLUME SET COUNTS AS ONE BOOK

338. Novel of an international movie queen. **296.** Best-selling life of Sammy Davis, Jr. **20.** Complete guide covers the entire globe. **310.** 38 doctors on love, sex and marriage. **335.** Famed story of a young doctor. **321.** Author of Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. **308.** Thomas B. Costain's greatest novel. **118.** True story of doctors and hospitals. **349.** Irving Stone's tale of Michelangelo. **165.** Romance of 17th century Spain. **62.** The story of man. Over 1,000 pgs. Illus.


FOREVER AMBER
KATHLEEN WINSOR
How Green Was My Valley
COMPLETE WORKS OF William Shakespeare
COUNTS AS ONE BOOK
ALFRED HITCHCOCK presents Stories NOT for the Nervous
GONE WITH THE WIND
Casino Royale
IAN FLEMING
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE
THE BEST LOVED POEMS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES
A Novel by Mika Waltari THE ROMAN
FRANK YERBY The FOXES of HARROW
THE LAST 100 DAYS
JOHN TOLAND

288. Story of an amorous woman. **350.** Towering novel of love and strife. **154.** Every play and poem. 1,134 pages. **282.** Hitchcock's new brew of suspense. **186.** All-time, best-seller of the South. **333.** Two Bond blockbusters, both films. **196.** Hundreds of favorites. 650 pgs. **551.** Illustrated children's classic. **71.** New novel by author of The Egyptian. **326.** Yerby's famed novel of New Orleans. **280.** Exciting story of World War II's end.

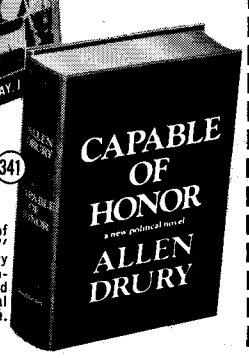
A GREAT new introductory offer from Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club! Select any 5 of 58 books for only 99 cents. Choose from best-selling novels, big illustrated books, reference volumes, even two-volume sets — all hard-cover, full-length books! This is your introductory package when you join.

- **Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered each month a variety of book bargains from which to choose. Selections are exciting new adult novels chosen from the lists of leading publishers. *They cost* $3.95 to $5.95 each in publishers' editions, yet they come to members for as little as $1. Big hits by Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby and other top authors have come to members for $1 — a saving of up to 75%. Some extra-value books are offered at prices higher than $1.**
- **Alternate selections include books of every kind — cook books, travel books, mysteries, classics, home-making books — at special prices to members only. An attractive bonus plan *offers other big savings too.***
- **All books are new, full-length, hard-bound editions made especially for Dollar Book Club members.**

SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL COUPON. Circle code numbers of the 5 introductory books of your choice. You will receive these at once, and be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping and handling. Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N.Y.

NOTE: The Book Club editions shown here are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length — not a word is cut!

348 *Special!* Warm, informal story of JFK written by a man who knew him for 21 years, from the days when he commanded a PT boat in the Pacific to the White House.



341 *Special!* New hit by the author of "Advise and Consent." Behind-the-scenes story of politicians, diplomats, columnists and newsmen at a Presidential nominating convention.

DOUBLEDAY ONE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB
DEPT. 71-SPX, GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK 11531

Enroll me as a member and send me at once the 5 books whose numbers I have circled at the right. Bill me only 99¢ plus shipping and handling.

Send me each month the Club Bulletin describing the next selections and alternate book bargains. I will notify you in advance, *on the convenient* form always provided, whenever I do not wish a forthcoming selection. I need buy only one book a month out of at least 20 offered each month. I may resign any time after one year without further obligation. I pay only $1 for each selection or alternate (plus shipping) unless I prefer to receive an extra-value book at a higher price.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, return the introductory package in 7 days and membership will be cancelled.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please print)
Address
City & State Zip

Credit reference
(Your telephone number, bank or department store where you have charge account is sufficient.) 5D-578B

Membership applications are subject to acceptance by the Club.

Canadian enquiries write to address above. For your convenience, books will be shipped from our Canadian office. Members accepted in continental U.S.A. and Canada only.

Circle numbers of the 5 books you choose:

5	10	20	25	26
42	49	61	62	71
75	81	82	83	118
120	139	151	154	155
165	180	186	196	200
221	230	235	251	280
282	288	293	294	295
296	298	308	309	310
312	313	321	326	333
335	336	337	338	340
341	342	348	349	350
351	551	640		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pick the right day to test drive a VW and you'll have the road to yourself.

Back when the weather was better, everybody was inviting you to come in and test drive their new whatevers.

But now that the weather isn't so hot (and a test drive is really a test), the invitations have dropped off sharply.

Now maybe you can spare a little time to try out the new Volkswagen.

Not right this minute. Wait for a nice lousy day. The next time it's snowing or slushing or something like that, drive down to your VW dealer. (If you can make it in your car.)

He'll be happy to take you out and show you how a Volkswagen works when hardly anything else does.

How the weight of the motor on the rear wheels makes the VW dig in and go, in the snow or the mud, or even on ice.

As you pass all the stranded cars that passed their test drives in balmier days, he'll tell you about the VW's other cold-weather comforts.

The air-cooled motor. It doesn't freeze over, so it doesn't need anti-freeze or a winter thermostat.

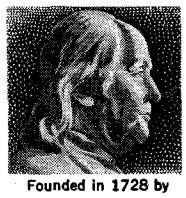
And if you have to leave the car out on a cold wet night, it's got four coats of paint and a sealed bottom to keep it cozy.

You've even got an edge with a Volkswagen if the worst happens and you get stuck.

What could be easier to push?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST



Founded in 1728 by
Ben. Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
MacLENNAN FARRELL Fiction editor
FRANK KILKER Art editor
JOE SAPINSKY Associate art director (photography)
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JAMES ATWATER (general); ROBERT S. BIRD (national affairs); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); ROBERT A. POTEETE (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science); JEANETTE SARKISIAN WAGNER (general). **Associate articles editors** ANN BAYER, M. B. SHESTACK (entertainment). **Assistant editors** MARY ANN O'ROARK, JAMES ARDREY. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, JOHN DENSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, MAX GUNTHER, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, JAMES PHELAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** JEFF BROWN, HASKEL FRANKEL, SUSAN STANWOOD. **Associate fiction editor** GERALDINE KRUG. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SARA PENTZ, SALLY A. REUKAUF. **Regional photographer** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington). **Contributing photographers** BILL BRIDGES, JOSEPH CONSENTINO, JOHN LAUNOIS, HARVEY LLOYD, WAYNE MILLER. **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Copy** RICHARD L. LEHMAN (chief). **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** RHOMA M. PAUL. **Copy research** DEBORAH HARKINS (chief). **Assistants** LORRAINE BUSCAGLIA, GAIL MARSHALL. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, MAXINE COHEN, DON MENELL. **Editorial production** RITA M. ORTIGA (chief). **Assistant** LEAH KAHAN. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); MARILYN FLAIG, VICTORIA SMITH, XENIA VUJNOVICH.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1967 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY: We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Maurice W. Poppei, Sr. Vice Pres.; Gloria L. Swett, Vice Pres., Secretary; Kenneth B. Artz, Treasurer; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, American Home and Jack and Jill. Executive offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Editorial and advertising offices, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 641 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105. Allow six weeks for change of address.

IN THIS ISSUE

January 14, 1967 • 240th year, issue no. 1

Articles

We need more censorship *(Speaking Out)* . . . . *Pamela Hansford Johnson* 8
The amazing Americans *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 12
My slice of the real-estate pie *(The Human Comedy)* . . . *Marvin Kitman* 16
The Kennedy assassination . . . . . *Richard J. Whalen* 19
Steve McQueen: A loser makes it big . . . . . *Trevor Armbrister* 26
Israel: Land of unlimited impossibilities . . . . . *Barbara Tuchman* 30
Farewell to the enchanted city . . . . . *Joan Didion* 62
Can basketball survive Lew Alcindor? . . . . . *Rex Lardner* 70

Fiction

Farley the sailor . . . . . *Robert Stone* 42
Among the quiet folks . . . . . *John Moore* 52

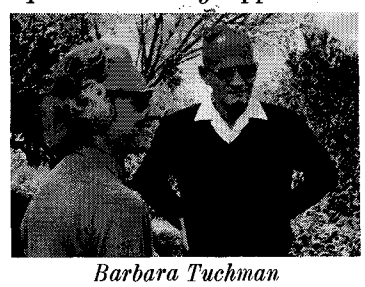
Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 54 Post scripts . . . 60
Hazel . . . . . 69 Editorials 74

About this issue

Richard J. Whalen

Richard J. Whalen was harassed by an official runaround and the constant response of "no comment" during his three-month investigation into the Kennedy assassination. After 10 years of reporting and writing for major news publications, Whalen recently left his job as senior editor at *Fortune* magazine to become Writer-in-Residence at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic Studies. His best-selling *The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy* appeared in part in the *Post* in October, 1964. . . . Historian BARBARA TUCHMAN, in Jerusalem to lecture at the Hebrew University, was telephoned by the *Post* and asked to record her impressions of Israel. A Pulitzer Prize winner for *The Guns of August,* Mrs. Tuchman's most recent book is *The Proud Tower,* a portrait of the years just before World War I. / Cover illustration by FRED OTNES.



Barbara Tuchman

Moving?

Change your address in advance and get this FREE Moving Guide

Please send us the address label from this issue before you move and we will send you—FREE—a copy of NEW HOME JOURNAL, the 48-page illustrated guide that will help you save time, trouble and money when you move.

Mail to:
SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
DEPT. NHJ
PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19105

Please send me a FREE copy of New Home Journal

ATTACH YOUR ADDRESS LABEL HERE

NAME (print)_____
My New Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____
Date Moving_____

Postmaster: Send form 3579 to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters

Prisoner of the Reds

Dear Sirs:

Lt. (j.g.) Dieter Dengler ['I ESCAPED FROM A RED PRISON,' December 3] is just another example of the spirit of the fighting man in Vietnam. As a student, comfortable and secure, his article made me realize the hell the men in Vietnam must live in.

FRED DURAN
Tolleson, Ariz.

Dear Sir:

It is amazing how much punishment a human body can take and still survive. Lt. Dengler must have had a fantastic desire to live, to squeeze out that last ounce of strength and somehow try and try again.

HAL JEPSEN
Malibu, Calif.

Dear Sir:

How ironic to read first Lt. Dengler's poignant reflection—". . . once . . . I had thrown away a piece of bread; I swore that I'd never do that again"—and then the debutante article, 'AFTER THIS PARTY SHE'LL BE INVITED EVERYWHERE'

MRS. RICHARD WHITMORE
Inglewood, Calif.

Whirl of the debs

Dear Sirs:

Your debutante article ['AFTER THIS PARTY SHE'LL BE INVITED EVERYWHERE,' by Beth Day, December 3] undoubtedly gave rat-eating war victims and backward souls in the ghettos a real shot in the arm to see what they can look forward to as soon as their circumstances improve a little bit.

LITA ALBERS
Needham Heights, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Thank you very much for printing an extremely enjoyable article. Now I don't feel so bad about being an unadorned, undebutanted 17-year-old Midwesterner.

NADINE COHODAS
Appleton, Wis.

Dear Editor:

I think (yawn) the only people (yawn) benefiting from these (double yawn) social gatherings are the dress designers, social secretaries, caterers, florists, decorators, champagne importers, tentmakers (yawn). . . .

RALPH DEL BUONO
Millville, N.J.

Cover cleavage

Dear Sir:

Seeing your cover of Elizabeth Taylor [December 3] and my teen-agers together in the same room, I found my thoughts taking a turn toward this verse regarding my address sticker:

Dear Post, I've a beef!
'Twould have been a relief
Had you only instructed your mailer
To center my label,
Or somehow been able,
To cover some cleavage on Taylor.

MRS. MARY OLIVER
Middlesex, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for a terrific issue. Elizabeth Taylor adorned your cover beautifully, and Richard Burton looked properly lascivious.

JUDITH ANN HOFF
Mountain View, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Surely we can expect more tastefully done covers from a magazine such as yours in the future. I hope so—I have a three-year subscription.

MRS. SHARON PETERSON
Buffalo, Minn.

Crib deaths

Gentlemen:

After reading Steven M. Spencer's article CRIB DEATHS: SEARCH FOR A MYSTERY KILLER [November 19], I was frightened to the point of hysteria. The piece may have its place in a medical journal, but I don't think a family magazine is the place for it.

MRS. R. C. FERNER
Odenton, Md.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for bringing to light to me and thousands of grieved parents the fact that the medical society *is* aware of these seemingly needless deaths and *is* trying to discover the cause.

MRS. ALICE CHONNER
New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs:

If only every mother whose infant has died unexplainably could read this article—her pain and suffering would be so much less. I hope you will continue to print articles on such problems.

MRS. HOWARD D. SPALDING
Indian Orchard, Mass.

Cultural repression?

Dear Editor:

Oh, I just loved Tom Wolfe's article THE COURTS MUST CURB CULTURE [December 3]. Let's see, first we'll sell all the museums and with the money buy everyone in America a color television set, and then we'll turn those useless cultural centers into discothèques!

BARBARA PERRY
Newark, N.J.

Dear Sir:

Tom Wolfe's implication that the arts are only intended to entertain dilettantes is a superficial oversimplification and an injustice to many sincere people who find something more meaningful in a performance of *Macbeth* than in an evening of "comedies" on television. Perhaps they are only a minority of the population, but this fact would seem to argue for *more* cultural centers and not *less* of them.

ROBERT OVEREND JR.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Poor Tom Wolfe! Reminds me of the dirty-faced kid with his nose pressed against the candy-store window. Mr. Wolfe wants in, but he lacks the price of admission—the appreciation and love of beauty.

BERNARD CROGAN
La Crosse, Wis.

Dear Editor:

My five-year-old kindergarteners have a deeper sense of culture than Tom Wolfe. On a return trip from an art gallery and museum they, with shining eyes, declared: "This is the beautiful-est day we ever had."

IRENE MICHAELS
Milwaukee, Wis.

J.F.K. and greatness

Gentlemen:

A thank you to Stewart Alsop for the well-written piece WAS JOHN F. KENNEDY A GREAT MAN? [December 3]. John Kennedy made patriotism a way of life; and this could be added to the "valid claims to greatness" stated by Mr. Alsop.

MRS. JUDY HENNEN
Marshall, Minn.

Dear Sir:

John Kennedy wasn't in office long enough to prove himself one way or another. His only major test was his successful showdown with Khrushchev; is he to be judged a great man on one deed?

AL B. SPONG
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:

Surely if we are to ascribe greatness to good intentions and to charismatic magnetism, many other leaders of smaller stature than the late President would qualify.

JACK CAPURSO
Bowling Green, Ohio

Gentlemen:

I was astounded to think that a man of Mr. Alsop's erudition found it so difficult to make a case for the late President that he had to resort to Kennedy's tonsorial style.

KENDALL J. WENTZ
Galena, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Of course the President's hairstyle had an effect on the young men of our country—if he had not been loved and looked up to by our youth, he would not have been used as their model. Kennedy had such an interest in his people and nation that he remains forever in the hearts of the people, and will always be listed among the greatest of the United States Presidents.

DIANE GLAVAC
Phoenix, Ariz.

Ancient ancestors

Dear Editor:

The *Post* is to be congratulated on the fine article MAN—THROUGH TIME'S MISTS [December 3]. I salute its author John Pfeiffer as an artist of words, facts and historical knowledge.

MRS. JOAN DRASZT
Thompson Falls, Mont.

Gentlemen:

It was pure delight to find John Pfeiffer's article in a magazine other than a scientific journal of limited distribution.

MRS. GLENDEN THOMSEN
Mansfield, Wash.

Gentlemen:

History reveals the hope of humankind despite its tragedies—Jews who survived the concentration camps; Dengler, who survived the tearing roots, ants, green meat and his captors. This is why John Pfeiffer can write that ". . . the possibility exists that we may be the representatives of the first species to avoid extinction, and to evolve indefinitely." Man can survive man.

DAVID W. SHAW
Cincinnati, Ohio

Vietnam bafflement

Dear Sir:

I wish to congratulate you on your editorial in the December 3 issue ['COME HOME WITH THAT COONSKIN']. I do believe there is a need for the U.S. Government to be concerned with the people of Southeast Asia, as well as those elsewhere around the world; but before we deliberately engage in a major war where we are not attacked, we should seek to learn through elections, not opinion polls, the will of the people of the United States.

C. S. IDEN
Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Sir:

You have clearly told us what so many are thinking but are unable to express. We are well aware of the fact that we were deprived of the right to exercise freedom of choice in the matter of Vietnam. What next? If it has happened in this case, will it establish a precedent for future wars?

FLETCHER T. BECK
Newport, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

One wonders what the purpose of your editorial is—a more humane policy, perhaps? The abandonment of millions to Communism would hardly be humane.

RICHARD D. STRICKLAND
Lubbock, Tex.

Dear Sir:

If only your example of objectivity could be followed by all the loudmouthed leaders of all the nations. Your editorial actually managed to suggest that "our side" just possibly is not one-thousand percent right.

ALBERT F. DALLEIN
Libertyville, Ill.

Dear Sir:

I don't care whether you call them civil wars, wars of liberation, or just high-class arguments. The fact remains that if you are going to permit a well-organized minority to overthrow governments throughout the world, you are eventually going to be in serious trouble.

JAMES J. REILLY
Essex, Md.

Dear Sir:

I think a lot of people feel as I do about Vietnam—to criticize our policy makes me feel disloyal to the ones who are giving their lives there. But we are beginning to ask many questions; and at the root of our uncertainty is the feeling that, in spite of what they tell us, our government officials, too, feel baffled and dismayed by our role in Vietnam.

MRS. LOUIS T. JAMES
Karval, Colo.

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

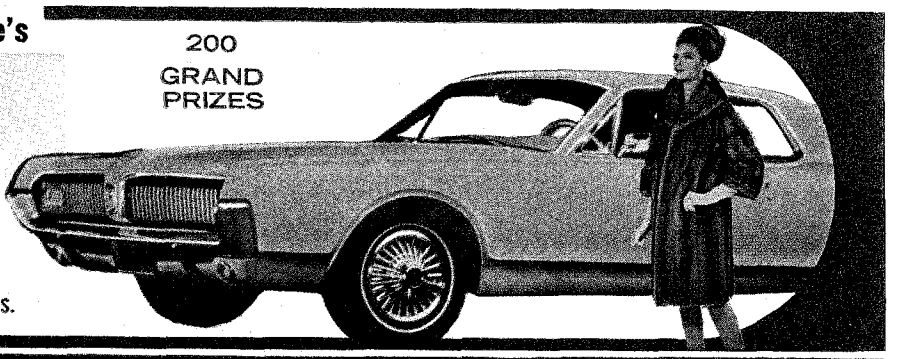
Cover: Fred Otnes. • 3–Walter Daran, Alf Biem. • 8–Erich Hartmann (Magnum). • 12–Wide World. • 19–Fred Otnes. 20, 21–Wide World. • 22–National Archives. • 23–U.P.I. • 25–Dennis Brack (Black Star). • 26–Bill Bridges, Pete Turner. 27–William Claxton (Globe). • 28–William Claxton (Globe), Paramount. • 29–Doris Nieh. • 30–31–Louis Goldman from Rapho Guillumette. • 31–Fritz Henle (Photo Researchers, Inc.). • 32–Ed Drews (Photo Researchers, Inc.), Leni Sonnenfeld (Pictorial Parade), Louis Goldman from Rapho Guillumette. • 33, 34–Leni Sonnenfeld (Pictorial Parade). 62–Esther Bubley. • 63–Mike Smith (Pix). • 64–Lida Moser, I. B. Schavitz. • 65–Bill Troy. • 66–Lida Moser. • 67–Adger Cowans. • 70 71, 72, 73–Bill Bridges • 74–Ollie Atkins, U.P.I..

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

67 439 A B-19

You may have already WON in The Longines Symphonette's

GOLDEN COUGAR Sweepstakes



1st Prize—100 chances to win A Sensational Mercury COUGAR Sportscar. Fully Equipped and complete with all deluxe accessories.

2nd Prize—100 Elegant, Full-Length MINK COATS. Custom designed and personalized by the famous Hy Fishman Furs of New York.

Plus 10,000 powerful AM-FM Transistor radios to follow-up winners!

Over 10,000 Chances To Win in The Longines Symphonette's **New GOLDEN COUGAR SWEEPSTAKES.**
Say "YES" on the attached card and you have already "won" a valuable record album.

The Longines Symphonette's Newest Treasury of Nostalgia

Sentimental Journey

*"...Gonna Take A Sentimental Journey,
Gonna Put My Heart At Ease.
Gonna Take A Sentimental Journey,
To Renew Old Memories...."*

More than 70 of your favorite, most familiar, and happy memory songs to help transport you on your own "Sentimental Journey"! Never before released.

FREE RECORD ALBUM
"Theme Songs From The BIG BAND ERA"... The original theme songs of GLENN MILLER... TOMMY DORSEY ... HARRY JAMES ... and more. Yours just for auditioning SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY...

Take all six thrilling records for 10 days FREE!
Keep FREE record album and enter the "Golden Cougar" sweepstakes too!

Over 70 selections on six purest vinyl records!

Send just $5.00 a month
or only $14.98

No extra charge for deluxe presentation case!

Now, for the first time in a single great Longines Symphonette Treasury, all the familiar, popular songs and melodies you've longed to own... to share with your family ... to help bring back your fondest personal memories. More than 70 beautiful selections on six purest vinyl records, each performed with brilliant sweep and emotion in the famed Longines Symphonette style that captures the mood, the tempo and the spell of the years when you first heard ... COCKTAILS FOR TWO ... HEART AND SOUL ... MONA LISA ... I'M YOURS ... SMALL FRY... TANGERINE ... LOVE IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER ... IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU ... STELLA BY STARLIGHT ... MIMI ... and, of course, the unforgettable SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. You will find all of these—and so many more—over 70 in all—when you take your own personal 'Sentimental Journey' back through the important years that paced your life and shaped your destiny.

Enjoy over 3 full hours of your favorite songs and melodies ... superbly played, brilliantly arranged and recorded in The Longines Symphonette's own exclusive "LIVING SOUND" technique ... sound so rich and clear it's like having a 'live' orchestra playing just for you.

CHECK "YES" ON THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD ATTACHED TO GET YOUR FREE RECORD ALBUM AND TO AUDITION THIS MAGNIFICENT NEW TREASURY!

Find out now if you have already won a valuable prize in this bigger-than-ever Longines Symphonette Lucky Number Sweepstakes! Over 10,000 chances for you to win a valuable prize!! And, at the same time, audition the magnificent six-record Treasury, SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY and enjoy your FREE RECORD ALBUM, Theme Songs from the BIG BAND ERA—yours, just for auditioning SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

FREE Record Album

Yes, here are the musical "trademarks" of Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Freddy Martin, Kay Kyser, Vaughn Monroe, Harry James, and four more orchestra themes! A memorable record that is yours FREE just for auditioning "Sentimental Journey"! Keep it no matter what you decide!

ARE YOUR FAVORITES AMONG THESE MEMORY SONGS LISTED HERE?

I Get Along Without You Very Well
Two Sleepy People
Buttons & Bows
Just One More Chance
June in January
Sentimental Journey
Someday
Twilight On The Trail
Praise The Lord & Pass The Ammunition
That Old Black Magic
Lover
Funny Old Hills
Dormi, Dormi, Dormi
One Dozen Roses
That's Amore
Thanks For The Memory
Isn't It Romantic
Call Me Irresponsible
Blue Hawaii
Love Letters
Moon Love
Beyond The Blue Horizon
Golden Earrings
My Silent Love
On The Isle Of May
I Remember You
If I Should Lose You
Suddenly It's Spring
When I Take My Sugar To Tea
Sing You Sinners
A New Kind Of Love
To Each His Own
Love In Bloom
Moon River
The Lady's In Love With You
In The Cool, Cool, Cool, Of The Evening
It's A Hap, Hap, Happy Day
Dolores
The World Is Mine
My Ideal

**Used by permission—copyright 1944 Morley Music Co., Inc.*

How sweepstakes works ... The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each lucky number coupon submitted by an adult 21 years of age or older will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of The Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine or persons less than 21 years of age, shall not be eligible. Your entry must list the official lucky number, and must be checked YES or NO. ("NO" entries may be pasted on post-paid bind-in card.) Entries must be received by January 4, 1968. This sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and Local regulations. Prize winners will be notified by mail. A representative list of prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

USE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TO ENTER SWEEPSTAKES!

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE SOCIETY
Symphonette Square • Larchmont, N. Y. 10538

☐ YES — send my FREE record Album along with the six-record Treasury, SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. I may return the Treasury after 10 days and owe nothing, or will send just $5 a month until the full price of just $14.98 (plus modest postage-handling cost) is paid. I keep my FREE RECORD ALBUM, Theme Songs from the BIG BAND ERA, no matter what I decide.

☐ **CHECK HERE FOR STEREO EDITION.** Just $1.80 more for all six records!

Name _____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

01491-968

☐ No—do not send FREE record album, but let me know if I have already won.
I have copied the number from the postage paid card bound in to this magazine:

Number _____
(Please print carefully)

01491-968

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pamela Hansford Johnson—Lady Snow, wife of famed author C.P. Snow—has herself published a dozen novels as well as several plays. She has been a fellow at Yale and Wesleyan universities. She lives in London.

We need more censorship

To save the arts, an author warns, artists must be checked in their misuse of new freedoms.

By Pamela Hansford Johnson

Somebody, sometime, has got to say Stop. I am speaking of the whole question of censorship. It is agreed nowadays, by all but a very few dissenting voices, that the way to a better literature lies through the abolition of censorship. Mine is one of those dissenting voices, and as I write I find myself, involuntarily, ducking my head. It is almost impossible to speak as I am speaking, and be allowed to finish the sentence. Passions are too hot; serious thought on this subject seems to be impossible.

Since the enormous increase in license in the arts that has taken place during the past 10 years or so, literature has not become better; it has become worse. And much of it has become exceptionally boring. Take, for instance, the relatively new license to go into details of the physical act of sex. Writers have been unable to resist the privilege; indeed, a good many books seem to have been written with no motive but to exercise it to the full. The Sex Scene has become compulsory; I have read novels by good writers to whom this kind of thing (and what that is really new *can* you say about it by this time?) doesn't come by nature at all, but who painfully put a chapter in, just to be what is called "with it." How did writers fare before restraints were lifted? It seems to me that there is a greater atmosphere of real physical passion in *Anna Karenina* than in 18 *Lady Chatterleys* and 18 of its imitations all rolled into one.

Total abolition of censorship means, of course, the abolition of self-censorship also. If novelists and playwrights were able to resist the allurement of each new privilege, and to use it only when it was vital to their work, there would be nothing much to complain about. But the privilege becomes an end in itself.

Take the matter of Four-Letter Words. The moment their use was freely permitted, writers rushed to pepper their books with them as though they were seasoning soup, in the hope of producing a shock effect. Unhappily, the same shock, day after day, month after month, ceases to shock at all; and the final result has been that these words are themselves in the process of being ruined. Try repeating to yourself, time after time, for five minutes flat, any word you please—say "mice," or "flak." By the end of that five minutes, the word will have become meaningless. It will have lost any relation to its subject, it will sound as strange as something in Etruscan or Minoan or Aramaic. It is a word expunged. So what shall we do now when we want to express ourselves violently, in obscene terms (because many of us do, from time to time)? Invent new words? All the usual four-letter ones have now depreciated in value.

Should I suggest alternatives? But if I do, I may succeed in throwing splendid Shakespearean words, not obscene, to the wolves. I might tell someone to "Shog off" (Nym) or tell him my "pugging" toothaches (Autolycus). But I won't. The four-letter words, intrinsically hideous as some of them are, have already lost their miserable savor, and I don't wish to offer new ones to the same fate.

As it is, we are becoming overwhelmed by waves of tedious discussions of sex. A good potential example was provided by the leader of a new British pop group. Having stated that he favored "aggressive numbers, vicious numbers . . . the nastiest ones," he was asked how far his group would dare to push their audacity. He replied, with drama: "Over the top—until we stand naked on the stage!"

This poor boy's orgiastic imagination is on a par with that of the inhibited spinster of fiction. I should not worry unduly if he were allowed to attain his desire, except for the result that would inevitably follow. All the pop groups would appear naked on the stage; it would become common form and go unnoticed. I cannot believe that we should gain much aesthetically.

Every new license granted is instantly snapped up, simply because it is a novelty. But when it is no longer a novelty, practitioners flog on with it, until it turns into conformity of the dullest kind.

Total license in the arts at best engenders boredom and produces a kind of ghastly sameness; at worst it produces a combination of sex and sadism. The Theater of Cruelty is one of the nastiest ideas that has ever set literary persons ululating with joy. Someone observed the other day that since writers felt so violently about cruelty, it was necessary for them to demonstrate its meaning by example to an outrageous degree. The idea, presumably, was that audiences would be so shocked that they would become good and kind and gentle. This, to use a fine old English phrase, is a load of codswallop. Suppose I felt strongly that it is deplorable to hit old ladies over the head with a wrench. Would it help others to see the evil of this if I went round giving practical demonstrations? Assuming that I were fully licensed to carry out this activity, I believe that I should, in a very short time, attract ever-increasing and admiring crowds.

The truth is that the spectacle of cruelty—in

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Season Selector

Choose your favorite and fly to it.

Right now, somewhere in the world, your favorite season awaits you.

Whether your choice is a sandy beach, a snowy trail, or something in between—it's just hours away by Boeing jetliner.

Other kinds of seasons can be nearby, too: Theatre, opera, golf, fishing. There are hundreds to choose from. Just pick your favorite.

Boeing jets put all the world and its seasons within range of a two-week vacation. (They fly to 313 cities in 124 countries.)

Airlines and travel agents offer a wide variety of season packages, including many an off-season bargain. And they'll show you how you and your money can go farther.

Don't wait for your favorite season to come to you.

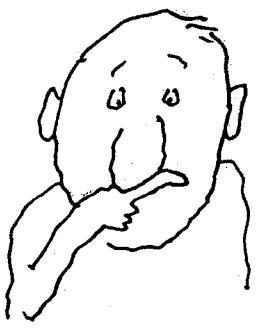
Go to it, in hours—by Boeing jet.

Now flying Boeing jets: *Aerolineas Argentinas, Air Asia, Air Congo, Air France, Air-India, Air Jamaica, Air Madagascar, Alaska, All Nippon, American, Ansett-ANA, Avianca, BOAC, BWIA, Braniff, Continental, Eastern, El Al, Ethiopian, Flying Tiger, Frontier, Iran Air, Irish, JAL, Lufthansa, MEA, Mexicana, National, Northeast, Northwest, Olympic, PIA, PSA, Pacific, Pacific Northern, Pan American, Qantas, Sabena, Saudi Arabian, South African, Southern Air Transport, TAA, TAP, TWA, United, Varig, Wardair Canada, Western, World.* In service later: *Braathens, Britannia, Caledonian, China Air, Icelandair, Lake Central, Northern Consolidated, Pacific Western, Piedmont, Transair, United Arab, Wien Air Alaska.*

1916—50th Anniversary Year—1966 **BOEING**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pay attention to your nose.



It may be trying to tell you something.

A sniffle is a cold's way of telling you the worst is yet to come. It's your signal to take Contac®. The cold capsule with over 600 tiny "time pills" inside. They work for you continuously, dependably, for up to 12 hours.

To keep you one step ahead of those sniffles. One jump ahead of sneezes and a stuffy nose.

Get Contac at your pharmacy. And take it early. Before your cold gets worse. Menley & James Laboratories, Phila.

particular, sexual cruelty—at first shocks the sensibilities and then blunts them. A sensibility blunted by cruelty in art will become blunted to it in life. And that's all there is to it.

In fact, the outcry for the total abolition of censorship is based on a false premise. It literally could not happen. Let me take a somewhat coarse example. We are never going to see the act of copulation on a public stage. I don't mean a symbolic representation. I mean what I say. Now even if a playwright should decide that this spectacle was vital to his work, and there was nothing to prevent his writing it in, it would nevertheless not happen. I don't say that the audience would act as censor; audiences have been conditioned, like Pavlov's dogs, to accept pretty well everything. I fancy the censorship would come from the actor. So if a line is always going to be drawn somewhere, would it not be more productive to argue where, at what extreme limit, it should be drawn, rather than to quack on and on about a virtual impossibility?

I am not a lawyer, and so can hardly be expected to suggest in detail some rational form of check, and yet I know there is no sense in police censorship, since it merely strengthens the hand of those who want—in theory—to see all restraints removed. In England, for instance, we have recently had the absurdity of a play banned by the Lord Chamberlain—the person in the royal household whose job is to censor plays—and then presented at a "club" where large audiences gathered to see the "condemned" scene—one in which a baby in a carriage was stoned to death. Yet I can conceive of a small censoring body which could, with wisdom, apply an initial check. But then it seems to me vital that there should be set up a powerful Court of Appeal, consisting of open-minded persons, preferably attached to learned institutions. This would be a reform that might do much to sweeten the existing, and by no means pleasant, atmosphere in which the theater finds itself.

I suppose I am obliged to make it clear that nobody in his right mind wants to see a burning of the books, a police raid, or other wickedness of that sort. Nor do I want to see censorship too concerned over trivia. I should make clear that I, personally, am not too concerned about the use on paper even of words that are ugly in themselves and can only be used by loveless minds. If a writer, newly introduced to me, attempts to cut a dash by using them in our first conversational exchanges, I think he is a silly oaf compensating for a basic lack of originality; if I were physically strong enough I should kick him out. If he uses them constantly on paper, however, he merely succeeds in depreciating them; in making them a bore to adult minds; and I believe even a four-letter word ought to have some rights of its own. No, this sort of thing is too silly to worry about. But I am concerned about sadistic display: about comedy, or "satire," that takes for its subject the blind, the deaf, the spastic, the mad; about the flood of cheap books, either dirty or dressed up to look as if they were, that disfigure our bookshops. These last are put out as bait for the semi-educated young, the school dropouts who have more money in their pockets than ever before.

It is easy to corrupt the young, because they know so little about life. I can imagine a young audience laughing heartily at a farce about Buchenwald; this hasn't been written yet, but I am expecting it any minute. They would laugh because the reality has never touched them; it would simply be a situation, like any other. We who are older wouldn't laugh. We lived through the sick horror of those years, some of us vicariously, and some of us at first-hand. We wouldn't laugh, and the young would call us "Square"—or perhaps Philistine, which is a word applied to someone whose ideas are not your own—because they simply could not know enough to understand why we were horrified.

We have spent years in a morass of muddled thinking about censorship. We have thought of censorship as relating purely to *subject*. What it should relate to is the attitude to subject. I can imagine a good and moral play about the "battered-baby syndrome," which would genuinely incite pity and horror. But if somebody wrote a comedy on the theme (and I don't put this past human folly), then somebody ought to say Stop. I believe somebody would—but I am not altogether confident. The no-censorship supporters are worried about sex alone, whether heterosexual or homosexual. I am not much worried about either, except in its inevitably repetitive aspect. But I am worried about the presentation of cruelty for the purpose of—here comes the giveaway word—kicks. The moment the conception of a Theater of Kicks comes in at the window, the Theater of Ideas flies out at the door.

The question remains: Will total freedom produce a finer art? There is not the smallest evidence to suggest that it will, and none to suggest that it already has. In an extremely penetrating and bleakly sensible article in the magazine *Commentary*, Stanley Kauffmann asked: "Did Molière wither when he had to alter *Tartuffe* to suit Louis XIV? Did prison itself keep Cervantes or Bunyan from writing?" To stop the blood rushing to innumerable heads, let me point out that Mr. Kauffmann does not suggest that the pressure of kings or jails actually improved the quality of art. He is simply restoring some degree of historical perspective to a debate which has, for the most part, been remarkably callow.

Obviously I do not want—at least, I pray that it is obvious—a censorship such as there was in England in the 19th century and in Russia during the same period. Still, consider the works of literature that emerged from it. Are we seeing anything remotely as fine today? Let us consider how some really great literature might have turned out if the authors were really "with it"—if they had been freed from all censorship's bondages and so could make everything explicit. Would *War and Peace* have been better had we seen Natasha in bed with Pierre Bezukhov? Would Tolstoy have been a better writer if he had had the privilege of using four-letter words to brighten the field of Borodino?

Mandala Snow

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Viceroy's got the taste that's right...

right any time of the day

Here's why: Viceroy is the filter cigarette blended with natural flavor fresheners to enrich and improve the true tobacco taste. That's why Viceroy tastes rich...good...rewarding...any time you light up.

©1966, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION *The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ Affairs of State, by Stewart Alsop

The amazing Americans

VIETNAM:

"We've had a real satisfactory kill rate," said a big, handsome, pleasant-faced young infantry captain. "Killed fifteen V.C. by body count in one sweep yesterday." He might have been talking about a good day's pheasant shooting.

The American soldiers who are fighting this war are amazing people. You find yourself wondering how our soft and sloppy society ever produced them. They seem too big, too brave, too handsome to be true. They are also, in a pleasant-mannered way, amazingly tough and hard and soldierly.

To a middle-aged veteran of the Second World War, what is particularly amazing is the difference between the American Army in this war and the American Army in World War II. Where are the sloppy, unshaven, badly disciplined GI's—poor imitations of Bill Mauldin's "Willie and Joe"? Where are the sag-bellied, loud-talking, incompetent political hacks, suddenly transformed into majors and colonels, courtesy of the National Guard?

They don't exist in Vietnam. Instead, you find trim, soldierly enlisted men, and officers who are not only intelligent but who look as though they had been supplied by Central Casting. There is no doubt that the American Army in Vietnam is the most effective—and the most professional—army ever fielded by the United States.

The key word is "professional." West Point rings abound in every officers' mess. A professional soldier is almost by definition a better soldier than an amateur, for the same reason that a professional boxer is a better boxer. Moreover, war is a career officer's career, his road to advancement. "Don't knock this war," the officers say with a grin. "It's the only war we've got."

As for the enlisted men, Gen. Lew Walt, Marine commander in Vietnam, has this to say, "These kids of the 'Sixties, I just don't understand it. They're supposed to be going to hell in a handbasket, but they're a damn-sight better than we ever were. They're a lot better educated, but they've got guts too—real guts."

The "kids" Gen. Walt admires so much volunteered to serve in the Marines—there are only a handful of Marine draftees in Vietnam—and a kid who volunteers for the Marines is usually a special kind of kid. In most of the combat units regulars and volunteers still heavily outnumber draftees—by more than two to one, for example, in the magnificent Air Cavalry. Thus the professionalism of the American Army in Vietnam extends down from generals and colonels to sergeants and corporals.

Like all armies in all wars, the Americans in Vietnam speak a kind of patois of their own. "No" is always "negative," a kilometer is a "click," a big Chinook helicopter is a "hook," and the enemy—the Viet Cong—is "Charlie." Charlie is always spoken of with respect—he is "a gutty little bastard" (a universal Vietnam cliché). But "the name of the game" (another cliché) is to "zap" Charlie—that is, to chew up the Viet Cong with the awesome concentration of American firepower.

Charlie gets zapped with a rather terrifying efficiency. Brilliant new tactics and lethally effective new weapons have been devised for zapping him. The invading North Vietnamese forces and the "main force" Viet Cong battalions have unquestionably been very badly chewed up in recent months, and the zapping continues relentlessly.

Thus from a purely professional military point of view the war in Vietnam is "a splendid little war," to borrow the phrase John Hay used when he wrote to congratulate Theodore Roosevelt on the outcome of the Spanish-American War. It is all the more splendid because casualties on our side have been proportionately very much lower than in any war since that one, when most of the deaths resulted from spoiled horse meat. The casualty rate is low for the simple reason that the other side lacks air, heavy artillery, armor and even wheeled vehicles.

Yet there are ways, alas, in which this war is not so splendid. The American military are forever handing out "friendship kits" to villagers, and the combat commanders even risk the lives of their men in order to avoid any show of brutality. But because it is so hard to tell who Charlie really is, this is a treacherous and brutal little war all the same.

The commander of a Marine battalion in the far north remarked that, the night before, an old woman had been caught signaling with a flashlight to the North Vietnamese 324B division a few hundred yards away in the "demilitarized zone."

"What did you do with her?"

"Let her go," he said. "What else can you do? We don't want to be like the fascists in the last war."

The commander of an Air Cavalry battalion farther south described the outcome of a routine patrol a couple of days before. "One of my best sergeants was leading the patrol, and he saw two peasants squatting by a house, and he went over and tapped one of them on the shoulder, and the other one shot him dead, through the head. So what should he have done—shot those guys first without asking questions?"

An old woman or a squatting peasant can turn out to be the enemy in this war. So can a child. A 10-year-old boy volunteered to lead a platoon of Marines through a minefield. Nine of the Marines died—the boy had laid the minefield himself. The treacherous nature of the war leads to a certain casual ruthlessness, among the Americans who are fighting it, which comes as a shock to a soft-living civilian.

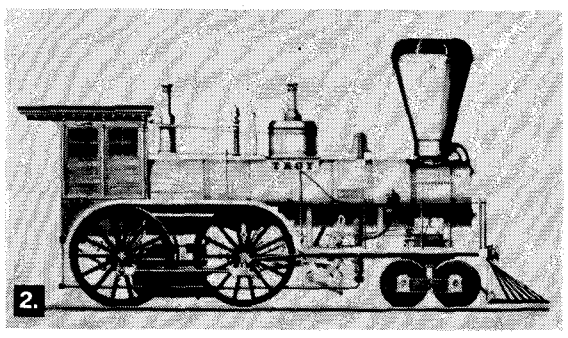
"If we know where Charlie is, we can zap him easy," said a Marine captain in a company south of Danang. "The problem is finding him. A while back we searched an area for two days, nothing doing, till finally a little kid showed us their hidey-hole five hundred meters from where we were camped. They tried to get away through the reeds, and we hit 'em with napalm. We got thirty-eight of the little bastards, by body count, but that was just dumb luck."

A certain casualness about killing is a mark of military professionalism, for killing, after all, is a soldier's business. The professionals whom I knew in the British and French armies in the last war talked in very much the same way, shocking the more innocent Americans. Indeed, the professionalism of the magnificent American Army in Vietnam seems to this reporter to mark the end of the long era of American innocence, and the final half-unaware acceptance by the United States of the agonizing responsibilities of a great world power.

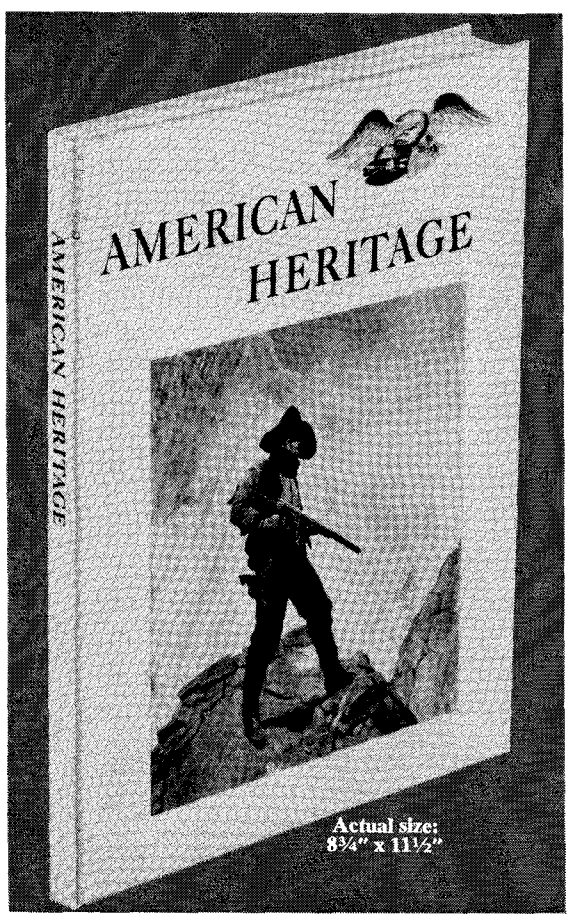
The amazing Americans in Vietnam, the professional soldiers who are at least preventing the war from being lost, are brave men and good men. Yet this reporter found himself thinking back, with a certain fruitless nostalgia, to the bumbling, amateurish, undertrained, essentially innocent American soldiers of World War II—and of all our wars before this one.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From AMERICAN HERITAGE. 1. In the 1840's you could earn a fortune whaling — if you lived. (Shelburne Museum, Inc., Shelburne, Vt.) 2. Few functional things were as beautiful as an 1856 locomotive. So it threw a few cinders . . . (Old Print Shop) 3. Parisian widows give doughboys a send-off to the front, 1918. Joffre had said it was America's turn to sacrifice. (National Archives) 4. Cannoneer Molly Corbin, wounded in 1776 and buried at West Point, was a fast hand at both gun rammer and rum ration. (West Point Museum)



Enjoy a year of AMERICAN HERITAGE FOR HALF PRICE

and we will give you "THE CIVIL WAR" FREE

– this Pulitzer Prize book retails for $19.95

As Sir Winston Churchill put it, "Without a sense of history, no man can understand the problems of our time."

Rarely has it been possible to nourish your sense of history with so much pleasure as in American Heritage. This Magazine of History looks and lasts like a fine, illustrated book. It reads like a rousing adventure. And it can leave you with a feeling of place and purpose in a world awry.

Our editorial beat is the complete range of the American experience: What people said, thought about, fought about. How they lived. And sometimes how they died.

Try American Heritage and get THE PICTURE HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR as a gift

Bruce Catton traces the entire course of the Civil War in this superb book. This is a story that bears retelling. From campaign marches of the 1860's to Civil Rights marches of the 1960's, the war and its legacies have affected us all. The 836 illustrations range from Brady photographs to Winslow Homer sketches — with many unusual paintings, drawings, battle-picture maps.

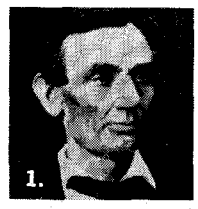
This magnificent 630-page volume measures 9" by 11¼". It holds a special Pulitzer Prize citation and retails at $19.95. *But it's yours free* with your half-price subscription to American Heritage.

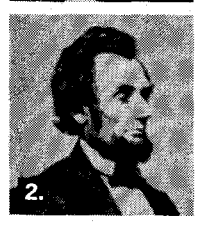
Hard covers, no advertising

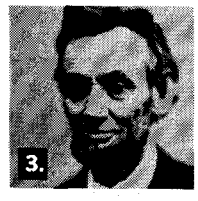
Six times a year you will receive a new 112-page American Heritage packed in a sturdy board carton. Each issue is made to hold, to read, to relish. Big, hard covers enclose about 100 illustrations, many in color, a dozen lively articles. See how well it fits your mind, how much it pleases your family.

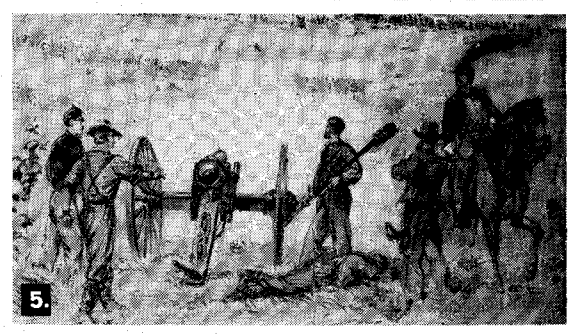
A one-year, six-issue subscription through this trial offer is $11.85 — just half the cost of six magazines at their $3.95 single-copy price. Pay in installments if you like. THE CIVIL WAR comes as a gift as soon as you confirm your subscription.

If the postpaid order form is missing from between these pages, write to American Heritage, 383 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 — and mention this invitation to readers of this magazine. You'll get the same good offer.

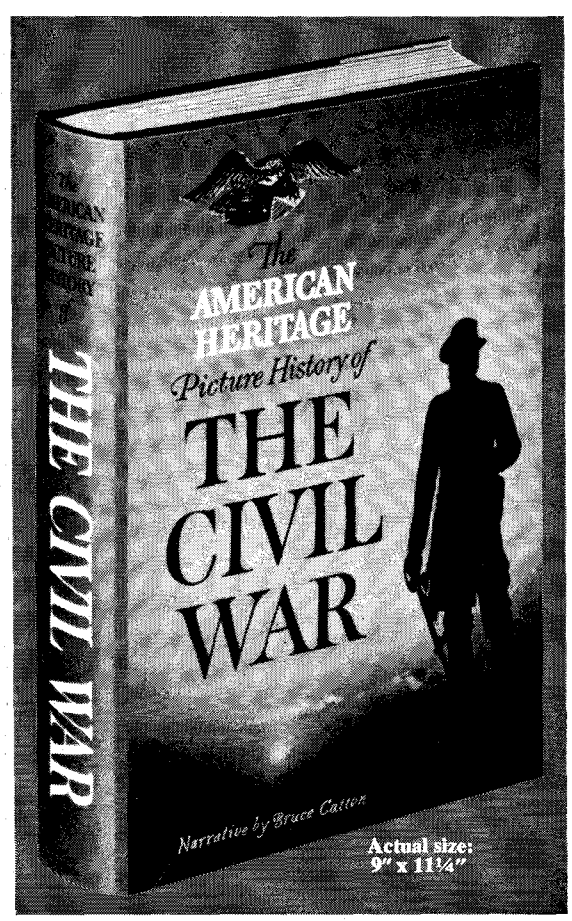








From THE CIVIL WAR, 1-3. How politics and war aged the commander-in-chief; Lincoln, 1860-65. (Chicago Historical Society and Collection of Frederick Hill Meserve) 4. Flamboyant uniforms and a carnival spirit marked militia and volunteers at the start of the war. (Anne S. K. Brown Military Collection, Brown University Library) 5. It didn't take long for the myth of "a parade ground fight" to be dispelled. A gunner falls during the bitter Malvern Hill battle, July, 1862. (Library of Congress) 6. As always, the American sense of humor helped to combat combat. Union officers indulge in horseplay for the cameraman. (Library of Congress)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MY SLICE OF THE REAL-ESTATE PIE

BY
MARVIN
KITMAN

I'll never forget the day I looked at the New York skyline, while riding into town on the bus from New Jersey, and thought, "Someday all that will be mine." But that was 15 years ago, before I knew my limitations. Why couldn't I now settle for just a piece of Manhattan? Thumbing through a brochure for a recent Department of Real Estate auction of city-owned surplus property, I saw a parcel which seemed right up my alley.

At least I hoped it was an alley. The catalogue said only that "Block 2176, Lot 2, Borough of Manhattan" was a vacant lot, measuring 2 feet wide by 100 feet deep.

A private alley is a wonderful status symbol for a man who grew up on the sidewalks of New York. Whenever the spirit moved me, I'd be able to go back to my land. I could kick a rusty can around, hit stones with a broomstick or just lean against a wall watching the sun glint off broken bottles—without harassment from landlords or tenants. Nobody would be able to break up my stickball game or pour a pot of hot water down on me for making noise, because I was the owner of the alley. I went over to the ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt, where the Real Estate Department conducts land auctions to see if I could really afford a piece of Manhattan.

The upset price, or the minimum the city would take for the parcel, was $25. Because of its choice location—near the corner of Fort Washington Avenue and West 177th Street—I ran into competition from developers. After a dramatic bidding battle, the auctioneer finally knocked down the parcel in my name for $40.

"Cheer up," said an old man sitting near me in the crowded ballroom. "I've bought slivers before. You can't be sure about the size. It can't be any smaller than the catalogue says, but it could be a lot bigger."

I followed the sliverlord's advice and went to City Hall to look up my holdings on the municipal tax map. The records indicated my site actually measured 2 feet, ⅜ inch wide by 100.9 feet deep. To celebrate the windfall, I took the rest of the day off and went uptown to walk my land.

I found it between two apartment buildings, five and six stories high, in the historic Washington Heights section of town. A man asked me what I thought I was doing poking around in his backyard.

"Sir?"

"I got some complaints from tenants that a stranger was prowling around here. It's making them nervous."

"I'm the new owner," I said in a friendly manner.

"Of what?" he asked.

With a sweep of my hand, which I scraped against the bricks of the lefthand building, I pointed to my holdings. He threatened to call the cops if I didn't get out of there.

When I showed him the bill of sale from the city, he took several steps back. "You bought *that?*"

"It's all mine," I said proudly. "Do you mind telling me who put up this wall?"

Right in the middle of my dream alley was a retaining wall that appeared to be holding up the newer of the apartment houses. It was an eyesore and a hazard.

"I only work here," said the man, who claimed to be the janitor. He gave me the names of the two owners, both absentee landlords like myself. I put up a sign on the wall, reading NO BALL PLAYING ALLOWED. THE OWNER, and unhappily went back to the suburbs.

For some reason the lawyer who handled my routine legal problems was very excited when he heard about the encroachment on my land. "Your property rights are being violated," he said. "You're lucky. Just let me handle it. You're going to make money on this deal."

I sensed I might be in the hands of one of those slick operators who are always buying and selling Manhattan. "Whatever you're planning," I said, "count me out. I just want to use my land without tripping over a wall."

"Don't worry about a thing," he said. "When did you want to start using it?"

"Well, I was hoping to get away for the weekend."

The next thing I knew I received copies of letters the lawyer sent to my two new neighbors, which concluded: "Please get your building's foundation off my client's property at your convenience by 6:30 P.M. Friday."

Later the lawyer called to ask if I had insurance.

"Look, I don't want to get involved in any trouble. Maybe I ought to sell."

He told me not to be a sap. Once he finished negotiating with the neighbors, if I still wanted to sell, I could get a reasonable profit, about 20 times my investment. "I'm just making sure you're protected for liability."

"How much will a policy cost?"

"The only company that will handle such an odd lot as yours is Lloyd's of London. It'll cost you a few pounds, but it'll be worth it. And I'd set up an *ad hoc* realty corporation to develop your holdings."

"But the land is only worth forty dollars."

"Wise up," he explained. "Your property is only a block from Broadway."

"But it's only 24⅜ inches wide," I said, trying to keep a toehold on reality.

"That's plenty for a billboard," he explained.

The lawyer called again the next day. "Good news," he said. "You're going to let the neighbors know that you're planning to develop the property. It will help if they think you're considering a building."

"What did you have in mind?" I asked coldly.

"I was thinking of something along the lines of the world's narrowest skyscraper. I wrote to I.M. Pei & Associates in your name. Pei has a reputation for never turning his back on an architectural challenge."

Two days later the lawyer said he had heard from the architect. "Pei's office says he's out of town. You'd better get right over so we can discuss our next move."

As he spoke about new developments in lightweight construction materials, I began having visions of buying up other pieces of Manhattan and becoming the Tishman of the sliverworld. During our conference one of the neighbors finally called about his letter. The man was shouting so loudly on the phone, I could overhear snatches of the conversation. "Go ahead and tear down the wall," he said. "But if your client touches one brick of my building, I'll sue him for every cent he's worth." My lawyer asked for a moment to consult with his client.

"He's the guilty party," the lawyer said happily. "We'll tell him we're sending over the bulldozer."

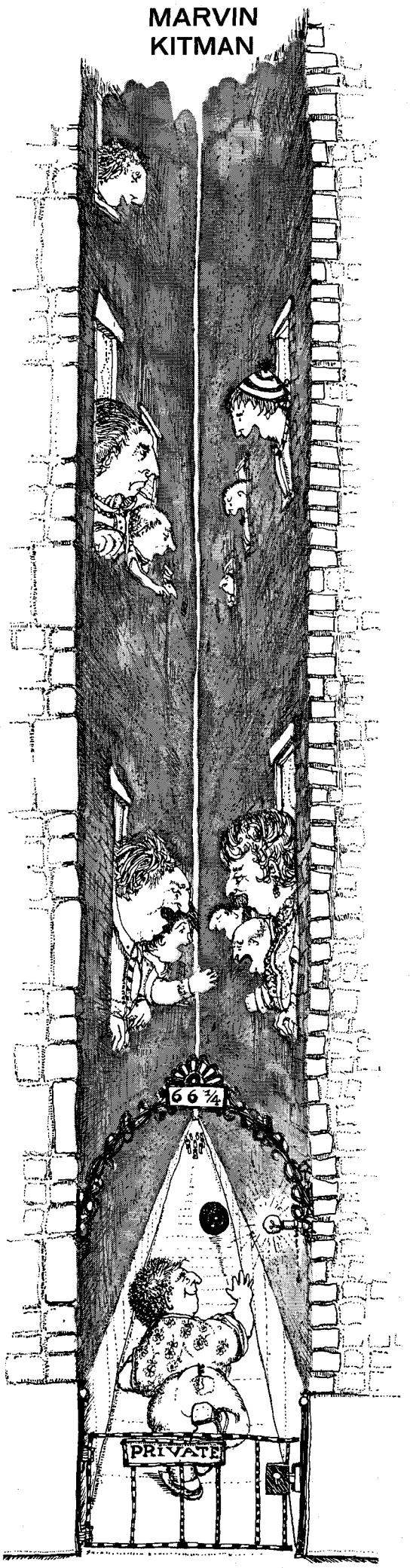
"If the retaining wall comes down," I explained, "so will his building."

Our conference was interrupted by the neighbor's voice. "I know who your client is," he was screaming. "It's the guy who owns the next-door building. Who else would buy that piece of junk?" My lawyer denied the allegation. Much to my surprise, he didn't threaten to sue the man for calling my land bad names.

After the man hung up, my lawyer was jubilant. "We'll get an injunction forcing him to remove his encroachment forthwith. You're in great shape."

I didn't come down to asphalt until he began outlining some of the costs of my legal triumph. I would have to pay $200 for a land survey, and to keep up the pressure on my neighbors, it would be necessary to commission the architect to draw up rough plans for the building. Even if I.M. Pei turned over the project to a junior associate, the fee would run into thousands. And I shuddered to think about what my lawyer's time was worth. I finally decided how to get out of the cul-de-sac.

"It has long been my belief," I wrote to Mayor John Lindsay, "that real-estate interests have a special obligation to help make New York, in your own words, 'a fun city.' Toward this end, I have decided to lease to the city a parcel of land, officially known as Block 2176, Lot 2, Borough of Manhattan. There are many social, cultural or practical purposes for which this parcel is suited, such as a natural vest-pocket park, a municipal parking lot for motor scooters, a *boccie* court, an archery range, or a little City Hall. The land is ready for immediate occupancy, once you level the site." □



Drawing by Peter Lippman

LICENSED TO NYZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When a man decides to shoot visiting relatives, he can't afford to miss.

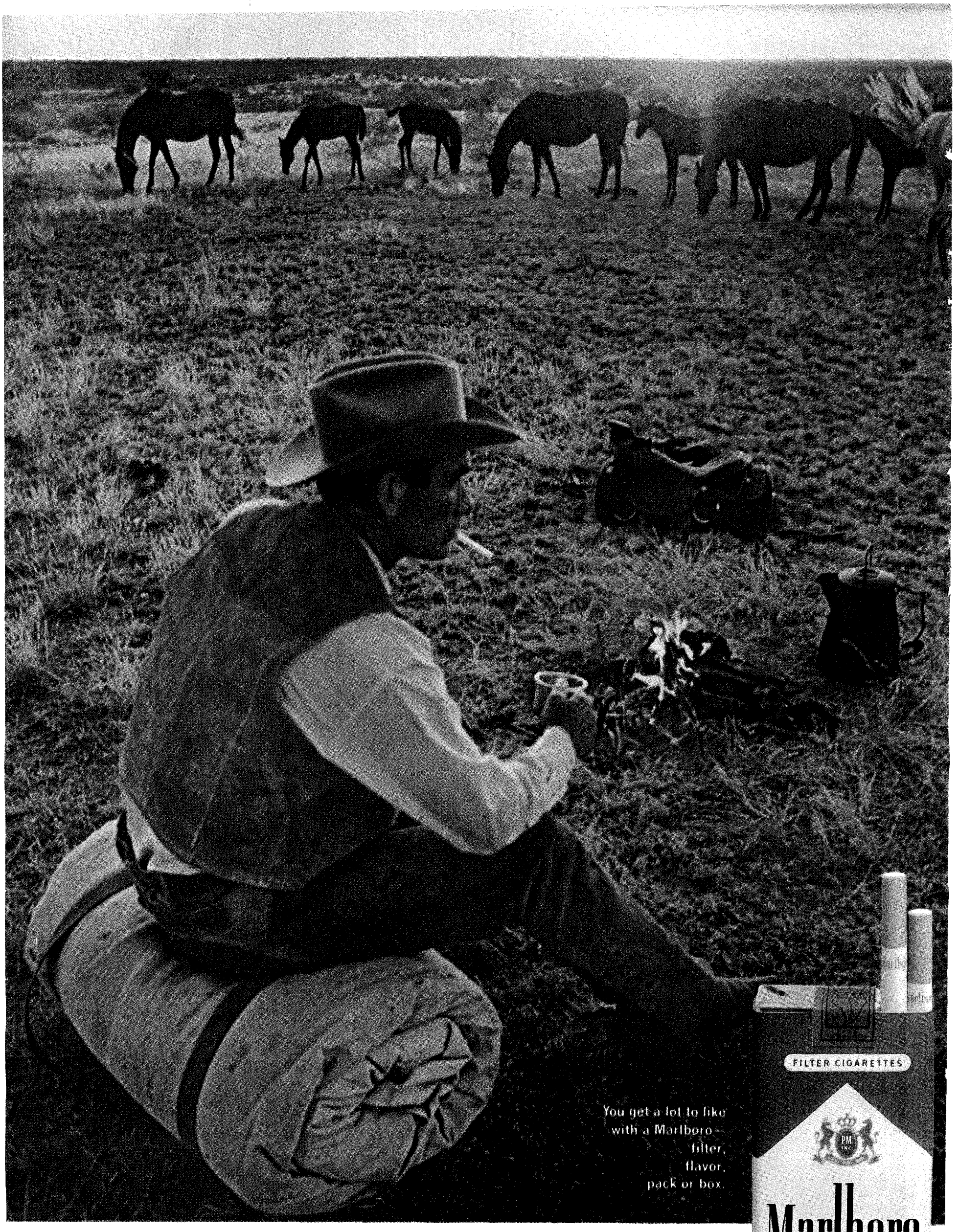
Neither can you!
Switch to G-E Flashcubes...
all 4 bulbs are guaranteed to flash.

It's not enough just to hope you'll get all 4 pictures. You want to know for sure. That's why General Electric Flashcubes are the ones to use for those great family shots you can't afford to miss. They're so reliable, so sure to flash every shot, that they're backed by a 4-for-1 guarantee (if one of the bulbs in a G-E Flashcube should fail to flash, return it with a front package panel to G.E. and get a new cube free).

So if you want to be sure you get all 4 of the pictures you take with a flashcube, switch to guaranteed G-E Flashcubes. At your dealer's now.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

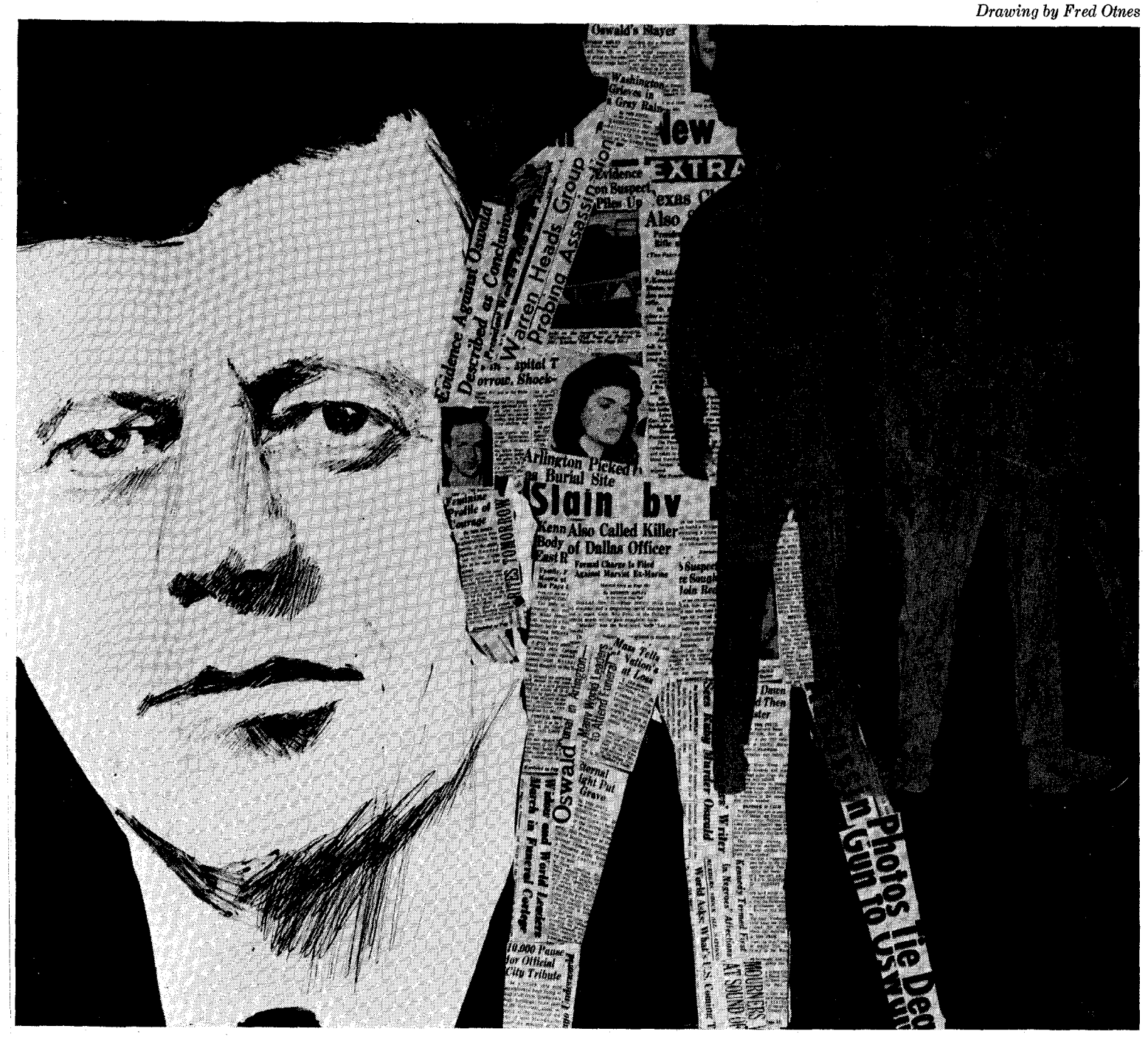


Come to where the flavor is. Come to Marlboro Country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST

Drawing by Fred Otnes



THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION

The insinuating whispers are incessant. The head wound. Skull fragments. Brain tissue. Smoke on the grassy knoll? The 'single bullet.' Commission Exhibit 399. Planted? A 'second Oswald'? Zapruder frame 225; 18.3 frames a second. The Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. The whispers soften only on a quiet hillside in Arlington. 'May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.'

Within 36 hours of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy and the murder of Patrolman J. D. Tippit, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade was satisfied that the case against Lee Harvey Oswald was indisputable. On the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository where Oswald worked, police had found three spent cartridges near the southeast window, identified as the assassin's perch. Wedged between boxes on the same floor, they discovered a 6.5-caliber Mannlicher-Carcano rifle with a four-power scope, obviously the assassin's weapon. An all-night search by the FBI had traced the rifle bearing serial number C2766 from a distributor in New York to a sporting-goods mail-order house in Chicago, where records showed it had been shipped to one "A. Hidell," Post Office Box 2915, Dallas. A forged Selective Service card in Oswald's wallet bore the name "Alek James Hidell." Experts matched the handwriting with the $21.45 money order used to purchase

By Richard J. Whalen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arriving at Love Field at 11:40 on Friday, November 22, President John F. Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy already had behind them their first day of the Texas trip. Planned for later that day were a motorcade through downtown Dallas, a luncheon speech at the Trade Mart, a flight to Austin that evening, and then by car to the Texas ranch of Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson. With elections coming up, the Dallas motorcade was to be a demonstration of popularity.

the rifle and the application for Box 2915. The FBI laboratory, studying the three shells, a whole bullet found on a stretcher at Parkland Hospital, and two bullet fragments found in the presidential limousine, tied this evidence to Oswald's rifle. When arrested, Oswald had in his possession a Smith & Wesson .38-caliber revolver, the same kind of pistol used to murder Tippit, and this had been traced from a Los Angeles mail-order firm to "A. J. Hidell" at Box 2915. Witnesses to Oswald's firing from the window, his flight from the Book Depository and his encounter with Tippit were coming forward to identify him in lineups at police headquarters. All that was needed now, in Wade's view, was for the sullen Oswald to break his silence and confess. "I have sent men to the electric chair with less evidence," Wade crowed before the press and television cameras.

If a dozen jurymen could have been found who had not heard Dallas officialdom try the case publicly, Oswald might very well have gone to the electric chair. Had he been prosecuted for murdering an ordinary citizen, the evidence arrayed against him would almost certainly have brought a verdict of guilty. But, in the instant Jack Ruby darted from the shadows in the basement of police headquarters and fired a bullet into Oswald's stomach at point-blank range, in full view of millions of startled television viewers, all certainties were shaken. No matter how detailed and circumstantial the official explanations, Oswald's enforced silence would always leave the story incomplete and clouded with an element of doubt.

Immediately after the assassination, President Johnson had ordered a special FBI investigation, but he soon decided this was insufficient in the climate of suspicion created by Oswald's murder. Therefore, on November 29, he appointed an extraordinary Presidential Commission, one without precedent in U.S. history, "to evaluate all the facts and circumstances surrounding" the assassination, "including the subsequent violent death of the man charged with the assassination." Johnson thus asked the commission both to confront the ugly possibility of conspiracy and at the same time to reassure a stunned and grieving nation, to restore confidence in its leaders and institutions. The commission could not face in both directions at once. Chief Justice Earl Warren and his six distinguished colleagues meant to be true to their mandate to gather and weigh *all* the facts, but they were naturally disposed to begin with the facts incriminating the dead Oswald. Symbolically the commission's first witness was Marina Oswald, his Russian-speaking widow, who could not have testified against him at his trial and who was afraid she would be deported if she did not tell the commission what it wanted to hear.

In September, 1964, three months after its planned publication date and only the minimum safe distance from the November elections, the Warren Commission delivered its 888-page *Report* to its anxious client in the White House and to the American people. At tedious length, the *Report* reaffirmed the familiar account. Lee Harvey Oswald had been as lonely in his crime as he had been throughout his pathetic life. His motive for the most meaningful act of his life was as confused as his wanderings across seas and continents and ideological frontiers. All three murders in Dallas—the President, Tippit and, finally, Oswald—were without rational motive, said the report. Oswald's killer, Ruby, was a stranger to his victim, but not, it turned out, to the Dallas police. The commission wished to declare flatly that no conspiracy of any kind existed, but Sen. Richard B. Russell balked and announced he would file a dissenting "footnote" covering two typewritten pages. "Warren was determined he was going to have a unanimous report," Russell recalls, and so the *Report*'s language was tempered to say that no evidence of a conspiracy had been uncovered. Chiefly because three shells had been found, the commission concluded three shots had been fired from the Book Depository, and one had apparently missed. One bullet caused the President's fatal head wound, which left the commission only a single bullet with which to explain the seven nonfatal wounds suffered by the President and Texas Governor John Connally. The "single-bullet" theory, the chief novelty in the *Report*, was at once its most crucial and vulnerable finding.

In two years the Warren *Report* has undergone a remarkable reversal of fortunes. Many more people praised and accepted the *Report* than ever read it. Now, though the *Report* is still generally unread, its credibility has been severely damaged. Many Americans—perhaps a majority, if the polls are any guide—reject its main conclusions and suspect that they have been lied to.

Any "official" explanation of the assassination, which caused a profound national trauma, was bound to dissatisfy some Americans. A President's murder is an event of endless fascination, as witness the continuing detective work into Lincoln's death after more than a century. But the Warren *Report*'s fading credibility has coincided with the swiftly rising popularity of a band of dissenters. Three years ago only the extreme left-wing *National Guardian* would print Mark Lane's "brief" in Oswald's behalf. Now his much expanded and densely footnoted plea, *Rush to Judgment*, enjoys a prestige imprint and stands at the top of the nonfiction best-seller lists, just as the Warren *Report* once did. Lane and his arguments haven't changed; the climate of opinion has.

Part of the explanation for the popularity of the critics lies in their promise of telling you something you don't know—something sinister—and in their willingness to invest the "crime of the century" with the dramatic values of uncertainty and suspense that the Warren *Report* so conspicuously lacks. The critical books, in most instances, are readable, whereas getting through the *Report* is a civic chore. As defenders of the commission impatiently insist, the critics have turned up little, if any, "new evidence," but they don't have to. Two months after publication of the highly praised *Report*, the commission brought out 26 printed volumes containing more than 17,000 pages of testimony and exhibits (Government Printing Office; $76 the set). Since then, it has been possible to examine most but not all of the evidence supposedly supporting the *Report*'s conclusions.

By doing just that, the critics have made us uneasily aware of the commission's highly selective attitude toward testimony, favoring witnesses (some very dubious) who confirmed Oswald's guilt, rejecting those who tended to jeopardize the case being built. The same was true of the approach to evidence: Too often, it drew forced conclusions that did not follow naturally from the known facts. What a staff lawyer describes as "by far the most comprehensive criminal investigation ever conducted in the world" was actually a deep but narrow attempt to strengthen the already impressive *prima facie* case against the dead suspect. The *Report* tells us too much about too little. When the Oswalds lived on Bartholomew Street in New Orleans, we know they had a nice backyard and kept a dog named "Sunshine." But the published evidence (and the 300 cubic feet of commission documents stored in the National Archives) does not include the results of the FBI's spectrographic analysis of the bullet found at Parkland Hospital—the bullet so essential to the finding of Oswald's solitary guilt.

Only convenience justifies lumping together the dissenting individuals under the label "the critics," for sharp disagreement and even sharper jealousy are rife among them. ("Lane has tasted honey," says another critic who has not.) Although all follow the general strategy of going behind the *Report* to reinterpret the underlying evidence, each of the leading critics gives special weight to a particular argument or theory. Lane, for example, marshals every scrap of evidence suggesting the presence of an assassin on the grassy knoll looming ahead of Kennedy's car on Elm Street: a woman who earlier that day saw a man carrying what appeared to be a gun case up the slope; a railroad towerman who saw "a flash of light" from the bushes as the shots rang out; another witness on the triple underpass who saw "a puff of smoke"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Critics can invest the crime with many dramatic values, but reading the Report is a civic chore.

curling above the trees; a deputy sheriff who raced up the hill, revolver drawn, and halted an unidentified man who showed Secret Service credentials when, according to the Secret Service, all members of the Dallas detail made the dash to the hospital with the dying President.

Edward Jay Epstein, a 31-year-old Harvard graduate student whose master's thesis became the best-selling *Inquest*, provided the first "inside" story on the workings of the commission and thereby gave skeptics a respectable peg on which to hang their doubts. Epstein dwells on the basic discrepancies between the FBI and official accounts of the President's autopsy, suggesting between the lines of his muted academic prose the possibility of wholesale fraud and perjury.

By far the most outspoken proponent of an "official" conspiracy is Harold Weisberg, author and self-publisher of *Whitewash* and *Whitewash II*. An involuntarily retired poultryman in Hyattstown, Md. (he claims low-flying Government helicopters put him out of business), Weisberg is an indefatigable digger in the Archives. His specialty is close analysis of photographic evidence, some of which the investigators unaccountably cropped ("doctored," says Weisberg). Using the famous head-on picture of the President's car taken by AP photographer James Altgens, which appears only in cropped versions in the commission's exhibits, and combining it with other pictures of the assassination, Weisberg concludes Kennedy was hit earlier than the FBI and Secret Service established, at a point where the foliage of a large oak tree blocked the line of sight from the sixth-floor window. Therefore, he says, the assassin couldn't have been Oswald.

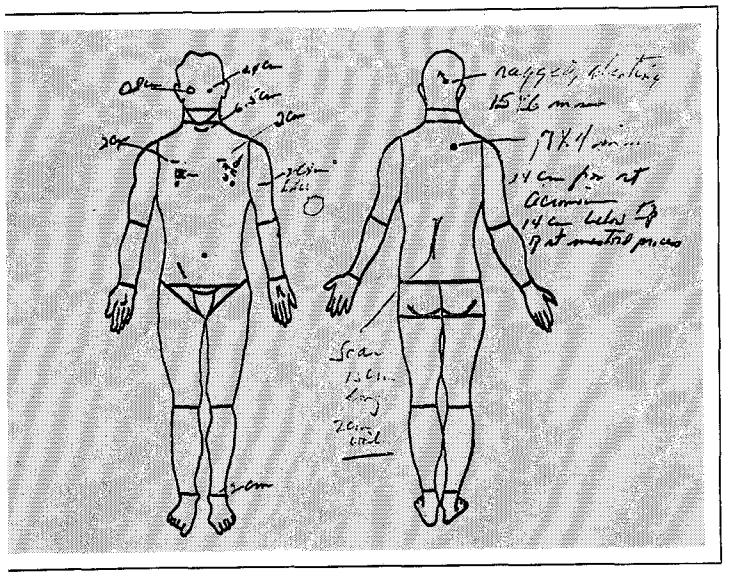
A young Philadelphia lawyer, Vincent Salandria, has used his vacations to make on-site studies of possible bullet trajectories from various points in Dealey Plaza, where Main, Houston and Elm streets converge. During the assassination a bystander on the south side of Main Street, James Tague, was cut on the cheek by a ricochet from a bullet, which left a clearly visible mark on the curb. A policeman reported the strike, a photographer next day took a picture of the mark—and the matter rested for nine months. Belatedly, the curbstone was taken to the FBI laboratory, where technicians discovered metal smears that "were spectrographically determined to be essentially lead with a trace of antimony." The lead core of a bullet could have caused the mark, but the absence of copper, the commission declared, ruled out the possibility of the mark being made by "an unmutilated military full-jacketed bullet," such as was fired from Oswald's rifle. Where, then, did the stray bullet come from? Salandria thinks he knows. At the Archives he placed two slide projectors side by side, superimposed pictures of the President receiving his head wound, and traced a provocative outline drawing showing Kennedy's head snapping *backward and to the left*—a movement that seems inconsistent with a shot fired from the Book Depository, behind the President's car, but would be fully consistent with a shot from the grassy knoll ahead of the motorcade.

Leo Sauvage, veteran American correspondent of the distinguished Paris newspaper *Le Figaro* and author of *The Oswald Affair*, reflects the total skepticism of Europeans toward the *Report*. He spends most of his time detailing, with merited scorn, the lapses, contradictions and insane blunders of the Dallas police, ending his questions with an "answer": Oswald was framed by the actual assassins, whom he describes as right-wing racists.

The President's car turns into Elm Street. The front of the Texas School Book Depository is on his right, and he waves to the crowd assembled there as he passes the building. On the sixth floor an assassin is waiting for a clear line of fire.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without surrendering to fantasy, there is still room for some doubt about the essential finding.



Cmdr. Boswell, while in the autopsy room, placed a dot representing the back wound well below the right shoulder. Recently he said if he had known his sketch would be made public, he would have been more careful.

Richard H. Popkin, a philosophy teacher at the University of California at San Diego and author of *The Second Oswald*, has constructed an intellectually stimulating theory of how a conspiracy to frame Oswald *might* have worked, using a "double" to drop clues in the Dallas area in the weeks before the assassination. He pins much of his theorizing to the story of Mrs. Sylvia Odio, which the commission left hanging. Mrs. Odio, a Cuban refugee living in Dallas at the time, testified that a man introduced as "Leon Oswald" had appeared at her apartment door in the company of two Cubans late in September, 1963. This man, whom she identified as Oswald, was described to her as a former Marine and a crack shot. One of his companions told Mrs. Odio on the telephone the next day, "You know, our idea is to introduce him to the underground in Cuba, because he is great, he is kind of nuts. . . . He told us we don't have any guts, you Cubans, because President Kennedy should have been assassinated after the Bay of Pigs, and some Cubans should have done that. . . ." The commission found that Oswald, at the time of the Odio incident, was traveling by bus from New Orleans to Mexico. Who were the men who visited Mrs. Odio in Dallas? Did the commission really care? There are no certain answers even today. While the FBI was still investigating, the Warren *Report* went to press.

The critics raise a great many trivial questions and some troublesome ones, particularly those relating to the Kennedy head-snap, the Tague hit, and the possibility of misinterpreted photographic evidence. However, they are almost barren of plausible answers when asked what *they* think happened in Dealey Plaza on that November afternoon three years ago. Except for Epstein, who believes Oswald guilty, all of them seem irrationally dedicated to denying the obvious assassin, and to speculating about vague possibilities for an alternative solution. The main thrust of the critics' attack—that a murderous conspiracy in Dallas was subsequently covered up by an official conspiracy in Washington—is blunted by that imposing alp of documents produced by the commission. Not only does the bulk of that data point to Oswald's guilt, but conspirators who had something monstrous to hide would have left behind less evidence of bungling and official confusion. And yet the failure of the available alternatives does not remove the major shortcomings of the *Report*. Without surrendering to fantasy, there is still room for reasonable doubt about the commission's essential finding—that Lee Oswald alone murdered the President.

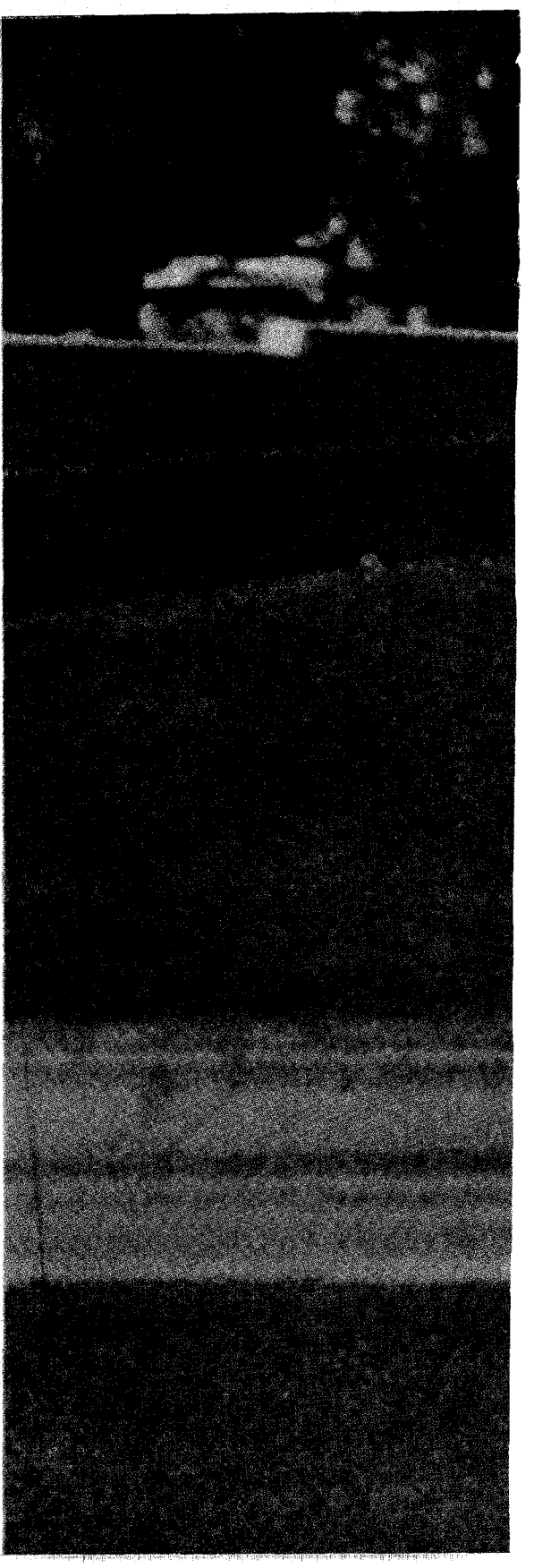
The doubt arises, to begin with, from a strip of 8-mm. amateur movie film taken from a vantage point on the grassy knoll by Abraham Zapruder, a Dallas dress manufacturer. The Zapruder film was the most important single piece of evidence in the investigation. Tests in the FBI laboratory determined that Zapruder's Bell & Howell Zoomatic camera had been operating at an average speed of 18.3 frames a second. Frame-by-frame analysis of the Zapruder film provided a reasonably precise estimate of the elapsed time between the shot that hit the back of the President's neck and the shot that shattered his skull, fixed by the *Report* at 4.8 to 5.6 seconds. Tests with Oswald's rifle disclosed that expert marksmen could not fire the bolt-action carbine twice in less than 2.3 seconds, a time, be it noted, which made no allowance for aiming at a moving target through a poorly adjusted scope. (An FBI agent who interviewed Zapruder in December, 1963, according to a report in the Archives, originally informed Washington the camera had been running at "normal speed . . . or 24 frames a second"—which, if true, would mean the assassination occurred within less than four seconds.) Oswald could have gotten off three shots in under six seconds, but it meant that for a middling shot who had little or no practice—the *Report*'s attempt to depict him as a superior marksman is unconvincing—he had to be extraordinarily lucky, a stunning departure from the pattern of an inept, luckless life. Even harder to believe, however, is what the film requires his first bullet to have done, if he alone was firing.

Repeated viewing of the Zapruder film shows that President Kennedy is unmistakably reacting to his first wound at a point designated frame 225. One highly significant feature of the film, however, is Governor Connally's reaction to his wounds, for Connally himself insists he was hit by the assassin's *second shot*. But if the President was hit by the first shot and the governor by the second, Oswald would not have had enough time to fire the rifle twice.

To make this clear, some detail is required. For several frames before frame 225 a road sign blocks the camera's view, so it cannot be determined when the President first began to react. Except for an instant at frame 186, a large oak tree blocked the view of Elm Street from the sixth-floor window. An assassin there would not have had a clear shot at the President until frame 210. Therefore the President apparently must have been hit between frames 210 and 225. Allowing 2.3 seconds, or 42 frames, for the assassin to fire a second shot, Connally could not have been hit until frame 252. But Connally steadfastly maintained he was hit by a second bullet at frame 234 (at least nine frames and a half-second later than the President). Because a rifle bullet goes faster than sound, and because he heard the sound of the first shot, the governor testified it was "inconceivable" to him that he could have been hit by the first shot. "After I heard that shot, I had time to turn to my right and start to turn to my left before I felt anything." Connally's wife, who had been seated next to him in the limousine, corroborated his testimony. The FBI and the Secret Service, in their reports, also seemed to support Connally's recollection. So did his doctors, who said the governor was no longer in position to receive his wounds after frame 240. The FBI's *Summary Report* of December 9, 1963, which guided the Warren Commission's entire investigation, related the motorcade's progress on Elm Street until "three shots rang out. Two bullets struck President Kennedy, and one wounded Governor Connally." The FBI never officially changed its mind about the governor's being hit separately.

Unless Connally was mistaken and his reaction to the first shot delayed, which was possible, the commission confronted two alternatives. Either Oswald and his imperfect weapon had somehow performed an "impossible" feat of rapid firing, or else a second rifleman had been firing almost simultaneously. Not surprisingly, the commission rejected both possibilities. Instead, it found that Connally had been mistaken, and that one shot "probably" hit both Kennedy and Connally.

The chief advocate within the commission of this single-bullet possibility was Assistant Counsel Arlen Specter, then a 33-year-old former assistant district attorney and now district attorney in Phila-



Some witnesses insist they heard firing from the grassy knoll. In the upper left of this picture others see a man aiming a rifle from a car roof just as the shots hit.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

delphia. Impressed with the tight, scientifically based framework which the Zapruder film imposed on any explanation, and faced with the official autopsy finding that a bullet had exited from the President's lower throat, Specter reasoned that, unless the bullet mysteriously turned in flight and flew out of the car, it *had* to strike something or somebody within the car. In the car, there were only two minor nicks, on the inside of the windshield up near the rear-view mirror. The FBI concluded they were from fragments. In the course of informal discussion with Cmdr. (now Captain) James J. Humes, the chief autopsy doctor, Specter gained reassurance about the theoretical possibility of the single bullet striking both victims, and that laid the groundwork for suggesting this was what, in fact, had occurred.

During the testimony of Cmdr. Humes, Commissioner Allen W. Dulles confessed his confusion as to the path and whereabouts of the bullet found on the stretcher in Parkland Hospital. He was under the impression the bullet had come from the President's stretcher. Specter politely interrupted, saying, "... We shall produce ... evidence that the stretcher on which this bullet was found was the stretcher of Governor Connally." Dulles then asked whether the bullet was still missing. Specter replied, "... That is an elusive subject, but Doctor Humes has some views on it, and we might just as well go into those now."

With an enlarged frame from the Zapruder film before him, Humes said, "I see that Governor Connally is sitting directly in front of the late President, and suggest the possibility that this missile, having traversed the low neck of the late President, in fact traversed the chest of Governor Connally." The missile had struck no bone in passing through the President's neck, he said, and therefore lost very little velocity.

In an effort to strengthen his theory, Specter prevailed on the commission to engage in a series of tests with Oswald's rifle to show that one bullet could penetrate two bodies. The tests had a doubtful scientific basis and produced equally doubtful results. Army wound-ballistics experts fired bullets into various animal and mineral substances—in one case, an anesthetized goat, intended to simulate Governor Connally's chest—and carefully calculated bullet velocities. However, no bullets were fired through *two* substances, which, of course, was the only remotely relevant test.

Similarly, the authority cited for the *Report*'s statement that a single bullet "probably" struck both men was FBI ballistics expert Robert A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Frazier, who actually testified: "I would certainly say it is possible but I don't say it probably occurred because I don't have the evidence on which to base a statement like that."

Again, the single-bullet theory was almost buried under the testimony of medical experts, who found more fragments in the governor's wrist and thigh than were missing from the bullet. The all-important missile—Commission Exhibit 399—was almost intact and unmutilated, and yet it was claimed to have torn flesh, smashed a rib and shattered a wrist on its course through two bodies. However plausible the single-bullet theory, the implausible condition of the actual bullet was unsettling. Even Humes, on studying reports of X rays of metallic fragments in the governor's thigh, declared, "I can't conceive of where they came from this missile."

In addition, despite Specter's confident assertion to Dulles about where the bullet was found, testimony from Parkland Hospital employees failed to develop evidence showing that the bullet found there had come from Connally's stretcher. But neither did it rule out that possibility, and so the single-bullet theory clung to life.

The arguing within the commission over the single-bullet theory continued until the *Report* was in its final drafts. Sen. Russell, Sen. John Sherman Cooper and Congressman Hale Boggs remained unpersuaded, and were at most willing to call the evidence "credible." Dulles, John J. McCloy, and Congressman Gerald R. Ford believed the theory offered the most reasonable explanation; Ford, for one, wanted to describe the evidence as "compelling." The views of the Chief Justice are unknown. Specter, Norman Redlich and other members of the commission staff unsuccessfully opposed the attempt to straddle this crucial question. They realized only too well, being closer to the evidence and the dilemma it posed, that it was indeed essential for the commission to find that a single bullet had struck both victims if the single-assassin conclusion was to be convincing. Finally McCloy suggested a compromise—"very persuasive"—and this fundamental difference of opinion was fuzzed up in the final language of the *Report:*

> Although it is not necessary to any essential findings of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally, there is very persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. However, Governor Connally's testimony and certain other factors have given rise to some difference of opinion as to this probability. . . .

The shaky evidence beneath the commission's findings goes deeper than the hedged and flatly contradictory expert testimony on the single-bullet theory. The very foundation of the commission's account is built on disputed ground—the autopsy performed on the President, the actual number and location of his wounds.

Although the *Report* claims "no limitations have been placed on the Commission's inquiry," the commissioners actually accepted very significant limitations on their access to the fundamental evidence in their inquiry. They did not see the X rays and photographs taken before the autopsy performed on the late President on the night of the assassination.

It is now known that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy firmly drew a line of propriety between the investigators and this vital evidence. The Kennedy family rightly controlled the highly sensitive autopsy material, but the commission wrongly declined to insist on examining it. If the commission had made a timely and discreet ex-

At this late date the President's body remains the object of obscene speculation and the country suffers from needless controversy.

amination, it could have established beyond a reasonable doubt the precise location of the President's first wound. Instead, at this scandalously late date, the President's body remains the object of obscene speculation, and the country suffers needless, disruptive controversy. As matters stand, no single element of the commission's version of the assassination is more suspect than the official account of the President's autopsy.

Jacqueline Kennedy, though visibly in shock, was nonetheless determined not to leave Dallas without her husband's body. Nor would President Johnson return to Washington without her. Consequently, in order to spare the widow the ordeal of several hours' delay, and to fulfill the new President's wish, presidential aides and Secret Service men literally seized the body from local officials at Parkland Hospital, who were demanding that an autopsy be performed in accordance with Texas law. If the law had been observed, there might have been no controversy, and the Bethesda doctors, the FBI and the Secret Service would have escaped the heavy responsibility they now bear. Sadly and ironically, the report of the autopsy performed on the murdered Oswald in Dallas is a model of clarity and precision alongside the sloppy, ambiguous and incomplete record of the autopsy President Kennedy received.

Informed of the necessity of a postmortem examination during the grim homeward flight of *Air Force One*, Mrs. Kennedy chose the National Naval Medical Center, in Bethesda, Md., because her husband had been a Navy man. The Attorney General met her at Andrews Air Force Base, and together they entered the rear of the ambulance carrying the President's body. On arrival at the Medical Center, they left the ambulance at the main entrance and went to wait with aides, Cabinet members and Secret Service men in a suite on the 17th floor. The casket containing the President's body was carried through a rear entrance of the Bethesda hospital into an examining room. Two FBI agents, James W. Sibert and Francis X. O'Neill Jr., instructed "to stay with the body and to obtain bullets reportedly in the President's body," noted as the body was unwrapped that "a tracheotomy had been performed," a significant observation in the light of later developments.

Before the autopsy, a medical technician and a photographer took X rays and photographs of the President's entire body, which, as Sibert and O'Neill noted, "were turned over to Mr. Roy Kellerman of the Secret Service." The 11 X rays were developed by the hospital, but the photographs—22 four-by-five color transparencies, 18 four-by-five black-and-white negatives and one roll of 120 film containing five exposures—were delivered to the Secret Service undeveloped. Kellerman told the agents these pictures "could be made available to the FBI upon request," an offer repeated by the Secret Service three days later, when the material was reported to be in the custody of Robert Bouck of the Protective Research Section.

The autopsy was performed by Cmdr. Humes, the hospital's chief pathologist, assisted by Cmdr. J. Thornton Boswell, of the Bethesda staff, and Lt. Col. Pierre A. Finck, chief of the wound-ballistics branch of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology. The first incision was made at 8:15 P.M., and the autopsy proceeded for almost three hours. "During the latter stages of this autopsy," according to Sibert and O'Neill, "Dr. Humes located an opening which appeared to be a bullet hole, which was below the shoulders and two inches to the right of the middle line of the spinal column. This opening was probed by Dr. Humes with the finger, at which time it was determined that the trajectory of the missile entering at this point had entered at a downward position of forty-five to sixty degrees. Further probing determined that the distance traveled by this missile was a short distance, inasmuch as the end of the opening could be felt with the finger. Inasmuch as no complete bullet of any size could be located in the brain area, and likewise no bullet could be located in the back or any other area of the body as determined by total body X rays and inspection revealing there was no point of exit, the individuals performing the autopsy were at a loss to explain why they could find no bullets."

With uncertainty prevailing, one of the agents left the room and telephoned the FBI laboratory, which informed him that the Secret Service had turned over a whole bullet found on a stretcher, possibly the President's, in Parkland Hospital. This information was given to Dr. Humes, who, according to the agents, "advised that in his opinion that accounted for no bullet being located which had entered the back region and that since external cardiac massage had been performed at Parkland Hospital, it was entirely possible that through such movement the bullet had worked its way back out of the point of entry and had fallen on the stretcher."

Beyond the opinion attributed without qualification to Dr. Humes, it is noteworthy that he appeared well informed on the emergency measures used at Parkland: The tracheotomy incision was visible when the body was unwrapped, and the doctor knew—from an unspecified source—that external cardiac massage had been performed. A Secret Service man brought a piece of skull into the autopsy room. Under X ray it showed minute metal particles and chipping, indicating this had been the point of exit for the bullet which entered the President's skull. The FBI account continues: "On the basis of the latter two developments, Dr. Humes stated the pattern was clear"—again note the unequivocal language of the report—"that the one bullet had entered the President's back and had worked its way out of the body during external cardiac massage, and that a second high-velocity bullet had entered the rear of the skull and had fragmentized prior to exit through the top of the skull."

Three Secret Service agents—Kellerman, William Greer and William O'Leary—observed the autopsy. Kellerman and Greer had not left the President's side in life and in death throughout the long day. Kellerman later recalled seeing a wound "the size of a little finger" just below the large muscle between the President's right shoulder and neck. He testified about a brief conversation with one of the doctors: ". . . a Colonel Finck . . . we were standing right alongside of him, he is probing inside the shoulder with his instrument, and I said, 'Colonel, where did it go?'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He said, 'There are no lanes for an outlet of this entry in this man's shoulder.' . . . I said, 'Colonel, would it have been possible that while he was on the stretcher in Dallas that it worked itself out?' And he said, 'Yes.'"

When the autopsy was completed, Kellerman called Secret Service agent Clinton J. Hill for a final view of the President's body. Hill testified that he saw "an opening in the back, about six inches below the neckline to the right-hand side of the spinal column." (The FBI laboratory, subsequently inspecting the President's jacket and shirt, placed the bullet holes "approximately six inches below the top of the collar and two inches to the right of the middle seam. . . .") When asked why he had summoned Hill, Kellerman explained, "More witnesses."

Yet the extra witnesses, when the *Report* was finally published, would supply testimony about a wound for which the commission had no bullet. In other words, the official version indicated a bullet had entered through the base of the neck, exiting at the throat, and it could not account for a bullet wound lower down the back. It is no wonder that a weird conflict arose over what had been seen in the examining room at Bethesda. It is even more curious that the commission did not call some of the dozen or more persons who were present, including a few with special professional competence: the President's personal physician, the Surgeon General of the Navy, the commanding officer of the Medical Center, the commanding officer of the U.S. Navy Medical School, and the Bethesda Hospital's Chief of Surgery. But before Sibert and O'Neill had even filed their report (dated November 26), the autopsy doctors conferred, on Saturday, November 23, and entirely reversed the findings described in the FBI agents' account of the back wound.

This reversal of the Bethesda autopsy was later attributed to the situation in Dallas. When the President was wheeled into the trauma room at Parkland, he was lying on his back. Dr. Malcolm Perry, who testified he had treated perhaps 150–200 gunshot wounds, noted at a glance a small hole in the President's throat which appeared to be a bullet entrance wound. Within a few minutes he obliterated the wound by making a tracheotomy incision through it. The attention of the doctors was absorbed by the massive head wound, and they worked frantically over their patient until he was obviously dead. The President was never turned over. ("No one had the heart," a doctor recalled.) The Parkland doctors thus were unaware of the wound that was later identified at Bethesda.

Early on Saturday morning Cmdr. Humes telephoned Dr. Perry. Humes learned of the bullet wound where the tracheotomy had been performed. He also learned that the wound appeared to be one of *entry*, which upset the "pattern" of the previous night's autopsy.

The world press was quoting the Parkland doctors, including Dr. Perry, as saying the President had been shot from in front. Combined with eyewitness accounts saying the shots had come from the grassy knoll or the triple underpass, this seemed strong evidence of a second assassin—and only one, Oswald, had been caught.

After talking with Dr. Perry and his colleagues, Drs. Finck and Boswell, Dr. Humes prepared a handwritten draft of the autopsy report, one in which he now had to account for another bullet wound. His substantial editing of the draft reflects the atmosphere of high uncertainty in which he wrote. In describing the critical wound in the back, he originally wrote, "The second wound of entry. . . ." Then he inserted above the word "entry" the qualifying word "presumably," and repeated the amendment throughout the draft.

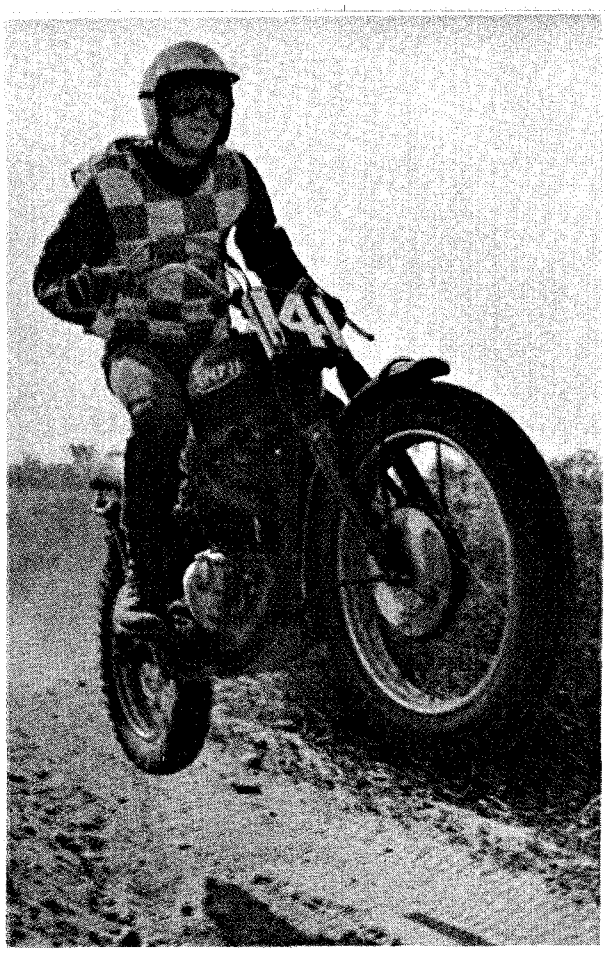
More important, Dr. Humes decided the bullet entering from the rear had *not* penetrated a finger-length, but had passed through the President's neck, exiting below his Adam's apple, at the point of the tracheotomy incision. He fixed the point of entry at the base of the back of the neck, *above* the point of exit, thus tracing a downward course consistent with a shot fired from the Book Depository. He connected the wounds of entry and exit by reference to contusions on the strap muscles in the neck and the extreme upper lobe of the right lung, which, he testified, were photographed.

The Warren *Report* is very definite about this bullet's path being discovered *during* the autopsy. Humes, however, testified: "The report which we have submitted . . . represents our thinking within 24–48 hours of the death of the President, all facts taken into account of the situation." How had Sibert, O'Neill and Kellerman missed the discovery of the bullet's path? And why hadn't the doctors called it to the attention of their lay observers? The explanation may be that the path was not "discovered" until the following day, 12 hours or more after the *formal* autopsy, but not long after the doctors were confronted with another wound to explain. We may never know because a first draft of the autopsy report—its contents undisclosed—was destroyed.

How do we know *that?* Humes, in a "certificate" dated 24 November 1963, states: "I have destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes relating to Naval Medical School Autopsy Report A63-272 and have officially transmitted all other papers related to this report to higher authority." He later told the commission: "In (the) privacy of my own home, early in the morning of November 24th, I made a draft of this (autopsy) report which I later revised, and of which this represents the revision. (*continued on page 69*)

The Kennedy family rightly controlled the highly sensitive autopsy material, but the commission wrongly declined to insist on seeing such fundamental evidence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

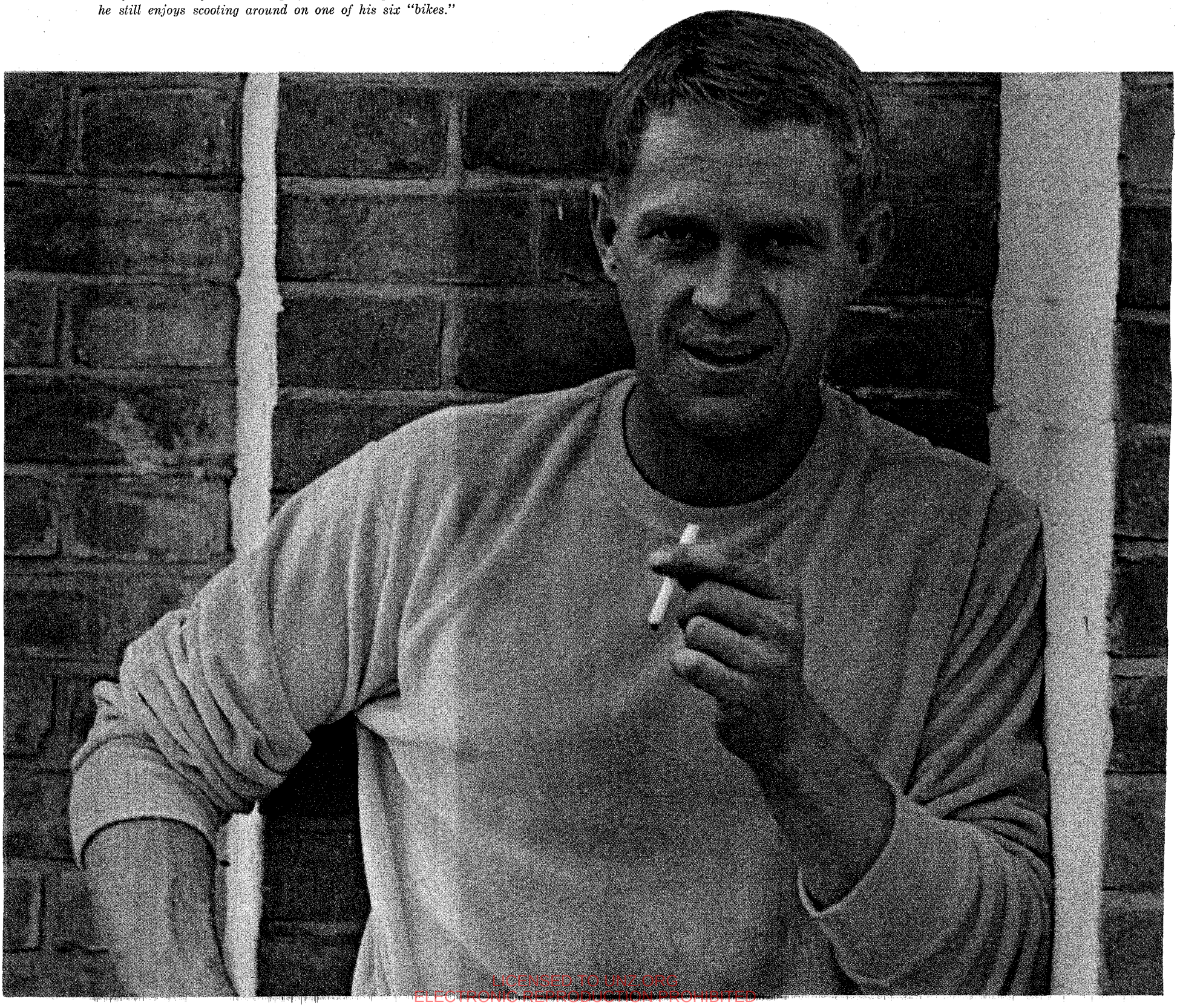


McQueen no longer races in professional competition, but he still enjoys scooting around on one of his six "bikes."

A LOSER MAKES IT BIG

Fifteen years ago Steve McQueen was just a surly kid at war with the world. Today he is one of Hollywood's major new stars.

By TREVOR ARMBRISTER



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"He's not really handsome," says the production executive, "and he's not *that* talented as an actor. But he's not a phony either, and audiences can spot this right away. Steve projects a certain contemporariness. He is the man of the moment—surly, tough and cynical, yet somehow very innocent and gentle."

"I'm an interpreter," Steve McQueen says. "I represent a whole lotta guys my age who finally looked around and said, 'Hey, somebody's been lyin' to us'; guys who suddenly found out they're a lot smarter than some of the head honchos sitting up there pushing buttons in the front offices."

McQueen doesn't claim to be smart in the academic sense—his formal education ceased at the ninth grade, and grammatical errors weave through his speech like the shuttle on a loom. But like the characters he plays on the screen, he is a shrewd nonconformist who knows exactly what he wants and doesn't mind going outside established channels to get it. He is impatient, impulsive and not at all humble. He is stubborn, innately distrustful and overly sensitive to real or imagined slights. He is also fiercely loyal to his friends, honest and without guile.

In front of the cameras he purses his lips and scowls. He gapes, winks, blinks, smirks and scowls again. Away from the set his face resumes its natural expression: a curious mixture of bashfulness and distrust. He shuns cocktail parties and gets his kicks either from setting off firecrackers or from riding one of his six motorcycles. He seems, in short, a most unlikely candidate for stardom. Yet Steve McQueen, at 36, has become one of the most sought-after actors in Hollywood today.

Only two weeks ago he won wide acclaim for his starring performance in *The Sand Pebbles*, an epic that was rushed to December release just so it—and McQueen—could qualify for the 1966 Academy Award nominations. Last fall he signed a multimillion-dollar, six-picture contract with Warner Bros., and producers are currently sending him an average of 20 new scripts to read every week. "Steve is the only guy around," sighs one agent, "who can do the kind of pictures that made big stars of Gable, Cooper and Wayne."

McQueen, however, is hardly the conventional, rough-hewn movie hero that this comparison would suggest. The role he almost invariably plays is that of a lonely rebel at odds with himself and his environment. Thus, in *Baby, The Rain Must Fall*, he is a befuddled ex-convict and hillbilly singer who cannot adjust to life in a small Texas town and eventually returns to jail. In *The Cincinnati Kid* he is an ambitious, laconic young gambler who meets the grizzled champion in a marathon poker game and loses his entire stake. And in *The Sand Pebbles* he is a loner again: a sailor whose only real interest in life is his engines.

This series of "misfit" roles has led some critics to dismiss him as a serious actor, but it obviously has not impaired his appeal at the box office. On the contrary, his price per picture has risen steadily: from $350,000 for *The Cincinnati Kid* in 1965 to $650,000 for *The Sand Pebbles*.

"I've never met a professional so disarmingly direct about his strengths and weaknesses," says Herb Gardner, author of *A Thousand Clowns*. "Most actors will say, 'I can do anything.' Steve says, 'I have a certain range, and this is it.' He is acutely aware of his own limitations, and that's half his talent."

"There are just two ways to go as an actor when you deal with the public," McQueen explains. "You either stay yourself, or you become what they want you to become. Some guys will sell out, but I can't be trapped into that way of life.

"In Hollywood they steam your hair, powder your nose and tell you what they think you want to hear. After a while you're convinced you're superhuman. But when you step out into reality, it's a whole different scene. You gotta be very careful you don't grab that trolley and take that full ride into candyland."

McQueen is careful. He insists on privacy, and heavy, remote-control gates guard his $225,000 Spanish stucco home in the fashionable Brentwood section of Los Angeles. Downstairs in the living room—surrounded by shelves of books and hi-fi equipment—squats an antique pool table with elaborately carved legs. In his den upstairs is a large collection of firearms. ("He's the best actor I've ever had in the handling of guns," says Robert Wise, who produced and directed *The Sand Pebbles*.)

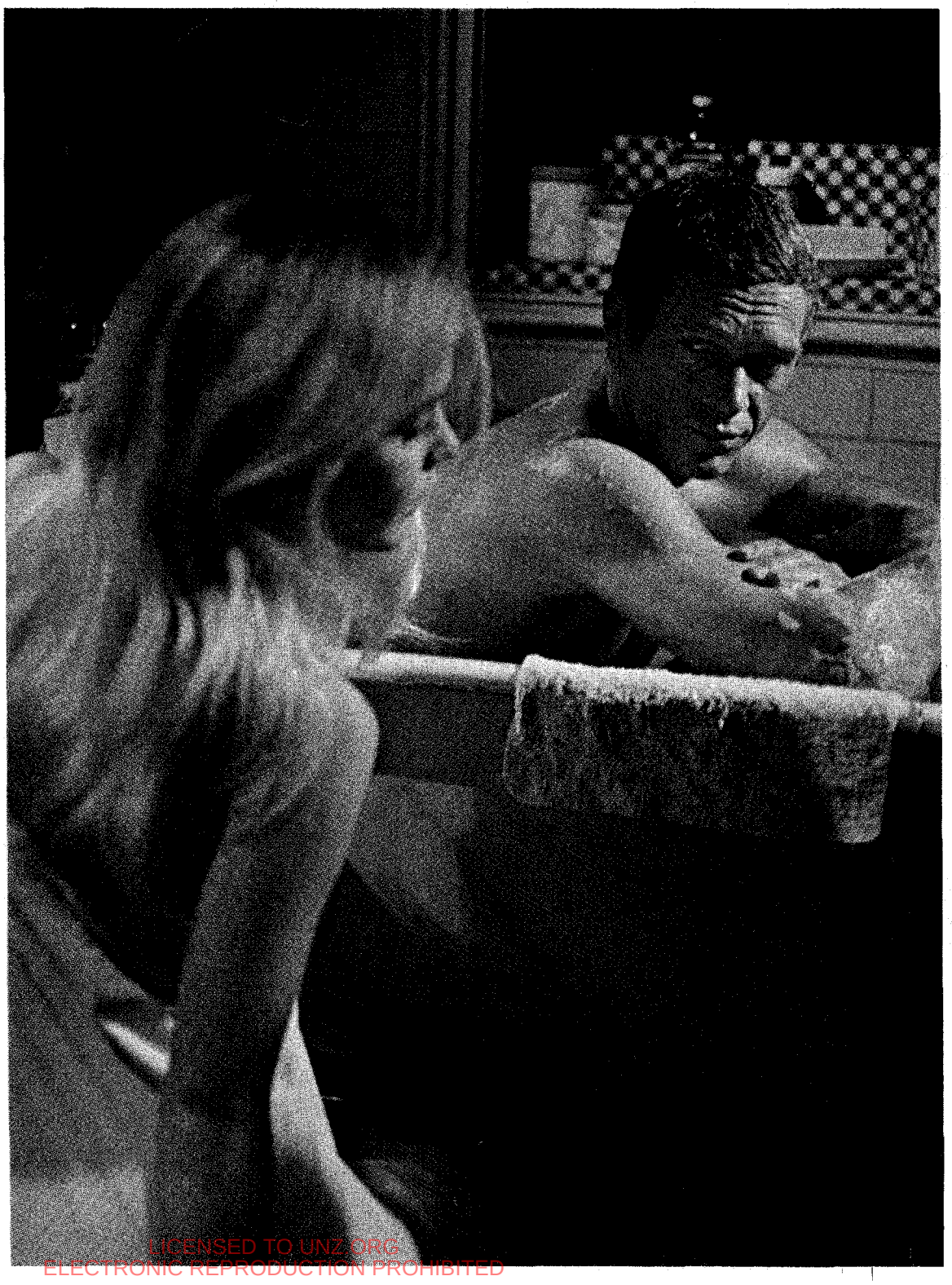
Ill at ease with strangers, McQueen relaxes only in the company of his wife, Neile; their two children—Terry, seven, and Chad, six—and such close friends as motorcycle-racer Bud Ekins and discothèque owner Elmer Valentine. "Steve *needs* people," says actor Richard Crenna—who costars with McQueen in *The Sand Pebbles*—"but he's extremely cautious about friendship. You have to play it on his terms."

To keep his body trim, McQueen exercises strenuously—chinning his five-foot, 10-inch frame on the bars at studio gyms. Except for an occasional glass of wine or beer, he avoids alcohol. And although he sometimes wears Hong Kong suits, needlepoint scuffs or knitted silk T-shirts from Italy, his wardrobe is not ostentatious—at least by Hollywood standards. "Mostly," he says, "I spend my bread (money) on the basics—a good house, good food, good cars."

In his garage stand a dark green Excalibur SS, a burgundy Ferrari convertible, a red Chevrolet Corvette and an underslung Jaguar XK-SS, which he calls "the old green rat." The Jaguar is a collector's item—one of five of its kind still in existence, and McQueen takes pride in the fact that he rebuilt its combustion chamber himself.

One night not long ago he took a visitor out for a spin on winding, cliff-hugging Mulholland Drive. Leaning forward in his black bucket seat, his hands grasping the wheel in the standard 10-minutes-of-two position, he accelerated rapidly: 50 miles per hour, 65. The curves rushed by faster, and the Jaguar began to shimmy—fishtailing as its wheels fought to maintain a grip on the road. Seventy miles per hour, 85. The speedometer needle quivered in the dashboard's thin green light. In the distance he could see a traffic signal. As he braked and shifted down, he grinned as if to say there was nothing to it. "Did one-four-six on the road to Phoenix once," he remarked.

Until quite recently such speeds were routine

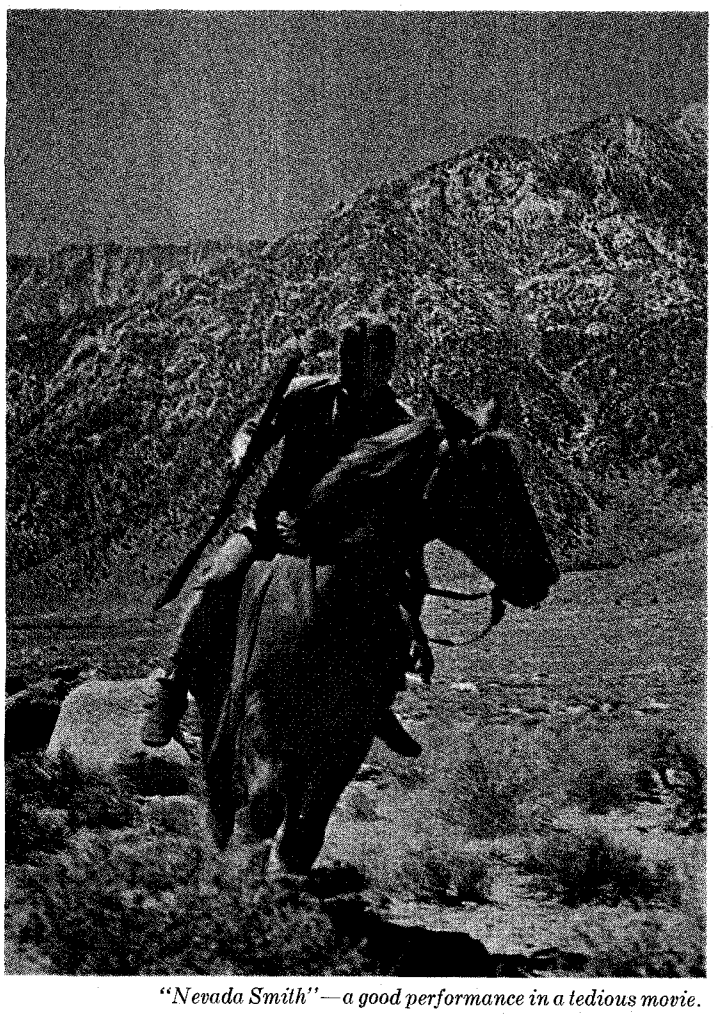


As the Cincinnati Kid, a hot-shot young poker player, he resisted temptation in the form of Tuesday Weld.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Neile and Steve McQueen "still act like newlyweds," a friend complains. "We've got good vibrations," says the actor.

'I knew that he was going to be a star the moment I saw him,' Hedda Hopper once said: 'He had such an arrogant back.'



"Nevada Smith"—a good performance in a tedious movie.

for him. Driving a succession of finely engineered sports cars, McQueen raced competitively throughout the U.S. and England. In 1962 he entered the Sebring (Fla.) Grand Prix as a member (with Stirling Moss) of the British Motor Corp. team and ran first in class for nearly seven hours. (A cracked engine block finally sent his car sputtering into the pit.)

In 1963, however, he abandoned the sport ("Racers always end up screaming") and concentrated on motorcycles. In a series of bike accidents he suffered a broken wrist, a damaged kneecap, burns on both legs, a gash underneath his left eye and a deep cut in his mouth that required plastic surgery. "But I also won a whole bunch of trophies," he says. In September, 1964, he was one of five motorcyclists representing the U.S. at a meet in East Germany. "We didn't win," he recalls, "but we left a lotta scratch marks."

Although he no longer rides in competition, he still zips around dirt tracks on weekends. But he is no potential recruit for the Hell's Angels. He is openly contemptuous of "those high-handlebar guys in leather jackets with spit flying out of their mouths, and 'I FLIRT WITH DEATH' on their backs; you know, the skull-and-crossbones crowd." To emphasize the point, he once painted a sign on his motorcycle identifying its owner as THE MILD ONE.

The description is fairly accurate. In the last few years McQueen has not only matured to a point approaching mildness, he has also—for the first time in his life—taken an interest in people and issues outside his own immediate sphere. He was particularly pleased at the invitation he received recently to become a board member on the Advisory Council of The Youth Studies Center at the University of Southern California. It is a fairly prestigious organization, and McQueen takes pride in the fact that he was the only actor so honored. "Going to that first meeting gave me an odd feeling," he admits. "I'd never even set foot on a college campus before."

"One reason why Steve has mellowed," says a fellow actor, "is his wife. Here they've been married for more than ten years, and they still act like newlyweds. It's almost *embarrassing*. He scoots up that driveway after work and gives her that big bear hug, and it's real." Sid Keiser, an old friend, adds, "Steve is much less defensive now. He's developing a sense of responsibility to people without demanding collateral. But his basic instincts still come out. He still eats with a sandwich in one hand and a piece of pie in the other. His early life must have been terribly tentative."

It was. Named after a one-armed bookie—a friend of his father's—Terrence Steven McQueen was born in Indianapolis on March 24, 1930. When he was six months old, his father left home, and McQueen never saw him again.

A lonely, insecure boy, McQueen did poorly in school and soon became involved in what he describes as "a little stealing." In 1943—distressed by her inability to keep him off the streets—his mother placed him in The Boys' Republic, a school for problem children in Chino, Calif.

During his 18 months in Chino his mother remarried and moved to New York. On his release he joined her there. He remembers their reunion as "a bad scene," and he left home. Using forged seaman's papers, he boarded a tanker bound for the Caribbean. He jumped ship in the Dominican Republic and later made his way to Port Arthur, Tex., where he got a job in a brothel. He was then 15 years old.

"I was driving the station wagon, picking up groceries and stocking the place with liquor," he explains. "They never trusted me with any money, but I had the prettiest chick there."

Moving on, he worked on an oil rig near Waco, felled trees in Canada and, in 1947, enlisted in the U.S. Marines. His service record was not outstanding. He was demoted (from PFC to private) "about seven times" and once—after stretching a three-day pass into a two-week vacation—spent 41 days in the brig at Camp Lejeune, N.C.

McQueen returned to New York in 1950. In the next 18 months he barked for a carnival, made sandals for beatniks and sold ball-point pens. He peddled encyclopedia sets door to door, threw mail bags into Post Office trucks and unloaded fruit as a stevedore. He carried radiators from condemned buildings, ran errands for a Manhattan bookie and hitchhiked to Miami, where he worked as a beach boy. "I'd get the old daddies cigarettes," he says, "and if I could sneak a shot at their chicks, I'd take it."

In the fall of 1951 he was working as a bartender in Greenwich Village. A friend suggested he try acting and persuaded him to enroll at the Neighborhood Playhouse, a dramatic school in Manhattan. "It seemed worth a shot," McQueen recalls. "I'd tried almost everything else, and I knew I didn't want to be standing on a street corner with no money in my pockets when I was fifty."

"His whole attitude was, 'well, show me,'" recalls voice-teacher Carol Veazie. "He was awfully short-tempered. He'd cut classes as often as he dared, and even when he did show up, he'd sleep. Yet when he gave himself to a scene, he could be unbelievably compelling. I kept thinking, 'this boy is different' and asking myself, 'why is he doing this?' One day I made him listen to his voice on tape. He must have realized how bad he really was, because from that day on he started trying."

In 1954 he made his stage debut in a Yiddish production on Second Avenue. Later he joined the national company of *Time Out for Ginger*, but was fired when he asked for more money. In 1956, however, he was one of five actors accepted (from a list of 2,000) at the illustrious Actors' Studio. That fall he auditioned to replace Ben Gazzara in the Broadway hit, *Hatful of Rain*.

"He was an eager kid; shy, offbeat and a lot like Jimmy Dean," remembers director Frank Corsaro. "He seemed so naïve that we called him 'Cornflake.'" But he won the part.

One night he was dining with Gazzara when a pixyish, stunningly attractive brunette named Neile Adams entered the restaurant. As he glanced up at her, he dropped a plate of spaghetti in his lap. A week later she returned to the restaurant. "I had a date with a director," she recalls, "and Steve came over to our table. We talked for a while and, well, that's the last time I saw that director."

From the start Steve and Neile seemed an unlikely combination. Born in Manila, Neile had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spent 18 months in a Japanese prison camp during World War II, attended convent schools and graduated from junior college. As a singer and dancer in *Pajama Game*, she had received such good notices that producers were considering her for roles in other musicals. No one could understand why she bothered with McQueen. Her agent, Hillard Elkins, attempted to cool the romance by suggesting that McQueen was interested primarily in her money. "Steve will never make it," Elkins predicted. "There are too many blond boys in Hollywood already."

Such exhortations had little effect. When Neile flew to Hollywood to make a picture in 1956, McQueen pursued her and proposed. "He said he wanted to make an honest woman out of me," she remembers, "and I couldn't say no."

In the fall of 1957 his agent, Stan Kamen, asked him to read a pilot script for a "spin off" from CBS's highly successful *Trackdown* television series. McQueen's initial reaction was negative. "I wasn't sure I wanted to do a series and get mixed up in that factory routine," he says. He knew also that television was considered a poor launching pad for a movie career.

Yet the more he studied the script, the more fascinated he became with the character of its hero, a frontier bounty hunter named Josh Randall. "He seemed like a loner, a guy who made his own decisions, and he didn't have a big star on his chest. This appealed to me." McQueen auditioned for the part and was signed for $750 a week.

"The first few shows, they treated me pretty bad," he says. "They'd roll the cameras before I was ready. Everybody was jumping on me, trying to change me as an actor. So finally I just said, 'stuff it,' you know. I gave my gun to the assistant director and said, 'here, man, *you* do it.' Then I went home to my old lady and said, 'hey, baby, let's go to Australia.'"

Dick Powell, president of Four Star Productions, persuaded McQueen to return to the set, but he couldn't curb the actor's determination to run things *his* way. "They had five or six writers on the show, and they all thought they knew what Randall was about," McQueen explains. "I felt *I* knew who Randall was, and I kept telling the producer that they ought to get it from me. Finally, after a few months of shooting, they caught on."

So did the series. Launched with no great expectations, *Wanted—Dead or Alive* quickly reached the upper regions of the ratings charts. And the more the ratings reflected McQueen's appeal, the more concerned his producers became about his offstage antics.

"I know it's not in your contract, so I can't force you," Powell told him one day, "but while you're doing the series, I want you to stop riding that motorcycle." McQueen agreed and sold his motorcycle—to Powell's son.

In the summer of 1959—after his first season on *Wanted*, McQueen received an unexpected plum: A role in a film called *Never So Few*, with Frank Sinatra. One reviewer labeled it "a romantic fabrication by which intelligence is simply repelled," yet the picture did well at the box office. More important, McQueen attracted the eye of producer-director John Sturges, who gave him a key supporting role the following year in *The Magnificent Seven*. After this his movie career moved ahead fast. "I knew he was going to be a star the moment I saw him," the late Hedda Hopper once told this reporter. "He had such an arrogant back."

Leaving *Wanted* in 1961—after 117 shows—he made *The Honeymoon Machine* for M-G-M, *Hell is For Heroes* for Paramount, *The War Lover* for Columbia and *The Great Escape* for United Artists. And when producer-director Sturges couldn't locate competent motorcycle riders in Bavaria for a chase scene, McQueen volunteered to play the part of a German pursuing McQueen. "Steve can never let up," says his friend Bud Ekins. "He's always got to set his own pace."

During the months of filming *Sand Pebbles* on Taiwan, however, the pace became grueling even for Steve McQueen. Based on a novel by the late Richard McKenna, which was first published in the *Post* in 1962, the story concerns a sailor named Jake Holman who is serving as first engineer aboard the gunboat *San Pablo*. The year is 1926, and the *San Pablo* is assigned to cruise along China's Yangtze River and protect the lives of American missionaries. China is torn by revolution, yet Holman is interested only in his ship's engines—until he falls in love with a schoolteacher at one of the missions. But no sooner does he decide to leave the Navy and marry her than nationalist troops attack the mission. Fighting a rearguard action, which enables the other Americans to escape, he is killed.

"The part of Jake Holman might have been written with Steve in mind," says producer-director Robert Wise (*The Sound of Music*). "It really hits him where he lives. I've never seen an actor work with mechanical things the way he did with those engines."

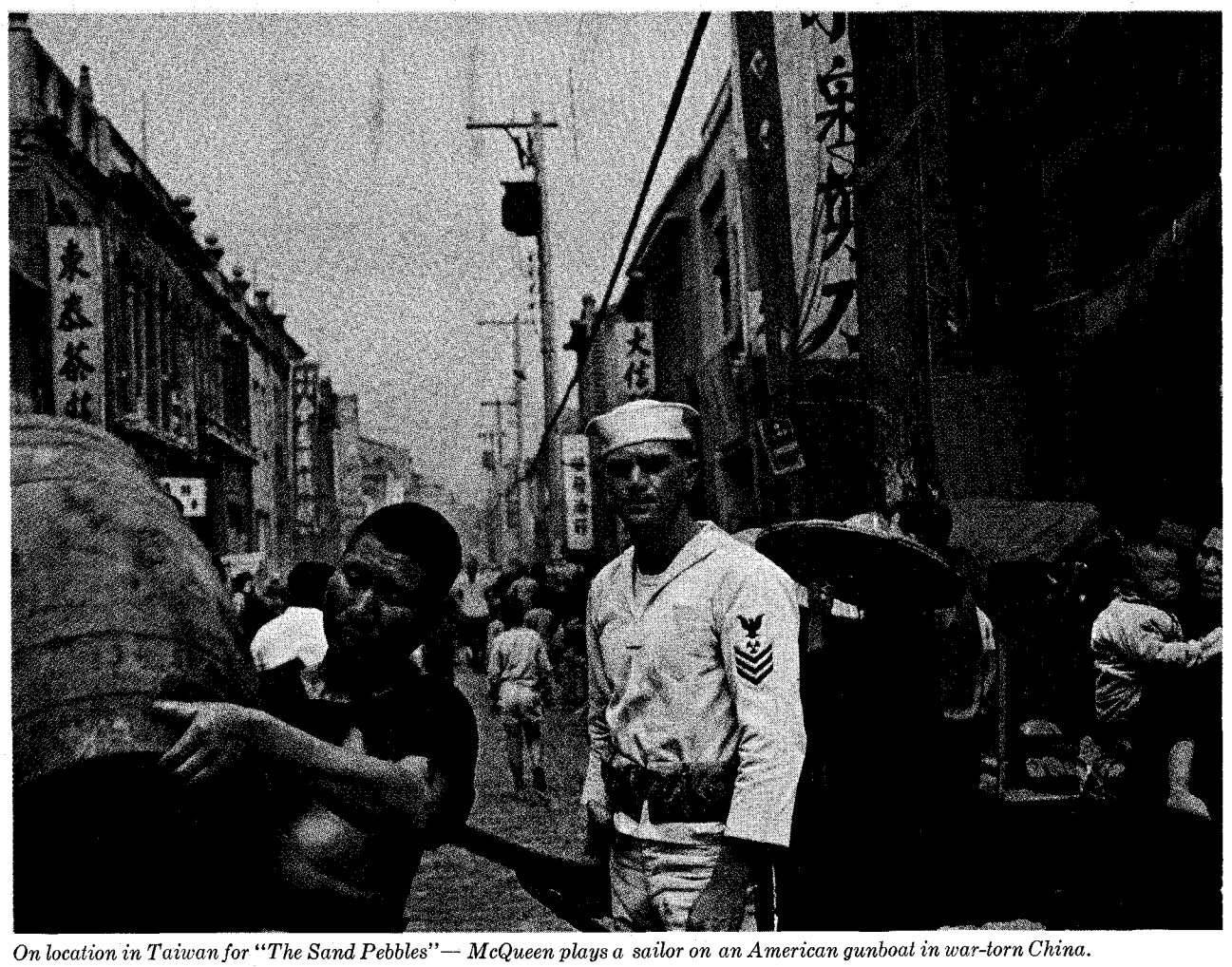
Nevertheless, *Sand Pebbles* was the most difficult assignment in McQueen's career. The movie runs nearly three hours, and he is in almost every scene. The shooting schedule depended entirely on the tides in Taiwan, and nobody was ever able to predict them accurately. As a result the cast worked seven days a week to finish as quickly as possible. Because either the tides or the frequent torrential rains often dictated alternate shooting plans, McQueen would have to memorize half a dozen scenes at one time. And so disconcerting was the babble of voices from the 1,000 extras (some spoke Taiwanese, others Mandarin or Cantonese) that he found he could concentrate on his lines only in the ship's engine room.

The role was physically demanding as well. "I had my skull twisted a couple of times," McQueen says, grinning, "and I came back with a few dents." For several weeks after his return to Hollywood last May, in fact, he was literally unable to work. "Nervous exhaustion," Robert Wise finally decided.

Most of the people who know McQueen well agree that his association with the urbane and talented Wise has had a profound effect on the actor. He has become more interested in helping other people—"paying back my dues," he calls it. "I can use my juice as a successful actor toward constructive goals," he says. "The bread is nice, but I got my sanctuary and bananas and nuts on my table. I don't need any more to exist. I'm settling down in my community. I'm really in love with my wife, and my kids are great. We've got good vibrations."

One afternoon not long ago he welcomed a visitor to his house in Brentwood. A friend, John Steen, had brought over a midget scooter and, for a while, McQueen raced it around the top of his driveway—to the obvious delight of his children. Later, strolling along the edge of the olympic-sized pool in his backyard, he talked about his future. This spring he will fly to Berlin to make *The Cold War Swap*. After that he hopes to film *Day of the Champion*, which he describes as "the head-honcho story" about auto racing. "I've played a lot of losers," he said, "but now—unless I get a really great script—I'm through with that." He paused for a second and looked out over the pool. "It took me a long time to realize that I wasn't a loser myself."

Just then someone reminded him that he had promised to stop over later that afternoon at a pub which one of his friends had opened on Beverly Glen. Grabbing a sport shirt, McQueen climbed into his Ferrari and backed it out of the garage. As the car gathered speed and headed down the driveway, the growl from its twin exhausts became a roar. □



On location in Taiwan for "The Sand Pebbles"— McQueen plays a sailor on an American gunboat in war-torn China.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAND OF UNLIMITED IMPOSSIBILITIES

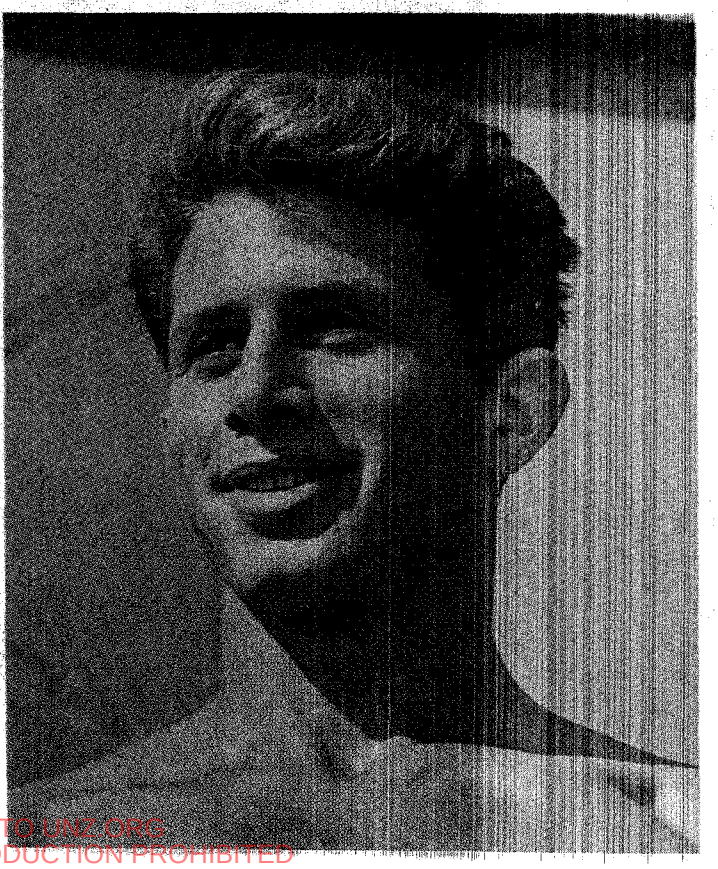
A celebrated writer reports on the Jewish state born in violence and encircled by its sworn enemies, and deprived of almost everything except problems—which Israelis somehow solve.

By BARBARA TUCHMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No nation in the world has so many drastic problems squeezed into so small a space, under such urgent pressure of time and heavy burden of history, as Israel. In a country the size of Massachusetts, all included in one telephone book, it must maintain national existence while subject to the active hostility of four neighbors jointly pledged to annihilate it. Under their boycott it is cut off from trade, transportation and communication across its entire land frontier. In this situation it must perform three vital functions at once: maintain a state of military defense at constant alert, forge a coherent nation out of a largely immigrant population and develop an economy capable both of supporting defense and absorbing the continuing flow of newcomers who now outnumber the founders of the state by two to one. It speaks a language, Hebrew, distinct from any other both in grammatical structure and alphabet, which must be learned on arrival by virtually all immigrants. To become self-sufficient in food, or by trade in food, it must restore fertility to the soil and reclaim the desert. Half of its land is nonarable except by irrigation, and its water supply is both inadequate and under threat of diversion by the Arabs. It must create industry where there was none and compete with more developed countries for foreign markets. It must operate with two official languages, Hebrew and

Anchoring the dunes outside Tel Aviv, a new building complex rises to meet the need for housing. Below: a member of the native-born generation.

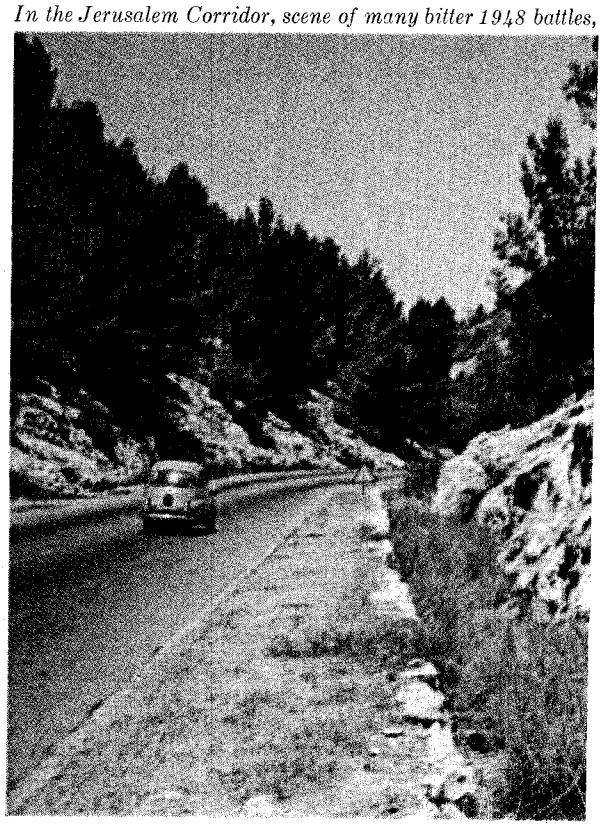


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

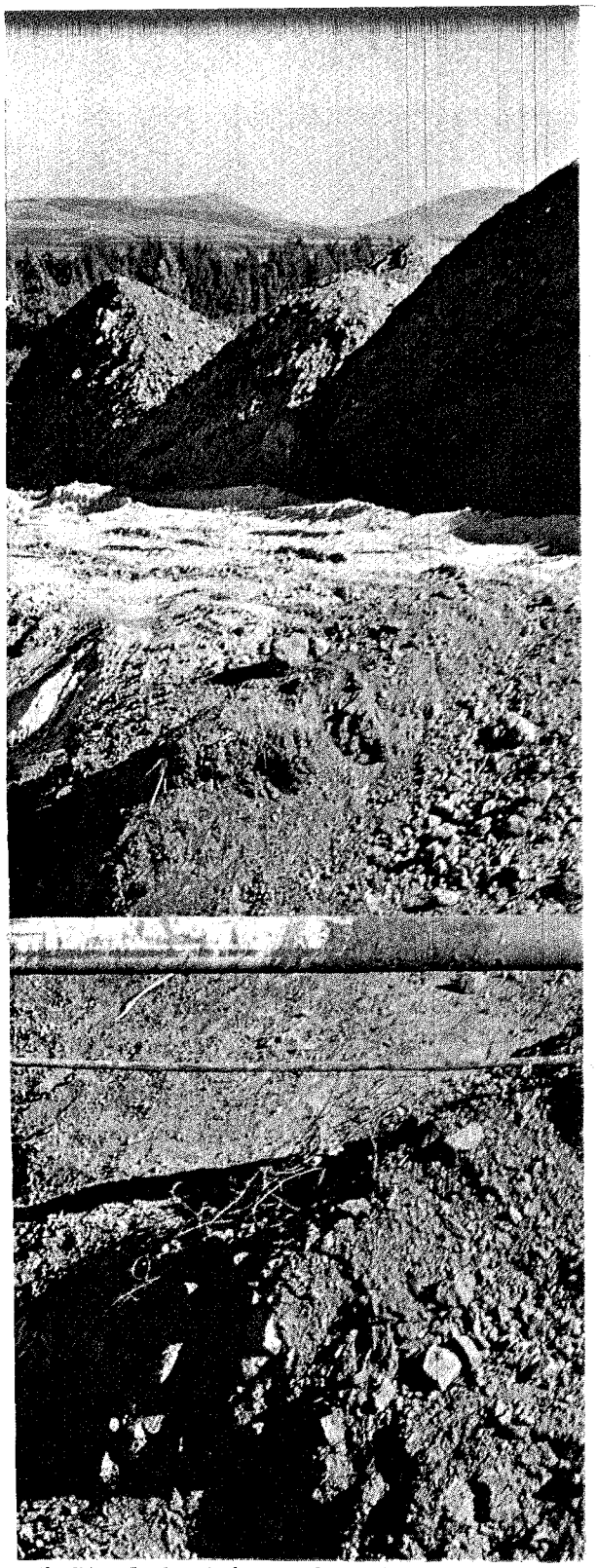
Curving onward from the horizon, a huge pipeline works its way toward the barren expanse of the Negev—the great desert that makes up half the nation's territory. Israel's lifeblood, wa

Jews from Eastern Europe, full citizens upon arrival, step ashore in Haifa. More than half of all Israelis are immigrants.

In the Jerusalem Corridor, scene of many bitter 1948 battles,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



n the River Jordan, is threatened with diversion by the Arabs.

memade" armored car rusts beneath commemorative wreath.

For the Arabs the memory of 1948 is full of gall. For the Israelis it is heroic, and they prize the relics of the war they won.

ISRAEL

Arabic, plus a general use of English; two sets of schools, religious and lay; and three forms of law, Ottoman, English and rabbinical. While carrying the living memory of the mass murder of European Jewry who would have been its reservoir of population, and whose survivors and sons and daughters are among its citizens, it must, out of necessity, accept financial "restitution" and economic assistance from the nation of the murderers.

The drama of the struggle is in the atmosphere and in the facts of life. It is in the half-finished buildings of poured concrete going up on every hand, the most ubiquitous sight in Israel; in the intense faces of a class in an *ulpan* where adults from 20 countries learn Hebrew in five months; in the draft for military service, which takes every citizen of both sexes at 18; in the barbed wire dividing Jerusalem and in the empty house in no-man's-land still standing as it was left 18 years ago with shattered walls and red-tiled roof fallen in; in the sudden sound of shots on a still Sabbath morning from the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee; in the matter-of-fact underground shelter dug in the yard of a *kibbutz* kindergarten near the Syrian border, with two benches against earth walls and a concrete door always open; in the fantastic machinery and belching smokestacks of phosphate works in the Negev; in the weed-grown dirt streets and emergency shacks of a new village where a bearded Jew from Morocco stares out of dull eyes at a strange land, and a Hungarian Jew with more hope has hung out a sign, SALON BUDAPEST—HAIRDRESSING; in the compulsive talk of plant manager, government official or school principal as they explain to a visitor what conditions were like five years ago and what they will be five years hence; in the energy of marching youth groups on a mass hike, singing and swinging as they walk, with a purposefulness almost too arrogant; in plant nurseries with millions of pine and cypress seedlings for reforestation of the barren hills; in two figures on the wharf at Haifa after a ship has come in—an immigrant father locked in the arms of a waiting son as if all the deaths and griefs of the lost six million were enclosed in their wordless long embrace.

The landscape too is dramatic, both in Israel and Jordan, which together make up the country of the Bible. Seeing it at firsthand, one realizes it was no accident that God was invented and two religions originated here. In the desert with its endless horizon by day and brilliance of stars at night, the vastness of the world would make a man lonely without God. The grotesque pillars of basalt and eroded sandstone on the shores of the Dead Sea, the red mountains of Edom, the weird gulfs and crags and craters of the Negev, could not have failed to make him wonder what immortal hand or eye had shaped them. If he saw God in a burning bush, one recognizes the bush today in the blaze of yellow blossoms on the broom, as well as the origin of another story in the extraordinary brightness of the star hanging over Jerusalem (and over Bethlehem five miles away in Jordan). To Abraham and his progeny the supernatural would have seemed close at hand in the sudden ferocity of cloudbursts that can wipe out a village, or in rainbows of startling vividness with all the colors and both ends visible. Even the sun does not set reasonably here, as it does in the Western Hemisphere, but drops all at once in what seems less than a minute from the time its lower rim first touches the Mediterranean horizon. Visions like miracles occur in the constant play of moving clouds across the sun, as when a hilltop village or ruined crusaders' castle will suddenly be picked out in a spotlight of sunshine and then, when a passing cloud blots out the light, as suddenly fade into the shadowed hills and vanish. A suffused pale light, sometimes luminous gray, sometimes almost white, constantly changing, shines always on Jerusalem, and when the sun's rays shoot skyward from behind a cloud, one sees instantly the origin of the halo.

The past lies around every corner. Herod's tomb is next door to one's hotel in Jerusalem. And at

Military observers of the U.N. truce force keep watch along the Israeli-Syrian border, where armed clashes have been frequent.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Jordanian frontier, where recent fighting took place, a tractor driver works the fields. His rapid-fire uzzi *is so slung that it may instantly be brought to bear on an attacker.*

Megiddo, the site of Armageddon that dominates old pathways from Egypt to Mesopotamia, archaeologists have uncovered the strata of 20 cities, including Solomon's with its stalls for 4,000 horses and chariots. The past is seen from one's car on the way to Tiberias, where workmen cutting into the road bank have laid bare a row of Roman sarcophagi. It lies on the beach at Caesarea, where one's shoe crunches on a broken shard of ancient pottery. One is sitting on it when picnicking on a grass-covered *tel*, or mound, thought to be the site of Gath where Goliath came from. One walks on it along the crusaders' ramparts of Acre, where Richard the Lion-Heart fought Saladin, or on the hill of Jaffa overlooking the harbor besieged by Napoleon. It is present, if somewhat obscured by cheap souvenirs, at Nazareth.

Archaeology is a national occupation, hobby, and, in a sense, the national conscience. The government maintains a department for the exploration and study, preservation and display of ancient sites and monuments. Students in summertime volunteer for "digs." Although private digging is forbidden, a national hero like Gen. Moshe Dayan, who is not easily restrained, pursues it with the intensity he applied to the Sinai campaign, piecing together amphorae from fragments in his studio and dragging home two entire Roman columns to set up in his garden—not without stirring up the usual wrangling in the newspapers, another favorite Israeli sport. The most spectacular recent work, under the direction of another wartime hero, Gen. (now Professor) Yigael Yadin, is the uncovering of Masada, high on the cliffs above the Dead Sea, where in 73 A.D., after the fall of Jerusalem, 960 Jewish zealots holding out against Roman siege with the energy of despair finally committed mass suicide rather than surrender. Not far away, in Dead Sea caves reached by rope and helicopter, Yadin's team found further reminders of ancient valor in the letters of Simon Bar Kochba, who in 132–35 A.D. raised the remnants of Palestinian Jewry and maintained for three years the last battle for independence against Roman rule.

To feel itself a nation, a people must have not only independence and territory but also a history. For Israelis, so long and so widely dispersed, the distant past is important and the recent past even more so. Both the mass disaster, or Holocaust as they call it, suffered under Hitler, and the War of Independence against the Arabs in 1948, pervade the national consciousness and have their memorials on every hand. For Arabs the memory of 1948 is full of gall, but for Israelis it is heroic, and they leave its mementos in place with deliberate pride. Along the road up to Jerusalem, so bitterly fought for in 1948, the rusted relics of their home-made armored cars have been left where they fell under fire. A captured Syrian tank stands in the village of Degania and a Bren-gun carrier in the garden of the *kibbutz* Ayelet Hashachar. A ship named Af-Al-Pi-Chen ("In Spite of Everything"), one of those which ran the British blockade to bring in illegal immigrants, has been hauled up as a monument where it landed at the foot of Mt. Carmel, on the road a few miles south of Haifa.

The Arab threat is constant. No place in Israel is beyond artillery range.

Unforgotten and unforgettable, the memory of the Germans' extermination of the majority of Europe's Jews is no less a part of the nation's history. Six million trees to reforest the Judean hills have been planted as a "Forest of Martyrs" in the name of the six million dead, as well as an avenue of trees for each of the "Righteous Gentiles" who, at risk to themselves in Gestapo-controlled Europe, saved and hid Jewish neighbors. A central archive of material on the extermination has been established, and it supplied much of the evidence for the Eichmann trial. In itself the trial was a form of memorial, for its main object was perhaps less to bring a war criminal to justice than to solidify the historical record. The archive is housed in the dark new memorial to the dead called the Yad Vashem, unquestionably the most impressive building in Israel. Nowhere has architectural form more clearly and unmistakably expressed an idea and an emotion. It stands on a hill outside Jerusalem—a low, square, forbidding structure on a stark plaza, with walls of huge rounded stones, each like a dead man, surmounted by a heavy lid of wood that seems to press down with the weight of centuries. The building is unadorned by lettering or decoration of any kind. Indoors a raised walk behind a railing surrounds a bare stone floor. Flat on its surface, so that one looks down on them, lie in metal letters the names of the concentration camps:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come snow...
Come Campbell's
Vegetable Soup
Reach for the Campbell's—it's cold outside! And nothing warms you up like Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its sunny broth and 15 summer vegetables. Snow time is fun time when good hot soup is waiting. So reach for the Campbell's. It's right on your shelf.
Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
MADE WITH BEEF STOCK
SOUP
You always eat better with Campbell's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Auschwitz, Buchenwald, Dachau, Bergen-Belsen, Theresienstadt and the others. A memorial flame burns in one corner. There is nothing else, and nothing else is needed. The building is a coffin and a grave, a monument to death.

Groups of visitors, Israeli and foreign—Americans, Scandinavians, Italians, French—come daily to stand at the railing, shaken, or silently weeping, or just uneasy. Like the seated Lincoln brooding in his marble hall on the Potomac, the Yad Vashem leaves no one unmoved. Israel, as the state whose people were the immediate victims, is the nearest heir of the tragedy (apart from Germany, which is another matter). As such it keeps the memory alive, not merely to mourn but with a sense, perhaps, of some mission to history.

Jerusalem, the Washington of Israel as compared to Tel Aviv, the country's New York, still exerts the same magnetism as it did on pilgrims through the long centuries of the Middle Ages. There is something heartbreaking in its division between Israel and Jordan. One can stand at one's window and look out on the wall of the Old City in the Jordanian half, under the lovely and mystical light, and feel as sad as if one had lived here all one's life, instead of having just arrived for the first time two days before.

At night the city is still and dark. In the stillness one can hear the wail of the muezzin calling Moslems to prayer in the Old City. Broadcast nowadays by loudspeaker to save the muezzin from climbing the minaret five times a day, it has a harsh sound, yet eerie and full of nostalgia for something one has never known. It is so close, yet from another country—one from which attacks sporadically erupt onto Israeli territory. Mostly these are sabotage raids on pump houses and irrigation pipes by marauders of al-Fatah, an Arab terrorist organization with headquarters in Syria, or they may be haphazard rifle fire by a nervous or fanatic sentry at the border. The Israelis have not submitted meekly to these attacks, and in recent weeks the U.N. Security Council censured Israel for its reprisal action against Jordan. These incidents, together with serious episodes involving artillery and jet aircraft on the Syrian and Egyptian borders, numbered about 40 last year and caused more than 35 deaths.

The pressure of the Arab threat is constant. No place in Israel is beyond artillery range from its borders with Egypt, Syria, Jordan and Lebanon. In their own countries, the Arabs are gracious and attractive people, friendly and courteous to strangers, possessing dignity, charm, and even humor. On the subject of Israel, however, they are paranoid. Israel does not appear on Arab maps. The Arabs keep up, at violent cost of common sense and convenience, an elaborate pretense that it does not exist, or if it does, that somehow, by refusal to deal with it in any way whatsoever, it can be choked off by isolation. At intervals, when Arab unity flags or internal politics demand a bellicose posture, they make explicit threats. "We could annihilate Israel within twelve days," announced President Nasser of Egypt last March 26, "were the Arabs to form a united front and were they prepared to join battle."

The depth of Arab bitterness stems, one suspects, from humiliation. Much of the land they lost in Palestine had been sold as worthless to the early Zionist settlers who, draining the swamps in spite of malaria, and building on sand dunes, made it livable. The Jews became in the process a reminder of Arab failings. Then in 1948 an astonished world watched as the assembled military forces of five sovereign Arab states were fought off by the Jewish colonists of Palestine, who declared themselves a state, held their ground and, to put an end to infiltration and border raids, reaffirmed the verdict in the Suez campaign of 1956. The Arabs were left, like a woman scorned, with a fury matching hell's, while the Israelis for the time being could afford to feel satisfied with their performance, if never off guard. They have put territory under their feet at last in the land they once ruled, and they do not intend to be uprooted again. The Arabs' undying intransigence in the face of accomplished fact has a quality of Peter Pan faced with growing up. Territory lost through the fortunes of war is a commonplace of history. What is Texas but 267,339 square miles of Mexico settled by Americans and then forcibly declared independent? In any event, the territory never formed part of an Arab state in modern times, having passed from Turkish sovereignty to the British Mandate.

With their enormous preponderance in size and manpower, why do the Arabs *not* attack? Partly because from previous experience they have a rather nervous respect for Israel's powers of retaliation; further, because of fear of one another and of internal opponents given to bloody coups d'etat. Yet, since acceptance of reality does not always prevail in dealings among nations, Israel can never be sure that the Arab inundation will *not* roll, nor free themselves of the thought that some day—next month, next year or tomorrow—they may wake to the sudden scream of a hostile air force in their skies. They must live and plan in that constant expectation. Meanwhile, from day to day the small pressures continue. Yellow signs proclaiming DANGER! FRONTIER mark an erratic curve through the countryside. Visitors to the Knesset, Israel's parliament, must pass through a maze of guards and precautions before entering the visitors' gallery, and ladies must leave their handbags, presumably capable of concealing a bomb or pistol, outside. Driving down through the Negev along the new highway that skirts the bleak, eroded slopes of Jordan to the east, the chauffeur stubbornly refuses to stop for a visit to the Nabatean ruins of Avdat or other sights along the way, and when finally pressed for an explanation, admits, almost apologetically, to a desire to reach Eilat before sunset. Why? Well, in case of—the word comes reluctantly—"trouble" from over there, nodding toward the somber mountains on the left. A startled American, unused to thinking in these terms, is reminded of covered wagons and Indian ambush.

At Almagor, a hilltop settlement in northern Galilee where clashes with Syria involving machine guns, tanks and aircraft took place during the past two summers, one looks down on a silver stream winding through a green delta to the lake. The stream is the River Jordan where it enters the Sea of Galilee (otherwise Lake Tiberias). The land on its far bank, backed by a range of hills, is Syria, with snow-capped Mt. Hermon looming hugely in the distance. On one of the hills is a cluster of the Arabs' characteristic flat-topped sandstone huts, many of them painted pale blue to ward off evil. Down on the delta black cattle graze, white egrets stand on the sand flats of the river, Arab families and farmers go about their business. The air is filled with a spring breeze and the twittering of birds, the hillside with weeds and wild flowers blossoming as profusely as a garden. Lavender thistle mixes with blue gentian, daisies with wild mustard and wild pink geranium, and scarlet poppies are scattered everywhere. A solitary young soldier sits with binoculars on a pile of stones, intently scanning the hills opposite.

Almagor is a settlement founded by Nahal, a pioneer corps in which military training and land cultivation are combined in a system Israel has developed to defend and simultaneously settle the frontier. The young recruit points to a long straight scar on the side of the hill opposite and says it is the track of the Arabs' attempted diversion of the headwaters of the Jordan. Involving 75 miles of open ditch, the scheme could hardly be carried out secretly, and is not an operation that Israel could idly watch. After the Syrians started shooting in August, 1965, the Israelis' answering fire, according to their communiqué, damaged "tractors at work in Syria on the diversion of the Jordan headwaters," after which the work "appeared to cease for the time being." When I was there in March before last summer's battle, the hillside scar, from what anyone could tell through binoculars, was quiescent.

Down on the lake, which is wholly Israeli territory, two fishing boats were moving out from the Syrian shore. The soldier remarked without heat that last year Syrian guns in the hills fired on an Israeli fishing boat and a cruising police patrol boat. Handing me the binoculars, he pointed to two black dots far out in the center of the lake. Slowly moving into vision, they took shape as Israeli police boats. The Syrians kept on fishing, and the patrols approaching. Gripping the binoculars, I waited, feeling as if the air had suddenly gone still. The police were within hailing distance when, unhurriedly, the Syrians rowed back to shore, beached their boats and wandered off. Equally without fuss the patrol boats turned back the way they had come. Almagor remained quiet for that day.

The hillside scar, mentioned on return to Jerusalem, aroused no excitement. "It could be a road," they said. Israel so desperately needs peace—to divert taxes from the crushing defense budget to other vital needs, to rejoin the continent of which it is a part, to live with neighbors on reasonably neighborly terms, above all to breathe normally—that it has usually leaned over backwards to avoid cause for quarrel. It tries to remain suave and, for as long as possible, unprovoked, in the effort to leave room for whatever tiny chance of negotiation might appear. Israel too has its hotheads of irredentism, the "adventurists" who clamor to "take the west bank," but this is largely lip service to old slogans. They know, or if not the country's leaders know, that to swallow western Jordan with nearly a million Arab inhabitants (or equally the Gaza Strip), thus increasing Israel's existing Arab minority of 12 percent who already outbreed the Jews, would be to court disaster. What Israel needs is not more land populated by Arabs but more people to populate its own empty Negev, a problem which in turn depends on water to make the desert habitable.

Even the wound of the Old City's loss is not so fresh anymore. For Jews its essence was the Wailing Wall for bewailing lost Zion, but since restoration of the state, who needs to wail? From long association, many still yearn for the Wall, but the native-born generation are not wailers. On their own land the Jews have successfully become what they were never allowed to be in the ghetto—farmers and soldiers. The transformation has literally changed the Jewish face. Complexion and lighter hair-color can no doubt be explained by sun and climate; blue eyes one must leave to the geneticists, but the fundamental change is one of expression. The new face has an outdoor look and, more noteworthy, it is cheerful. This is not of course true of the immigrant settlements, where the look among the adults is compounded of bewilderment, strangeness, difficulties and resentments, nor of Tel Aviv, which has been unkindly (if not inaccurately) described as a mixture, on a smaller scale, of New York and West Berlin. The Tel Aviv look, compounded of traffic, shops, business deals and culture, with a sprinkling of beatniks, is no different from Urban the world over.

The new face is elsewhere, notably in the army. At the officers' training school outside Tel Aviv it was visible in students, instructors and in the commandant, Col. Meier Paeel, a tall, vigorous, smiling man. Col. Paeel had smile crinkles at the corners of his eyes, a characteristic I noticed among many of the other officers, although someone else might say it came from squinting at the sun.

The school had pleasant tree-lined quarters inherited from the British Army, which was always accustomed to do itself well. The tradition continues in one respect, for the secretaries, all girl soldiers in khaki, were so invariably pretty, without makeup, that it was hard to believe they had been chosen at random. Because of its essential role in the creation of the state, the army's prestige is high, and it attracts the best. It has a noticeably breezy air. The open shirt collar—spotless and correctly starched—prevails. Saluting is casual, but there is an underlying seriousness and sense of tension. At the general-staff school, where virtually all the students wore the two campaign ribbons of 1948 and 1956, there was once again the outdoor face, and a commandant, Col. Mordecai Goor, no less handsome and confident. "You are making a new breed," I said to one officer. He looked around thoughtfully at his colleagues and, searching for the right English words, replied deliberately, "Yes. Jewish sorrow has gone out of their eyes."

Reclamation of the land, after centuries of being strangers and rootless in the lands of others, has helped to achieve that result as much as anything. The Jews are at home; not a home taken over ready-made, but one they had to clear, clean, repair and re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

construct by their own labor. Palestine, under Arabs and Turks during the thousand years before 1900, reverted to the nomad, and for lack of cultivation was left to the desolation predicted by Isaiah: a "habitation of dragons and a court for owls." English explorers in the 19th century found it a stony goat pasture with "not a mile of made road in the land from Dan to Beersheba." To be made livable again, reported the Palestine Exploration Fund in 1880, the land required roads for wheeled transport, irrigation and swamp drainage, restoration of aqueducts and cisterns, sanitation, seeding of grass and reforestation to check soil erosion. This was the task that faced, and all but overwhelmed, the early Jewish colonists. Internal dissension and self-made problems, as prevalent then as today, did not help. While they starved, they engaged in furious dispute over whether to keep the commandment of a sabbatical year, during which no work on fields or among livestock could be done.

The issue survives. At Kfar Yuval, a little colony in northern Galilee settled by an Orthodox group of Indian Jews, a schoolteacher apologized for the weed-grown yard that could not be cultivated because it was sabbatical year for the village. When I asked, "What do they eat?" my guide shrugged and said, "They pray and eat less." The fossilized rules of Orthodoxy hamper progress and convenience in the nation out of all proportion to the number who take them seriously. Because the Orthodox party holds the political balance of power, it has an official grip on the country and Orthodoxy strikes a visitor as the most stultifying of Israel's self-made problems.

Yet the Jews have made the land bloom—with terraced hills and delicate orchards, hedges of rosemary and the thick lush green of orange groves. Everywhere around the groves in springtime the pungent sweet fragrance of orange blossom hangs in the air like smoke. Yellow mimosa and feathery, pine-like tamarisks grow along the roadside, punctuated by great cascades of purple bougainvillaea. Away from the urban strips and gas stations and industrial plants and somewhat shoddy emergency settlements, Israel has an extraordinary beauty. Cypresses like dark green candles point upward against the blue sky, and windblown olive trees shimmer as if their leaves were tipped with silver. When the wind blows, the palms bend like reeds over Lake Tiberias, and from western Galilee one can see, far in the distance between the hills, the whitecaps of the Mediterranean glint in the sun.

It is no wonder the Jews have grown a new face. Perhaps what accounts for it most of all is that Israel is theirs; here they are not a minority; they are on top. Which is not to say they will live happily ever after, or even now, for they are the most contentious people alive, and Orthodoxy is not their only self-made problem. Their quarrels are legion, they abuse each other incessantly and without compunction, and settle differences of opinion within any group by splitting instead of submitting to majority rule. The Haifa Technion, Israel's M.I.T., was recently plunged in battle over the teaching of architecture. The issue, roughly one between scientific and humanistic schools of thought, exists in other countries as well, but the solution in Israel was radical. By dictate of the Technion's president, the faculty of architecture was split into two faculties—a decision which enraged the students, since they would have to choose between one or the other, and many wanted elements of both. Carried over to political life, the habit causes factionalism which Israelis explain as the natural consequence of long centuries without political power or responsibility. They consider that the experience of self-government is gradually providing an enforced cure.

Israel is not an affluent society; It is hard-working, with the six-day week still in force. Until last March Israel had no television. This circumstance grew from the strong puritan strain of the early settlers, who were founders of Histadrut, the labor federation, and of the *kibbutzim*. Although the *kibbutz* system of communal ownership is neither predominant nor spreading, the influence of its people is out of proportion to their numbers because they came early, were self-motivated and, to survive at all, had to have vigor and grit. *Kibbutz* members in government took the view, violently disputed, that TV would distract from work, disrupt family life and intensify economic and class differences between settled residents and the newcomers who could not afford to buy television sets. Besides, it would cost money, and the government had none to spare on a luxury. The awkward result is that anyone who buys a TV set, and that includes a large number of Arab citizens, tunes in Cairo or Beirut. Since last March educational television is being tried.

Because Israel is a small country, the individual is able to feel that what he does counts. No more powerful incentive exists. It will make a man work even at a job he dislikes. One government official, who detested going abroad to beg for funds for an essential operation, told me he continued to go because he felt "on the front line of defense." Seeking something of this feeling, students from abroad, particularly Scandinavian refugees from too much welfare, come every summer to work in the *kibbutzim*.

With all its problems, Israel has one commanding advantage—a sense of purpose: to survive. It has come back. It has confounded persecution and outlived exile to become the only nation in the world that is governing itself in the same territory, under the same name and with the same religion and same language as it did 3,000 years ago. It is conscious of fulfilling destiny. It knows it must not go under now, that it must endure. Israelis may not have affluence or television or enough water or the quiet life, but they have what affluence tends to smother: a motive. Dedication is not necessarily total, and according to some who see materialism displacing the idealism of the early days, it is already slipping. Israelis are not all true, honest, loyal, industrious—a nation of Boy Scouts. Many (an estimated total of 80,000–90,000 so far) leave for more pay (Israeli salaries are low and taxes high), more comfort, wider opportunities and contacts, a life of less pressure, or for a variety of reasons which add up to one: to escape geography. But on the whole and for the present, the pacesetters of the nation have what Americans had at Plymouth Rock, a

What will become of little Sue?

Four-year-old Sue-Cha Shen has waited several hours for her stepfather to return. She is too young to realize *she has been abandoned.*

It was almost dark when one of our staff workers discovered Sue. Later we learned that her real father had been killed in an accident.

Her mother, with five sons and a daughter to support, married in desperation, but the stepfather didn't want little girls, and proceeded to get rid of Sue-Cha.

And what will become of her now? Our homes operate on a severely limited budget, and unless we find a sponsor for Sue — her future looks bleak indeed.

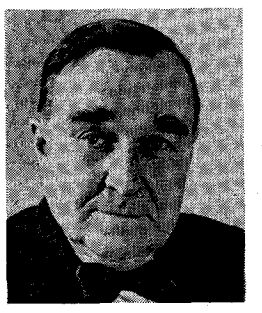
Will you help? The world is full of little Sue-Chas—waiting, looking for happiness, love, a warm meal, a clean dress.

This is why Overseas Children (formerly Christian Herald Industrial Missions in China) opened an orphanage in China, many years ago. And after the Communists forced us out, we moved on to Hong Kong, Formosa, then Korea.

And it seems we always have more orphans than sponsors. This is very dear to my heart. I have held children like Sue-Cha in my arms–innocent victims of a world full of violence.

I urge you to sponsor a needy child. The cost is small, only $10 a month. Besides the child's love and gratitude, you will receive his or her picture, life history, and the chance to exchange letters. Both groups and individuals can sponsor these youngsters.

Please—sit down right now, fill out the sponsor application, write your check for $10 and send it air mail. The need is urgent. A child is waiting for your love. Will you help? Today?



God bless you,

Daniel A. Poling

Daniel A. Poling, President

Christian Herald's Z SEP-17
Overseas Children, Inc. 27 E. 39th Street, New York, New York 10016

Dear Dr. Poling:
Yes, I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (country)_____or
☐ A child in greatest need.
For $10 a month, please send my child's name, story, address, and picture to me.
Enclosed is my first payment of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Sponsorship payments are tax deductible

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new puppy?

(it's almost like having a new baby in the house)

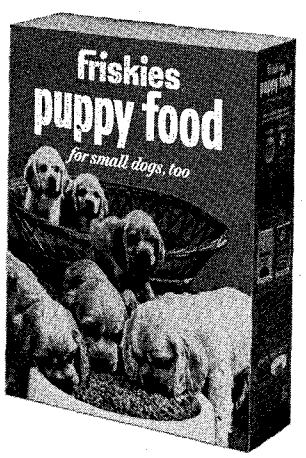
A puppy needs a lot of care and attention, too. Just *feeding* one properly can be a ticklish problem—if you don't start off right. And – the rightest start in all the world is Friskies Puppy Food. It is as complete for puppies as formula for a baby. We make Friskies with a high protein base (for growth and spirit). Then we add a total of 15 vitamins and minerals – every single nutrient a growing dog is known to need.

Little puppy's big appetite really satisfied

Puppies take to Friskies like they've just discovered food. They *really* like Friskies pressure-cooked beefy flavor. And they thrive on it.

Free box of Friskies Puppy Food:

Send us a boxtop from Friskies Puppy Food, get a 1½ lb. box free! Write to: Friskies Puppy Food, Dept. S-1, Box 40, Pico Rivera, California 90660. Void if use is prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1967. Limit one box per family.



from Carnation®

knowledge of why they are there and where they are going. Even the visitor begins to feel that there may be a design to history after all, a purpose in the survival of this people who, ever since Abraham came out of Ur to mark the turn to monotheism, have fertilized civilization with ideas, from Moses and Jesus to Marx, Freud and Einstein. Perhaps survival is their fate.

Paradoxically, Arab hostility has been useful in forcing Israel to face westward, to find her contacts and competition with the West, including a trade agreement with the European Common Market. While this exacerbates the problem of acclimating her growing proportion of Oriental Jews from Iraq, Iran and North Africa, it also drives her to greater enterprise, to "think deeper," as the manager of the Timna Copper Mines said. "Of course," he added a little wistfully, "if we had the whole of the Middle East to trade with we would have an easier life." As it is, necessity has required the development of such enterprises as his own, the former mines of King Solomon, unexploited under the Turks or the British Mandate, and now restored to production by Solomon's descendants.

Timna is one of those projects, like almost everything in Israel, undertaken against the soundest advice of practical persons who declared it "impossible." Originally the resettlement of Palestine was impossible, the draining of malarial swamps impossible, the building on sand dunes (where Tel Aviv now has a population of over 600,000) impossible; the goal of statehood, partition, self-defense, the Law of Return, absorption of a million immigrants, then of two million immigrants—all impossible. The country has been created out of impossibilities, embraced sometimes from idealism, more often because there was no other choice.

Since no one would invest in a dead copper mine, Timna was subsidized and its shares taken up by the government; during the first three years of effort to begin operations, the project drew sarcastic press comment about "putting gold in the ground to get out copper." Now with production booming, and a convenient world shortage caused by strikes in Chile and by Rhodesia's troubles, it is exporting 10,000 tons of copper cement a year, at explosively profitable prices, to Spain, Japan and Hungary, while the public offers to buy the government's shares. No one expects this happy condition to last forever, but future, even present, limitations frequently fail in Israel to have a limiting effect. If Israelis looked ahead at the stone wall or ditch looming up, they would stop dead from sheer fright; instead, they go on out of optimism or necessity, and trust that God, or their own inventiveness, or some unforeseen development, will provide.

Out of such necessities the country finds its resources. To compete with Italy in the export of oranges, for example, an Israeli fruit grower joined with a village farm-machinery factory to invent an ingenious motorized orange-picking machine that consists of two raised platforms on a wheeled hoist and permits faster, cheaper harvesting. The Arid Zone Research Center in Beersheba has shown that the warm, sheltered climate of the Wadi Araba in the southern Negev can, with careful utilization of rain runoff from the hills, produce four crops a year. This makes possible the export to Europe of luxury out-of-season vegetables and fruits, such as the strawberries that are flown to European ski resorts.

A rather more major enterprise is Israel's "dry Suez," the pipeline which brings Iranian oil from Eilat on the Red Sea to Haifa and Tel Aviv on the Mediterranean. Built in answer to Nasser's exclusion of Israel from the Suez Canal, one 8-inch and one 16-inch line, with a capacity of 4.5 million tons a year, already exist. They were chiefly financed by Baron Edmond de Rothschild on condition of a guaranteed return; he has since made two and a half times his original investment. The ditch for a third line can be seen cutting its way through the Negev toward a terminus on the Mediterranean at the new deep-sea port of Ashdod, opened in 1965. Chiefly for the use of foreign oil companies as a supplement to the tanker route through the Suez Canal, the new Israeli pipeline may, depending on eventual size of the pipe and cost of service, one day undercut Suez rates.

The Negev itself, known in the Bible as the Wilderness of Zin, is the prime "impossible." Although it accounts for more than 55 percent of Israel's land area, its capacity to absorb any increase of population was said by the Peel Commission, the most authoritative of the many which investigated Palestine's troubles during the Mandate, to be nil. Nevertheless, from 1948 through 1964 the number of people supported by the area has risen from 21,000 to 258,000, including the cities of Beersheba and Ashkelon, which are not strictly in the desert but on its northern edge. The rest are scattered among some 130 settlements, including Sde Boker, a *kibbutz* established in the middle of the desert as a magnet and an example, where Ben-Gurion has chosen to live. This population is greater than the estimated 30,000 to 60,000 which the Negev supported at its height in Roman and Byzantine times, when the system of guiding rainwater through man-made channels to cisterns was brought to engineering perfection. The Israelis consider themselves capable of no less, up to the limit of the rains from heaven. But modern man uses more water than the ancients; moreover, to bring more people to the Negev necessitates the finding of new sources by any means creative intelligence can devise. Investigators are testing methods of inducing artificial rainfall; of using unpotable brackish water for irrigating salt-resistant crops; of enforcing water saving by metering water; of reducing evaporation in reservoirs by coating the surface with a fatty substance. But the ultimate answer for populating the Negev must be desalinization of seawater. A joint Israeli-American study is now under way for a future plant which, one is confidently told, will be ready by 1971. Powered by a nuclear reactor, it is expected to produce more than 30 billion gallons a year at reasonable cost. On the other hand, a recent report of the Weizmann Institute states that while it is possible by desalinization to provide fresh water in limited amounts for users "not sensitive" to the cost, "it is still an open question whether methods suitable for large-scale and *cheap* production of fresh water will ever be found."

Beersheba, once a dusty market town with an Arab population of 3,000 (who decamped in the war of 1948), began with a Jewish population of zero. Two hundred families came in 1949. As a result of the opening of the Negev by road and railroad, the development of chemical industries in the Dead Sea area and a mass influx of immigrants, Beersheba has so exploded that a harried municipal councilor hastily scribbled new figures on a fact sheet before handing it to me. The population is, or was last spring, 72,000, of whom 85 percent are immigrants, half Orientals and half from Europe and South America. The city still serves as a center for some 16,000 Bedouin citizens of Israel who live in the desert in their long black goat-hair tents. Everyone rushes, everyone is harried (except the Bedouin and the inevitable "tourist" camel who waits inappropriately in front of a filling station). Trash flies about in the wind, streets are half-paved, rubble and debris of building construction lie around, tattered posters advertise the city's seven movie houses, and the shell of an empty, circular, concrete building with a crenelated top, looking something like a child's cardboard crown, excites one's curiosity. "It's the synagogue," I am told with an impatient shrug. "The funds ran out. There are other things more important."

Schools, for instance. Beersheba has 32 elementary schools, each with a kindergarten, two high schools and three trade schools, as well as a training school for teachers and one for nurses, an *ulpan* for immigrant adults, a *yeshiva* and a music school. In order to keep students in the area, it has even last year started a university. Not degree-granting yet, it operates without a campus or faculty of its own but with visiting professors lent by other institutions. Courses in the humanities and social sciences, one in biology, and a postgraduate course in engineering are offered to 260 students—a figure which, according to the regular Israeli refrain, "will be doubled next year." Nevertheless, a problem remains: There are not enough high schools in the Negev to fill up a university.

Beersheba is a microcosm—or it might be called a hothouse—of the nation's immigration problem, which cannot be envisaged without a few figures. In three and a half years from May, 1948, to the end of 1951, while the new state was struggling to its feet under a new government, 685,000 persons entered Israel, or slightly more than the population existing at the time the state was proclaimed. In 1950 the Knesset (parliament) enacted the Law of Return, confirming the right of every Jew to enter the country unless he has been guilty of offenses against the Jewish people or is a danger to public health or security. (The law was soon to raise interesting questions of what is a Jew, as in the case of Brother Daniel, a monk who demanded the right of entry, claiming that though converted to Christianity he was a Jew under the rabbinical definition—that is, a person born of a Jewish mother. The court rejected his claim, a decision that raised other interesting questions: Is Judaism a religion or, so to speak, a condition? Can a Jew, like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brother Daniel, abandon his religion and yet remain a Jew? He could, of course, have acquired Israeli citizenship after three years' residence, like any Moslem or Christian, but he wanted it as his right under the Law of Return. The doctrine established by his case may in the long run, as cases continue to arise, undergo a change. Perhaps some day that old question, What is a Jew? may find an answer, although one thing is certain—if Israelis remain Jews, they will continue to dispute it.)

On July 30, 1961, the millionth immigrant since statehood arrived. Of these million, 431,000 came from Europe (beginning with 99,000 escapees and survivors from the concentration camps), with the largest groups coming from Romania and Poland; about 500,000 came from Asia and North Africa, including 125,000 from Iraq, 45,000 from Yemen, 33,000 from Turkey, others from Iran, India and China, and 237,000 from Morocco, Tunisia, Libya and Algeria. Thirteen thousand came from North and South America. The influx was never regular or planned, but came in waves or rushes in response to political crises and pressures. Airlifts brought the exodus from Iraq and Yemen under a time deadline. Groups surged out from Poland and Romania, and a few from Russia, between sporadic liftings and lowerings of the Iron Curtain. In 1956 the number rose sharply in response to the revolt in Hungary and to the Suez campaign, which brought about the expulsion of 15,000–20,000 Jews from Egypt, many of them of the professional classes. Since 1961 another quarter of a million have come. Boats arrive at Haifa every week. Reception, examination, registration for first papers, arrangements for transportation and housing and an initial grant of cash and food all take place on board. Every Jew admitted becomes a citizen with the vote at once; every non-Jew, once admitted, may become a citizen after three years' residence. It requires a visual effort of the imagination to picture what the settlement of almost 1.5 million strangers, nearly all requiring social and financial assistance, involves, not only physically in terms of housing, job-finding, adaptation and schooling, but in the psychological strains on society, and the tensions and frictions both among the immigrants themselves and between them and the earlier residents. By contrast, the 500,000 Arab refugees of 1948, who have since doubled their number and remain an undigested lump and a charge on the U.N., could merge into the host countries with no barriers of language or custom, if the will to absorb them were present. Much of the cost of the operation in Israel, being beyond the powers of the state, is raised by contributions from Jews abroad and administered by a form of state within a state—the Jewish Agency. The origins, nature and role of this remarkable institution, which is the residual office of the World Zionist Organization that virtually governed the Jews of Palestine under the Mandate, are complex, but it can be said that the work of the Agency for the time being is indispensable, while its implications are unresolved.

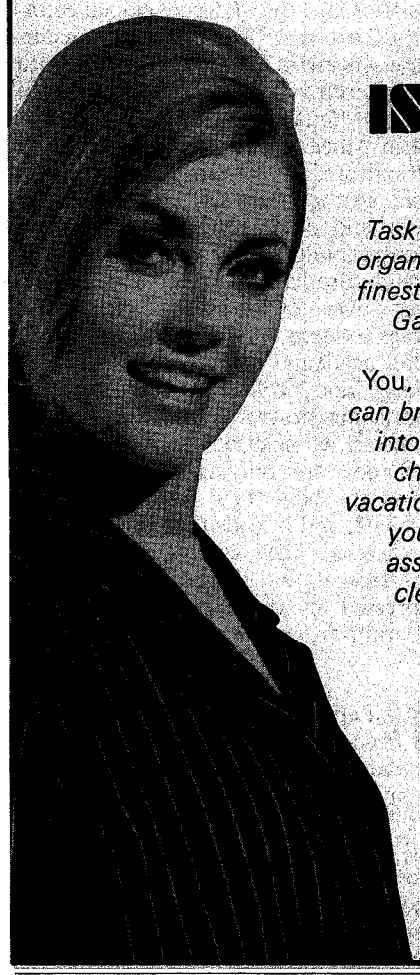
The effort on behalf of the immigrants is not of course purely eleemosynary. Israel needs these people to fill the vessel of the state. Besides filling the villages vacated by the Arabs in 1948, they create new settlements on land formerly non-arable. Twenty-one new towns and 380 new rural villages have been established since—and because—they began to arrive, and it is their increase of the manpower of Israel that now enables it to produce over three quarters of its own food as well as enough food exports to pay for the balance. The immigrants' labor is needed for defense purposes as well. The settlements are of every kind. Some are small, struggling communities with outhouses, weeds and a few cows; others, multiple housing developments with streets, flung down on what was last month an empty hillside.

The greatest difficulty is providing income-producing work, especially among the Jews from North Africa, who despise manual labor—unlike the early European settlers, who idealized it and made it the cult of the *kibbutz*. Whereas they came to Palestine drawn by an ideal, the present Orientals have come as more or less passive victims of circumstance. To adapt at all they must learn a new manner of living, a new language, how to read, and new agricultural or manual skills they never knew before, a task beyond the capacity of most of them. For teen-age immigrants, however, the period of military service, which provides as much classwork as drill, is an effective forcing house. Mixing with the native-born *sabras*, they learn to speak Hebrew and feel Israeli very soon.

Antagonism between Orientals and Europeans certainly exists. The latter, who led the return and reclaimed the country, have made Israel, despite geography, predominantly Western in ideas and habits. They are not particularly happy about the flood of darker-skinned people, whom they yearn to see balanced by a portion of their three million compatriots still locked up in Russia. (The Soviet government refuses to allow a general exit, because it would annoy their Arab friends and because voluntary departure would reflect poorly on the Soviet paradise.) The Orientals resent the fact that the earlier comers hold the better houses and jobs and, on the whole, the direction of the country (although there are two Cabinet ministers of Oriental origin). They are burdened with all the frustrations and troubles of a group which feels itself inferior. Israel has an integration problem, but it does not have a deep or hardened segregation pattern to overcome. With both will and need working for a rapid solution, Israelis talk of absorbing their Oriental citizens into the society within two generations.

Efforts are concentrated on the children, whose problems are many but whose inner transformation into Israelis can be quick and visible. When I visited a school in Beersheba, the woman principal, a Bulgarian by origin, showed me her classes with the pride of a creator, although the way had been rough. The absolutism of the Oriental father, particularly the Moroccan, collapses in Israel, she explained. The parents lose prestige, and the children, quickly feeling ashamed of them, look for revenge and become discipline problems. During her first year as a teacher, she said, her classes were so unruly that she cried every day for a year and wanted to quit, but

Why should Task Force girls smile more than anybody else? Because they are temporary office workers with one great freedom—*they work when and where they want to, on changing assignments, according to their desires, skills and availabilities—full-time, part-time, evenings or week-ends.* How about you?



TASK FORCE IS THE FASHION

for the office gal who wants something to smile about

Task Force is the great nationwide service organization offering office reserves to the finest firms in business. Task Force "Minute Gals," of all ages and skills, are known for their "efficiency with a smile." You, too, can be a Minute Gal. *Task Force can bring you out of retirement or put you into a career—no fee, special incentives, chance for advancement, bonuses and vacations, too. Highest average rates. Work your own hours, where you want to, at assignments you prefer. Typists, general clerical, key punchers or sales solicitors* —go Task Force and go smiling!

TASK FORCE OFFICE RESERVES®

minute gals
for temporary office help
National Headquarters
104 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60603
Division of
Statistical Tabulating Corporation
Offices in Principal Cities

Look for the special **Post** order card bound between pages 26 and 27 in this issue.

New Discovery Now Makes It Possible To Shrink And Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain In Minutes

New York, N.Y. (Special): A famous institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository form* called *Preparation H®*.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps to prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home).

CAN YOU AFFORD ULCERS?

If you are one of the millions of Americans suffering from stomach distress, hyperacidity, gaseous distention, nervous stomach, loss of appetite or acid indigestion, you can now enjoy long lasting relief with **RECLUE**. Developed by a chronic gastric sufferer, **RECLUE** helps neutralize excess acids, covers sensitive areas with a soothing medicated coating. **Don't let stomach distress make YOUR life miserable.** Try **RECLUE** today and feel the prolonged relief **RECLUE** can bring YOU. Now available without prescription, rapidly growing demand has put **RECLUE** in short supply. Many druggists are out of stock. If your druggist does not have **RECLUE** write for information on closest source of supply or simply send your order on this coupon.

RECLU DRUG COMPANY
1931 Aurora Avenue,
Seattle, Washington 98109

Please send me a bottle of RECLUE. Trial size $3.25 ( ) Large $6.00 ( ).

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

My Drug Store is

Name.....

Address.....

Also available in Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her principal would not let her go. In a torrent of anguished reminiscence, she poured out all the difficulties of the past years, including, as an example of the immigrants' adjustment troubles, cases of stealing among children. When I suggested that this was not unknown in the private school my daughters attended in New York, not to mention every other American school I ever had any acquaintance with, she brushed aside the interruption, unimpressed. The problem is always bigger and better—or in this case, worse—in Israel.

As the teacher talked, the end-of-period bell rang, as it was doubtless doing all over the world. The corridors flooded with noisy youngsters, and the yard outside in the warm sun filled with groups kicking soccer balls. It could have been anywhere. The children all dressed much alike in slacks and colored shirts and cotton dresses, and one could not tell a Persian from a Pole or Moroccan from Hungarian.

Education is Israel's greatest internal task and absorbs the largest share, after defense, of the national budget. At the peak of the system stands the pride—or the wonder—of Israel: the reincarnated Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Opened in 1925, its original campus on Mt. Scopus, one of the eastern hills behind the Old City, was left inside Jordanian territory by the war of 1948, a loss that seemed almost as irreconcilable as the loss of the Wailing Wall. Under the terms of the truce the Israelis were to retain ownership and have access to the University and the adjoining Hadassah Hospital as a kind of enclave within Jordan, but as things have worked out, the only access that Jordan has permitted is a ritual inspection twice a month by Israeli officials in a sealed car escorted by the U.N. For a while after the war, classes were conducted in various buildings and rented premises, but the situation became too chaotic, and the hard decision to build a new home, giving up hope of regaining Mt. Scopus, had to be taken.

Begun in 1954 with money raised by Jews abroad, a new university has risen on the western edge of the city on a hill called Givat Ram. Accommodating over 10,000 students, it is a handsome complex of modern functional buildings whose straight lines contrast with the pool and curves and artful landscaping of a wide, open terrace. It seems to command its domain, but in fact the Hebrew University lives on impossibles, of which the chief, of course, is money. The government supplies a little over half its budget, tuition fees supply about one tenth, income from gifts another tenth, and the rest is a harassed look on the face of the president. While battling what is said to be the largest deficit of any university in the world, the Hebrew University runs because it must, as the pump of the intellectual and professional life of the country. Besides the undergraduate college, it operates professional schools of medicine, law, social work, agronomy and education as well as a university press. Already overcrowded, its lecture halls stay open 13 hours a day to accommodate all classes. It can house as yet only a small proportion of students in dormitories, so the majority must find rented rooms in Jerusalem, which has a housing shortage. Most of them, in addition, must find full- or part-time employment to pay their way through. Out of the struggle come the skills the country needs.

Under the shadow of Arab enmity, Israel's need for friends and relationships with the outside world has drawn her into a program of quite surprising proportions that provides technical assistance to the underdeveloped countries. Last year 832 Israeli technicians were serving in 62 countries, mostly in the emerging African states, but also in Burma, Ecuador and other Asian and Latin American countries. They teach agriculture, irrigation, road construction, cost accounting, office management and other essentials for a new country pulling itself into the modern stream. Students from the client countries—over 2,000 in 1965—come to Israel to learn on the job as well as to take academic courses at the university and professional schools. The flourishing program gives the Israelis immense satisfaction. It makes them feel they are putting back into the world the help they themselves have received, and it feeds their strong sense of mission. They are great improvers of mankind, and the noble sentiments expressed in the technical-assistance program are sometimes overpowering.

Of all enterprises to which Israel has been driven by need for an outlet to the world, the Red Sea port of Eilat is the most dramatic. Ten years ago it did not exist except as a name on the map and in the misty past as the Eziongeber of the Bible, where the people of Exodus halted on the flight from Egypt, and where later the Queen of Sheba disembarked. In 1949 when the first Israeli jeeps rolled in from the desert to occupy it, the only habitation was a deserted stone hut on the beach. Today Eilat is a functioning port for oceangoing ships, an airport, and a city of 13,000 with plans for expansion to 60,000. It might be Jack's Beanstalk except that human hands made it, not magic. Squeezed in between Egypt on the west and Jordan on the east, with the coast of Saudi Arabia below Jordan only four miles away, it sits on a seven-mile stretch of shoreline at the head of the Gulf of Aqaba. Only through this tiny slit could Israel open a door to the east and south for contact with the countries of Africa and the Orient. Although Eilat was allocated to Israel under the U.N. Partition plan of 1947, the right to use it had to be affirmed by force of arms, because Egypt blocked egress through the straits at the bottom of the Gulf. This was accomplished by the Sinai campaign of 1956, when, by taking possession of the land controlling the straits, Israel made their permanent opening a condition of the armistice which ended that adventure.

Given that development, Eilat burst like a racehorse from the starting gate. Its lifeline, the highway to Beersheba, was opened in 1958. As the artery of the Negev's future, the road has made possible the expansion of the desert and Dead Sea chemical industries whose products, borne on diesel-powered 50-ton trucks with eight pairs of wheels, now rumble into the docks of the new port. The port can accommodate four ships at the pier and three tankers at the oil jetty. Plans have been drawn up to double present capacity. Goods leave Eilat bound for Abyssinia, Iran, Burma, Singapore, Vietnam, Japan and Australia. Rubber imported from Singapore is manufactured into tires at Petah Tikvah in the north, to be reexported from Eilat to Iran as finished product. The manager of the port is a young man of 24 who came to Eilat three years ago after his army service. To improve his command of English for dealing with shipmasters he was going to England for two and a half months. Accustomed to government grants and the largesse of foundations, I asked who was sending him. "I send myself," he replied haughtily.

In addition to being a port, Eilat is booming as a tourist resort for sunseekers and skin divers. It has 12 hotels of varying size and luxury, a tour by glass-bottomed boat to view the exotic fishes of the Red Sea, three museums, including a "*musée de l'art moderne*," a library, an aquarium, a zoo, a park, a shopping plaza, a municipal hall of immodest proportions obviously designed for a town three times the present size, a 120-bed hospital under construction, two movie houses and a third under construction, a Philip Murray Community Center jointly established by the CIO and Histadrut, Israel's labor federation, two local airlines serving Tel Aviv, Haifa and Beersheba, a bus line, three banks, three filling stations, two synagogues, two bars and one mayor of dynamic capacity.

He is Joseph Levy, aged 43, a native of Egypt who in 1948 was arrested in Cairo as a Zionist youth leader and sent to a prison camp in the Sinai peninsula. Held there for a year, he planned an escape to the nearest point in Palestine, which happened to be Eilat, but was released before he could make the attempt. Reaching Israel, as it had now become, by way of Marseilles, he made for Eilat, having on the way talked himself into a job as manager of an airline branch office about to be opened there. He arrived in 1949, one of Eilat's Mayflower generation, and 10 years later was mayor.

A dark-haired, dark-skinned, quiet-mannered man, he wore when I saw him recently an air of enforced calm, as if he felt that were he to let himself go in reaction to all the demands, pressures and harassments of his job, he might fly apart in a thousand pieces. He was entirely self-possessed, with the self-assurance that comes from having tackled and, if not solved, at least come through a chronic multiplicity of problems, and from acquiring the knowledge en route that no one of them need be fatal. Besides Hebrew and Arabic, he spoke English, French and Italian, all of which he had been taught as a boy at the Jewish school in Cairo because, as the headmaster had explained to protesting parents, "Who knows today what may happen in the world? I must do what I can to prepare these children for anything."

Mayor Levy knew all about Mayor Lindsay of New York, kept similar hours and left us after dinner to attend a meeting at 10:30. He had just been reelected for a second term by an increased majority and was supported by what he called a "wall-to-wall coalition" in the municipal council—that is, without other-party opposition on the council, a condition virtually unique in Israel. He ascribed it to the pioneers' sense of solidarity in Eilat. Out on the perimeter, too distant from the rest of the country to draw either water from the national carrier or electricity from the national grid, Eilat feels thrown on its own resources, a kind of fortress on the frontier.

The mayor recalled the hard early days when no one had any faith in the town's future. Businessmen would not invest capital there; no one would build a hotel until Histadrut put up the first; water would give out in the middle of a shower; power would fail. Families left after a few months, citing all sorts of reasons: Schools were inadequate, hospitals nonexistent, provisions erratic, the summer's heat unbearable. "It was terrible to see them go." To keep at least the bachelors on the job, Histadrut was persuaded to build a girls' youth hostel ("We had to go to Histadrut for girls too"), but few girls came. Yet bit by bit, with subsidies and from small beginnings, industry and tourism got started, gradually bringing in money, people and developing facilities.

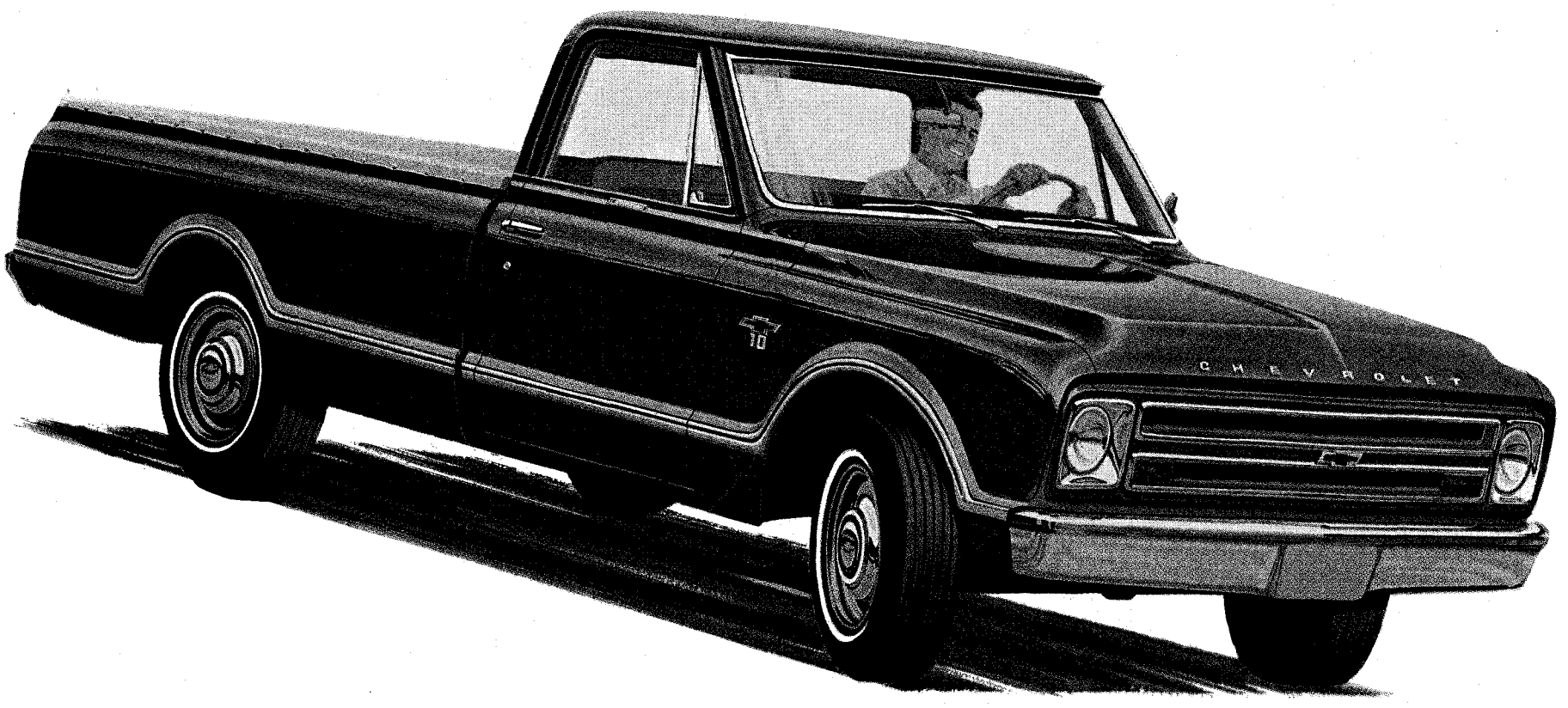
Water was, and remains, the major problem. Rainfall collected in cisterns, plus underground desert water that is too saline to be potable unless diluted by pure water, can together supply about 70 percent of requirements. The remaining 30 percent must be provided by desalinization, which, however uneconomic, the government subsidizes, since Eilat could not exist without it. Air conditioning makes an extra demand, but because of the extreme summer heat it is considered necessary in order to hold the population. The desalinization process is operated in conjunction with Eilat's independent power plant. Nearby, a second desalinization plant, using a refrigerating process, has proved ineffective. Mayor Levy shrugged when asked how water would be found to match the city's proposed expansion. "We can't let the water problem limit our plans," he said. "It will be found somehow." Perhaps he operated from some race memory of the water that gushed when Moses tapped the rock.

One alteration of nature already figured in his plans: to increase artificially the coastline available for tourist facilities by cutting a number of lagoons and canals inland from the sea, and eventually to sell property along the banks of this "little Venice" for more hotels. The creeping shadow of Hilton could be felt over one's shoulder; already a Sheraton is being talked about. Doubtless in the course of that relentless advance, Eilat will one day become Israel's Miami. Such is progress.

Meanwhile, water or no water, Eilat plants as it builds. Fast-growing eucalyptus trees already give shade and a green rest for the eye, shrubs and grass plots battle sand, scrawny saplings border a newly paved street, looking as if they had been planted yesterday. Waking early, I went for a walk before eight in the morning when the air was fresh, before the dust and heat would rise. A street cleaner on his knees was sweeping up the leftover dirt with a small brush, singing a melancholy Oriental chant while he worked. Over grass and shrubs, sprinklers were whirling as if no one had ever heard of a water shortage. They seemed symbols of the Israelis' refusal to accept limits, a living example of unlimited impossibility. In the sprinklers of Eilat one could see what the professors call a "future-oriented society." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It won't get tired. It just got tired of looking like a truck.



The new 1967 Chevy pickup now looks so good and is built so well you can use it for almost anything.

CHEVROLET

A BRAND NEW BREED FOR '67!

We think it's about time trucks stopped looking so "trucky". After all, people use them for all sorts of things nowadays — camping trips, suburban chores, commuting, as well as for hard work.

The result of our thinking is the new '67 Chevy pickup you see above. It is designed to grace your driveway with its snappy looks. Or, with its strong construction, take on the toughest of light-duty jobs.

It's lower and sleeker with a bigger windshield. The interior is now color-keyed to match exterior paint. New body sheet metal is put together so that it discourages rust. The sides of the pickup box are made of double-walled steel; and the tailgate latch can be operated with one hand. And there are many other good, new things.

As you can see, Chevy got tired of looking like a truck; but it won't get tired on your job. You'll learn all the reasons why when you visit your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Farley looked at him blankly. "Good Lord," he said suddenly. "Who set you hip I was here?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He had talent, style,
and a true instinct for hustle—
and whether
he was saving souls
or making love to the ladies, there
was only one

FARLEY THE SAILOR

By ROBERT STONE

After he had walked for almost an hour among corrugated metal sheds and blank warehouses, Rheinhardt came upon a four-story brick building with a purple cross in every window. He stood on the sidewalk opposite and read LIVING GRACE MISSIONARY SOCIETY on a sign beside the door.

I'm going to make it, he thought, leaning in gratitude against the steel door of a freight elevator. I'm a survivor. Since leaving New York, he had worked at six different radio stations in fifteen months before he'd wound up here in New Orleans. It was his custom to celebrate his arrival in a new town by conducting a discreet and solitary bender—but the last one had rather gotten away from him.

He had awakened to find himself sprawled across a wooden pallet under an overpass; obviously there had been some miscalculation. The last thing of which he was certain was that he had taken three or four drinks and left his hotel to go to the movies. He had the distinct impression that Peter Lorre played in one of the movies he had seen, and there were mice on the floor of the theater—beyond that, things became blurred.

Walking very slowly to favor his delicate condition, he crossed the street to the Living Grace.

The man in charge at the Living Grace Mission had two noses. He met Rheinhardt at the door without a word of welcome and hurried him to a full-length mirror beside the admission desk.

"Look there," the man with two noses said. "See what you are look like. All dirty scroungy and with all over blood."

Rheinhardt looked humbly into the mirror. He was all dirty scroungy and with all over blood.

"When I come through same door," the man with two noses went on, "I don't look better than you."

The man was obviously implying that, at the moment, he looked better than Rheinhardt, and Rheinhardt conceded inwardly that this was true, except for his having two noses. His thin, gray hair was combed sleekly back over his skull. He wore a neat cloth suit and a bright yellow tie. Looking more closely, Rheinhardt saw that he did not in fact have two noses after all, but rather one nose which joined a protuberant bulb of approximately the same size and shape, positioned to form a sort of auxiliary nose.

They went to the desk for Rheinhardt's blanket and mattress cover. The man asked his occupation.

"I used to play the clarinet," Rheinhardt said, provoked to peculiar candor by the unreality of the moment. "I don't anymore. I work on the radio a lot. You could say I was an entertainer."

"All right," the man said. "Now get together with rest of bums. For meet Brother Jensen and learn somethink."

They went to the entrance hall. About a dozen men were lined up in front of the admission desk—old men, mainly, a few in weathered work clothes. The man with two noses left Rheinhardt and took his station at the blanket bin. From under a trap door at the rear of the entrance hall there came the damp, milky smell of something cooking à la king.

When the signing and blanketing was finished, the man with two noses dressed his clients in formation beside the desk, and thrust Rheinhardt into the forward rank. Then he began to walk up and down solemnly before them.

"All dirty bums," he called out in a military singsong. "All. All are I see."

"Nuts to you, Fritz," someone behind Rheinhardt whispered.

"All flotsam. Und all jetsam. Deserted of the wifes and the little childrens. From what? Boose," the man thundered, "is what!"

He turned suddenly on the cowering ranks, his

© 1967 by Robert Stone. From the novel A HALL OF MIRRORS, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HEINDEL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hands clasped together, his nostrils dilating fiercely.

"Am I better?" he demanded.

"Yes," someone cried happily. "No," said someone else. "Worser!" "Amen!" Everyone began to yell something.

"Stop!" the man with two noses screamed. "Rum-dums each and all! You are so stupid I got to laugh. Ha!" He laughed. "When I come through same door I am bum like you alls. Who can believe it?"

"We can, we can," the bums cried. "Amen." "Save me, Lord." "I'll never drink again." The smell of food was getting stronger and everyone was trying hard to satisfy the man with two noses.

"Shut." He shouted them down again. "Shut. Each and all! For now to see Brother Jensen. You listen him, bums you. Get you right wit God. Clean up. Hup hup hup," he shouted, throwing his shoulders back and darting quickly through an unpainted door behind the desk. Everyone followed him, though the smell of food grew fainter as they went.

They came to a bare room done in station-house green, where rows of flat benches had been lined haphazardly before a speaker's lectern. Behind the lectern, purple curtains stirred suspensefully; there was an odor as of incense mixing with the whiskied exhalations of the men in the room. At one side of the curtains hung what appeared at first glance to be a photograph of Jesus. Rheinhardt noted that it was uninscribed.

A slight, bespectacled man broke suddenly into the room from behind them, slid in frenzied dispatch to a crumbling Wurlitzer in the rear, and took off on *Rock of Ages*. The man with two noses shouted the opening line and turned to the standing assembly, waving his arms like the landing control man on an aircraft carrier. Rheinhardt and several others sang lustily.

When the song was over, the purple curtains parted dramatically and Farley the Sailor, dressed in black, strode into the room. For quite a few moments, Rheinhardt believed that Farley's entrance was some kind of a delirium tremens. He did not join in the next hymn; instead, he looked hard at the man in black to determine if it was actually Farley the Sailor. The man was tall and lean, and he had light, blondish hair which waved beautifully back from his high forehead. His face was finely contoured, narrow and pale, thin-lipped, ascetic, a mask of suffering intelligence. His eyes glowed from under deep brows; they were mild, kind, yet ablaze with faith, with hope, with charity. Rheinhardt saw that it *was* Farley the Sailor. The hymn died, and the organist ran forward in the same frenzy and presented himself beaming before the first row of benches.

"Thank you, Brother Todd," Farley the Sailor said. There was something about his voice a man could not define, a faraway quality, a universal gentleness, a tenderness that gave it music. It was not like the voices of other men. It was unquestionably the voice of Farley the Sailor.

The last Rheinhardt had seen of Farley the Sailor was the photograph that accompanied his weekly Saturday advertisement in the religious section of *The New York Times*. At that time he served as pastor of the Church of the Vision of the Power of Love, which invoked a vague deity each Sunday morning from a candled and scented loft. Toward the close of his ministry, a certain Mrs. Helmf had sworn cut a warrant for Farley's arrest as the result of a very complicated financial operation, and Farley had split to Mexico with Natasha Kaplan, his girl, and a friend of Rheinhardt's at the Juilliard School of Music. After that, the word was that Farley was doing radio evangelism in California somewhere; Natasha was locked up in the State Hospital at Wingdale with religious hallucinations.

Rheinhardt watched Farley raise his right hand in the traditional three-fingered gesture. "Please sit down, my friends." His eyes sparkled with the joy of brotherhood. "I'm certain that Someone Somewhere is pleased with the praise you've sung to His name. And thank you, Alyosha," he said to the man with two noses. Alyosha beamed.

"Fellows—is great man and friend of each and all—Brother Jensen."

Farley the Sailor, the friend of each and all, came from Farquharson Factory in Nova Scotia. Years ago he had been a combination cook and barber on a cod-fishing boat out of Sydney; he was never much for the marlinspike trade, but he had picked up enough trigonometry to pass his mate's examination one month before the Empire went to war. The R.C.N. sent him to midshipman school in Halifax; they had him variously torpedoed, dive-bombed, blistered, brined, and embalmed in oil-slick, but they made him gentry. By 1945 he was a flag lieutenant at the Anti-Submarine Training School on Staten Island, a man about Manhattan, an officer of the king, a gallant and purple-hearted lover of rich Red Cross ladies. Very briefly he became engaged to a young lieutenant junior grade in the American Navy whose civilian occupation was being heiress to one-eighth of the world's zinc. Farley had it all that year but fate never let him put a fork to the oyster. Peace descended like an apocalyptic horseman; its merciless leveling impact laid Farley low. The lady's family nosed about and sniffed something of commercial mackerel about her flag lieutenant. They were real frontier types; when he persisted in seeing her, they had their lawyer hire goons to threaten him back to the border. Farley sighed, hung up his gold stripes, and gloomily read letters from the Farquharson Factory Canning Company offering him a position commensurate with his war record.

He was not buying any. He had been up to the mountain and come down with candy on his shoes; he had breathed the rarer air and it liked him. So he stayed around New York and enrolled in barber school. In barber school they told him that if you had personality you get rich fixing up ladies' hair. Farley made some interesting new friends and became a hairdresser; he saved his pennies like an enterprising fisher lad and impressed the ladies with his serious and virile demeanor. Before long, he was giving massages by appointment and making enough to pay for acting lessons at ANTA; four years after he had taken his last surly salute, he was a physical-fitness and diet consultant and the latest fad on Sutton Place.

It was the diet business that got him into holy orders. He discovered that there was something intrinsically mystic about crushed beetroot, and that dissipated ladies drying out from the Martini circuit liked dieting better if it were infused with the proper balance of sex and metaphysic. Henceforth, Farley decided, he would be a fisher of men.

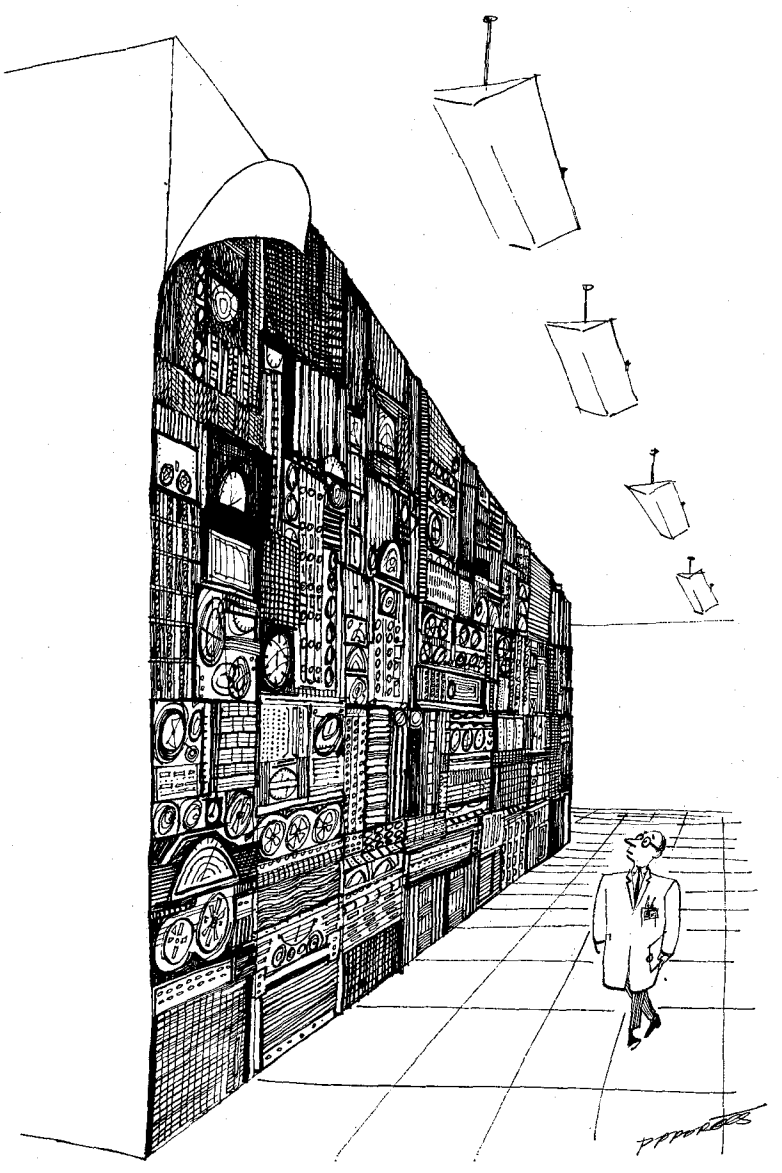
He worked on his accent. He swallowed his aesthetic sensibilities and left town, got into small-town radio and worked for a while as a charity evangelist's assistant. It was almost like starting over again, but Farley sensed gold running. He watched revivals, Chautauquas and camp meetings; he talked to faith healers and gurus and flying-saucer fanatics. He learned fast. When he thought it was sufficiently cool, he breezed into town again, borrowed money from a giddy syndicate of hairdressers, and hung his shingle on West 90th Street. He hit. They came and Farley saved them, and he saved them ever so gently. When the syndicate was paid off, he had enough to rent the loft.

Farley was sufficiently acquainted with the Department of Licenses to realize that the Department became annoyed only if you gave yourself titles that were not rightfully your own. So he called himself a cosmic philosopher—who could say nay to that? Redmont, the signs in the lobby, the ads in the newspaper, said—not Dr. Redmont or Reverend Redmont or even Mrs. Redmont—just REDMONT COSMIC PHILOSOPHER. Thus was born the Church of the Vision of the Power of Love. Farley the Sailor auspiciously began his public preaching on Christmas Day.

He did not really make as much money as he had anticipated. His congregation did not consist of rich old ladies, but of poor old ladies who seemed to have a considerable amount of available money, and this was the next best thing. He was not getting rich, but then he did not have to live in Farquharson Factory, Nova Scotia. Besides, he rather enjoyed it all; he was constantly reminded that St. Peter himself had been a fisherman. Farley the Sailor was basically of a religious nature.

His single worldly weakness was Natasha Kaplan. Natasha was a waitress at the Italia Irredenta Coffee House behind Carnegie Hall; she studied flute, but not very earnestly. While tootling along at Juilliard, she had been making it with a friend of Rheinhardt's, but the friend and the groves of Euterpe faded fast on the wintry afternoon when Redmont the Cosmic Philosopher came to take his Sabbath coffee at the Irredenta.

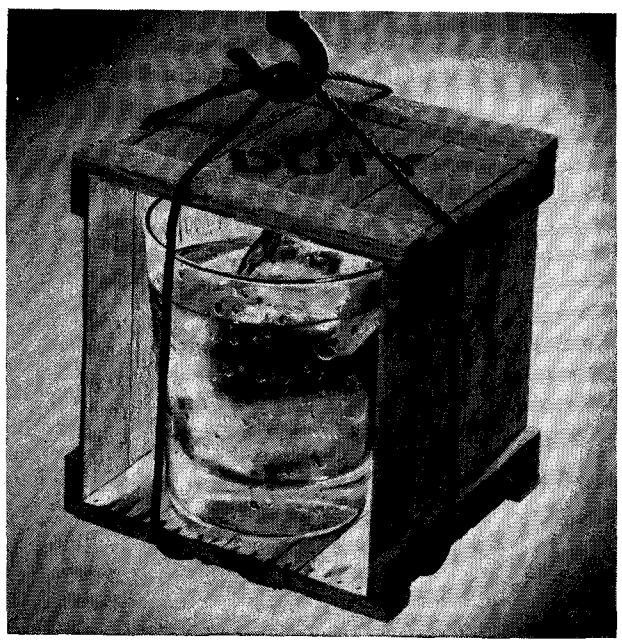
Farley and Natasha were lovers like Héloïse and Abélard. Through her, Farley discovered how far you could travel with your shoes off; it occurred to him that in all his years as a physical-fitness consultant he had really been missing the whole point. To him, Natasha was spikenard from the East, an oriental sesame of dandy surprises; she was the end of all he required from the race of women, his gold and frankincense and myrrh. He loved the way



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

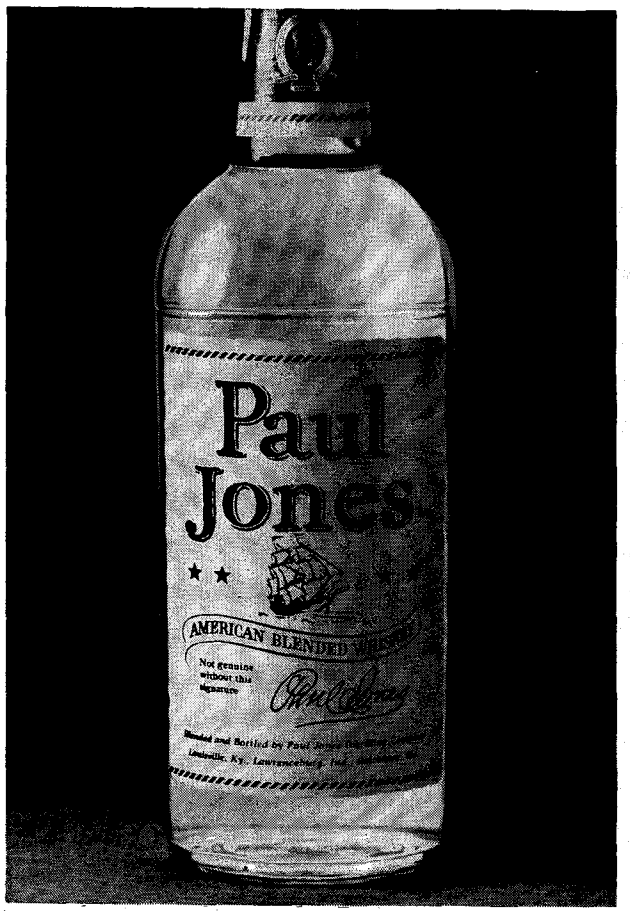
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If Paul Jones is so light, they must be making it outside the States now. So how come it doesn't cost more?"



Our Paul Jones is still being made in places as All-American as Kentucky and Maryland, where many of the world's best whiskeys are born and brought up. No import duties or over-the-border shipping charges ever add a penny to our price. So Paul Jones costs about half as much as some imports.

Yet Paul Jones is every bit as light as any imported whiskey—in the bottle, in the blend, and all the way down. It's so light, veteran whiskey men call it Blond. For all its lightness, though, Paul Jones is full-strength whiskey. With power enough to satisfy any man. For the light whiskey at the light price, there's no place like home.



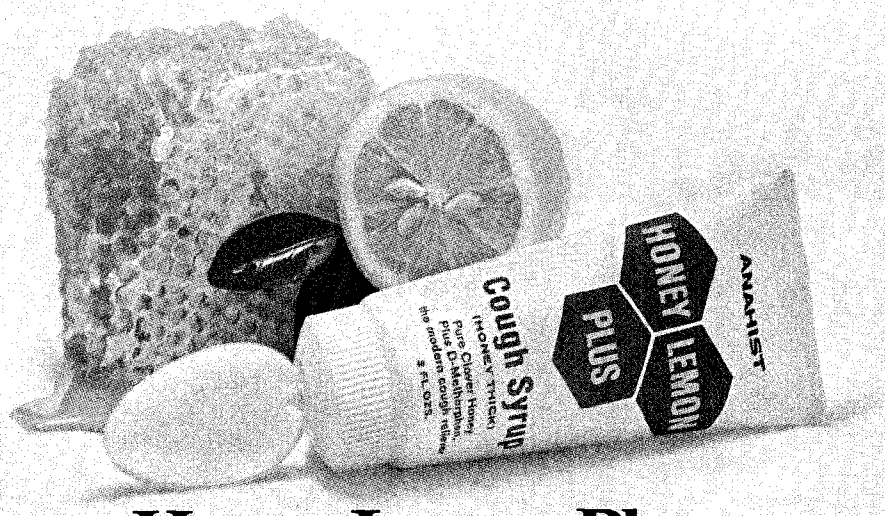
$3.66 4/5 Qt.

CODE #119B

Paul Jones America's Lightest Whiskey · Full-strength, but doesn't come on strong.

Renfield Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C. Blended whiskey 80 proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Honey-Lemon Plus coats your throat like no other leading cough syrup

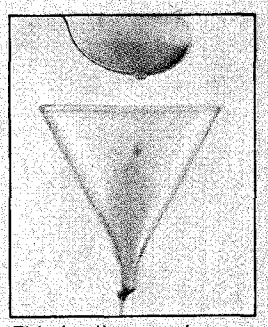
Here's why

Look! It spoons itself.

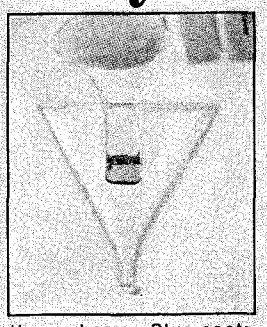
Honey-Lemon Plus gives you pure clover honey that's thicker to coat and cling... soothes irritated throats like no other leading cough syrup. Plus *modern non-narcotic medication for relief in minutes,* with a coughing break of up to six hours. And a unique, fresh hint-of-lemon flavor.

Also unique is the break-proof tube, with spoon built in. Twist, *squeeze—and spoon fills. No mess,* so sanitary. The cougher's spoon never gets with your other spoons.

For coughs of colds, get Honey-Lemon Plus from Anahist®.



This leading cough syrup flows through this funnel almost like water.



Honey-Lemon Plus coats thicker and clings to soothe irritated throats.

© 1966, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Company

THOSE HORRID

AGE SPOTS*

FADE THEM OUT

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with new ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, helps make hands look white and young again. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes. Guaranteed by the trustworthy 53-year-old Mitchum laboratory. ESOTERICA—at leading toiletry and drug counters. $2.

Now Many Wear

FALSE TEETH

With More Comfort

FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Dentures that fit are essential to health. See your dentist regularly. Get FASTEETH at all drug counters.

ZIP CODE HELPS KEEP POSTAL COSTS D O W N BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

MOORE-COTTRELL SUBSCRIPTION AGENCIES, INC.
Dept. 442
North Cohocton, New York 14868

she looked at him. Farley had heard of Héloïse and Abélard.

Natasha thought Farley was like the ultimate in cosmic philosophy; her friends allowed he was a pretty cat—she told them he got his muscles from having been a lox fisherman. Farley was a gas—could they go to Nova Scotia and like live on an island and like wring their existence from a cold and hostile sea? Could he play bagpipes? Natasha thought the Church of the Vision of the Power of Love was the End Bit. She had heard of Héloïse and Abélard, too.

Rheinhardt watched Brother Jensen who was Farley the Sailor bring himself to full and imposing height before the seated clients of the Living Grace Mission.

"My fellow sinners," Farley sang—his gaze went wistful, his voice, retaining its purity, was strong with emotion—"my friends, I'd like now to tell you a little story. It's a short story. And it's a story that you—each and every one of you here—know all too well."

Rheinhardt settled back to listen with keen interest; he wondered what the story might be. Farley the Sailor was good too, he reflected.

The story was about a certain young man with many and great hopes for the future, who had one day walked unwittingly into a saloon and become a hopeless derelict, cursing God and man. His wife and lovely children all died one by one on account of his constant drinking. His prime of youth became a cup of bitterness. He wept for death—he was a rum-dum like Rheinhardt and the rest of the present congregation. Things were awful as awful could be.

"That young man," Farley the Sailor concluded, his eyes bright with transcended sorrow, "was myself."

Farley the Sailor had talent, everyone agreed. He had style and delivery and a true instinct for hustle; the trouble, everyone felt, was that Farley was perhaps not very bright. This theory gained weight when Farley attempted, for the first time, to blight his calling with a tiny bit of outright criminality for profit. Natasha was the cause of it all.

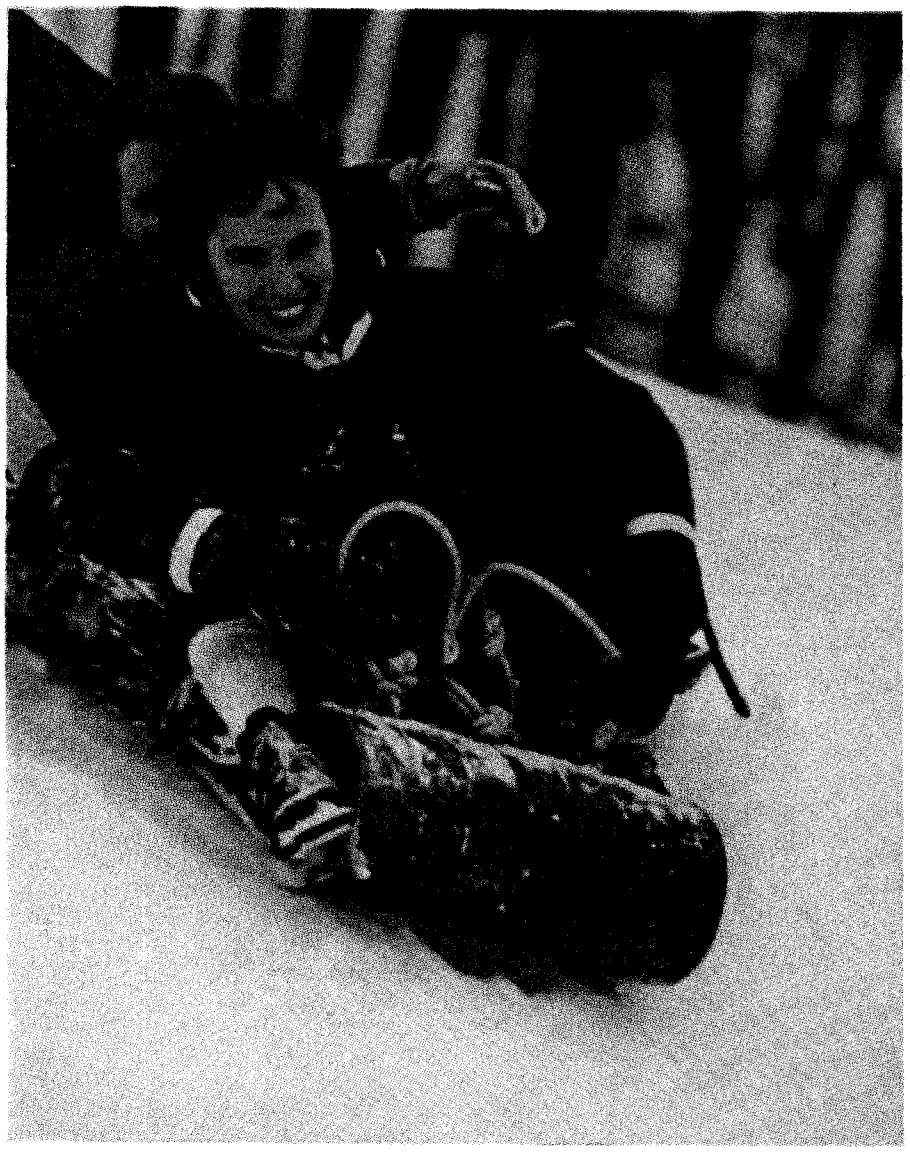
In the third year of his public preaching, Farley decided that, instead of taking Natasha to an island in Nova Scotia, he might take her to Acapulco for a month or so. His immediate problem was how to finance this *Wanderfahrt* while keeping up the rent on the Mother Church. It happened that Farley had a parishioner by the name of Mrs. Helmf; she was the fleeciest of all his flock and she went about in a continual state of addled rapture over Redmont and the Cosmic Philosophy. Farley thought he might boost Mrs. Helmf a little.

The scheme was a crude one, a sort of cosmic philosophical poker game wherein Farley was going to invest some of Mrs. Helmf's money for her. Mrs. Helmf was a mystic, but her lawyers were soulless materialists to a man; in no time at all, Farley's hustle proved to be the most unfortunate piece of religious promotion since the public sale of indulgences. The following Sunday the little ladies of the congregation got out of the elevator at the Church of the Vision

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

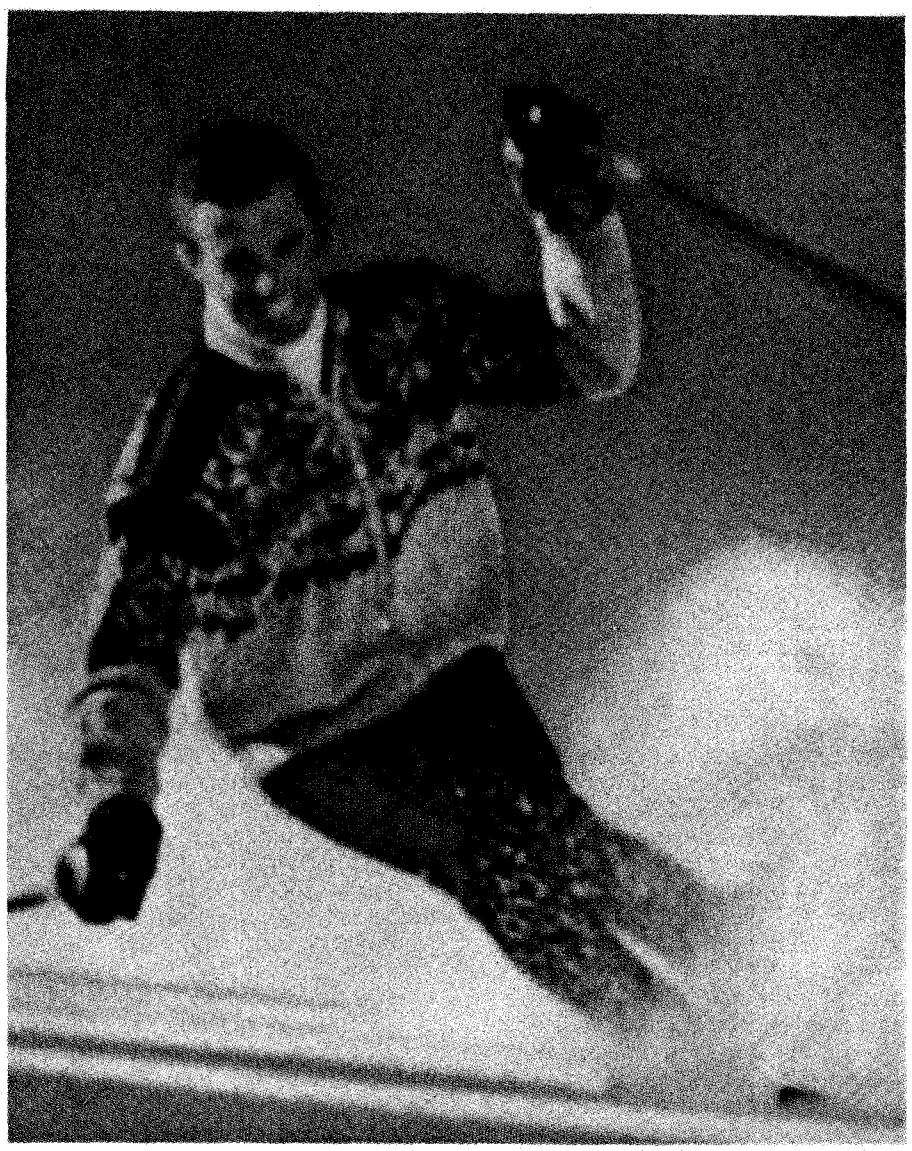
"But first the secretary will read the minutes of our last meeting."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



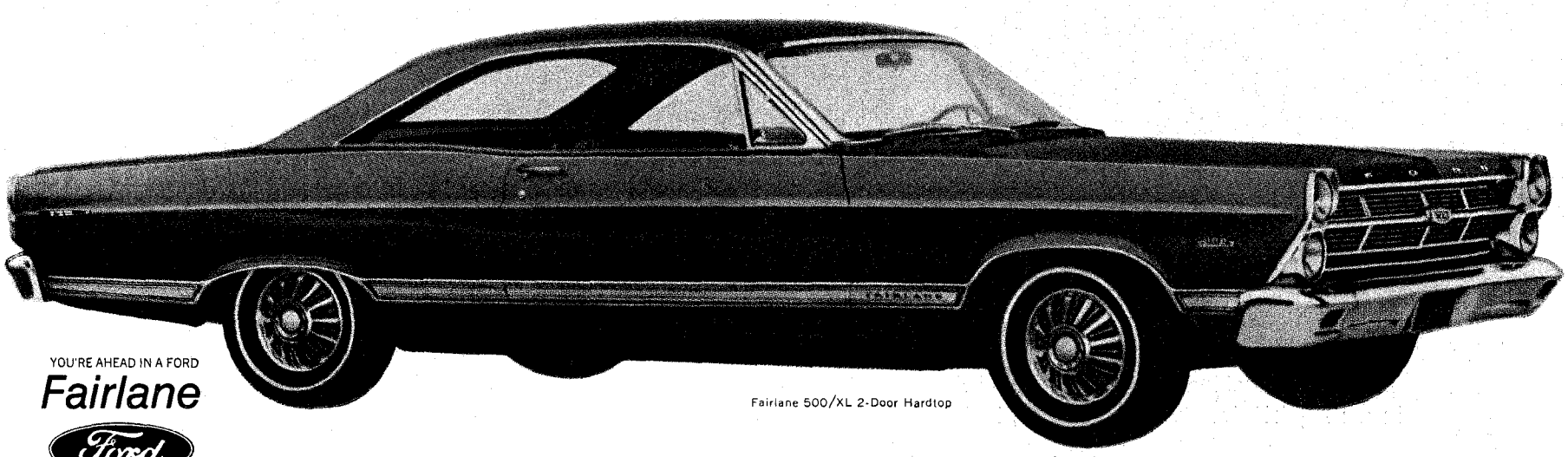
Fairlaner!

Last year she drove a compact car. Slipped through traffic, parked easily, cost so little. This year she keeps all that and graduates to Fairlane. Big on roominess, low on price.



Fairlaner!

Last year he drove a little sporty car. Sweet lines, nimble handling, lively response. This year he keeps all that and graduates to Fairlane, Options like 390 cu. in. V-8, front power disc brakes.



Fairlane 500/XL 2-Door Hardtop

YOU'RE AHEAD IN A FORD

Fairlane

Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Power of Love to find eight varieties of cops stomping up and down the holy precincts arresting each other—the bunkos, the morals, the immigrations. Everybody wanted to talk to Farley the Sailor.

But Farley had cut for the bank and run. He scooped up the marbles, took a cab to Jones Street, and, seizing Natasha, who was too high on pot to protest, flew them both to Guatemala City on his emergency visa. They traveled as Mr. and Mrs. Zwingli.

"My yoke is easy," Farley the Sailor crooned; his eyes were closed, his fists clenched. "And my burden light. That's His promise to us, my fellow sinners. That's His promise that if we but deal straight with Him, He's ready to deal straight with us. Where do you stand? Where do you want to be?" He paused as if for a reply, running his glance over the house. "Where?" In the course of this prolonged question, his eyes fastened on Rheinhardt. He closed his eyes and opened them again and shook his leonine head slightly, as though he were fighting a tic. The firm corners of his thin-lipped mouth turned down perceptibly.

"Where?" he repeated with considerably less force. "Where do you . . . want . . . to be?" For a moment he seemed to have difficulty in continuing. The congregation stirred. Someone's stomach bellowed menacingly.

Farley the Sailor recovered himself and went on, watching Rheinhardt from the corners of his eyes.

"In the gutter? In the dirty gutter with sin and misery and the bottle? Because that's where the saloonkeeper wants you! Or in the e-ternal light of His unending love. Because," Farley sighed, "that's where He wants you." Rheinhardt was moved. There was only one Farley the Sailor. "Amen!" he cried. Brother Jensen winced and glanced at him with furtive malice. Rheinhardt gazed back reverently deadpan to indicate he had not come to knock Farley's hustle.

"Amen!" cried Alyosha, beaming with pride.

"Boys," Brother Jensen said, "when I first began my preaching after I had found the way myself, I was full of fire and vinegar. And a wise old man of God said to me—Brother Jensen, this religion is all well and good, but you can't preach long to a hungry man."

He walked to the lectern and displayed large healthy teeth to the congregation. Circumstances had forced him to include a folksy heartiness in his repertoire.

"Let's all have some lunch," Brother Jensen said merrily. "After that we'll all sit down together and see if with the Lord's help we can help at least some of you find a better way."

Alyosha started to move the ranks out from the rear, and Rheinhardt followed the line. He had the impression that Farley might not want to talk about old times, and moreover, he was hungry. But before he was around the last bench and in the aisle, Brother Farley-Jensen was standing squarely in front of him.

"You," Farley said in his best Galilean inflection, "you are young to be here."

Rheinhardt looked at him. "I was hungry."

"It seems to me," Farley went on, "I've met young men like you before. In fact, once I met a young man just like yourself."

"Maybe it wasn't a young man just like myself," Rheinhardt said. "Maybe it was me."

"Maybe it was," Brother Jensen said grimly.

"I think maybe it was me," Rheinhardt said.

"I think it was, at that," Brother Jensen said, snarling slightly. He drew Rheinhardt aside and let the line proceed around them.

"Perhaps you would like to talk to me for a little while?"

"Oh, yes," Rheinhardt said.

They passed behind the purple curtains and into Brother Jensen's study, which was an alcove the size of a small kitchenette. There was a green desk, two folding chairs and a hotplate. On the wall behind it, Farley had hung a framed and illuminated printing of one of the Penitential Psalms.

"When I saw you . . . out there," Brother Jensen mused, waving Rheinhardt to a chair ". . . I thought you were somehow . . . different . . . from the others."

"I felt the same about you," Rheinhardt said.

"All right, Jack," Farley the Sailor said. "You tell me. Who am I?"

"Brother Jensen, Farley. You're Brother Jensen, the missionary."

"Quite," Farley said. "Now, who are you?"

"Rheinhardt. I used to know Natasha."

Farley looked at him blankly. "Good Lord," he said suddenly, "you're that bloody clarinet player." He leaned forward to peer through the curtain and turned back to Rheinhardt with a troubled look. "See here, mate, it's first-rate to see you again and all that, but have a heart, what? I mean, I've got troubles of my own. Who in hell set you hip I was here?"

"I came for lunch, Farley. I'm dead. How the hell would I know you were here?"

Farley looked at him sympathetically. "Say, I didn't know you were such a juicehead, baby."

"I got lost."

"You poor screwed-up soul," Farley said. "You look like hell."

"What you got to eat, Farley?"

Farley went out to order lunch sent up to his study. When he came back and sat down, Rheinhardt asked him why he was Brother Jensen the Missionary.

"What a scene," Farley said, looking over his shoulder. "And you think you've been through it. Remember the Church?"

"Sure."

"That was beautiful, what? What an apostolate that was. I wasn't getting rich like some of these chiselers, but man, I served. I mean, I really served. Rheinhardt, if I'd have told them they could fly, they'd have flown. They'd have wafted out the bloody windows. Did you ever attend?"

"No," Rheinhardt said. "I never attended."

"Pity. But damn it, you were all putting me down, weren't you? Everyone thought it was a great joke."

Ron
CARIOCA
PUERTO RICAN RUM
Light · Dry · Smooth
Ron
CARIOCA
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
Makes a drink sing!
Light, refreshing Ron Carioca Rum brings out all the native music in a Daiquiri! For the finest drinks, insist on Puerto Rico's finest rum!
PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD LABEL, EIGHTY PROOF © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I guess we just didn't truly understand, Farley."

"That's the truth, mate," Farley said. "People don't realize what a little faith can do. I mean, life isn't rational, is it? Why is faith less valid than reason? Tell me that?"

"What about Natasha?"

Farley's face glowed with a divine light at the mention of Natasha's name.

"Natasha," he repeated. "She was . . . I don't know. She was beautiful. In every way. Sometimes, I thought of her as like the Magdalen. You know the story."

Rheinhardt said he had heard the story.

"But she was batty," Farley said. "Lord, she was batty. I should hate her." He looked at Rheinhardt. Love and sorrow welled in his suffering eyes. "But I don't."

"She's locked up."

"Wigged out altogether, eh? I saw it coming, God bless her."

"Poor Natasha," Rheinhardt said. She had always come on so achingly in those pants of hers.

"Poor Natasha?" Farley said. "Poor me. You don't know what she was like in Mexico. There we were in Vera Cruz—not Acapulco, mind you—but Vera Cruz, the rottenest bloody fever port on the whole bloody Carib. She went totally bats—she yelled at the neighbors, she flirted with every little greaser she saw. Three chicks tried to knife her. She even got me cut up." He reached under his dark jacket and prodded his own ribs. "I almost died because of that broad. I mean this spic bloody like to kill me."

"Rough town?"

Farley giggled, his voice touched with hysteria. "Rough town, he asks! You bet your Royal Canadian arse she's a rough town. Man, do they hate Yanks down there. I mean, they'll kill you. They dig Castro."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Farley," Rheinhardt said. "I always pictured you and Natasha sort of luxuriating under a palm tree. Like that."

"That's the way it should have been," Farley said with religious ardor. "Why, in Acapulco you can sit in a straw cabāna and the cat brings you rum and Coke for twenty cents. Half rum and half Coke and they cost twenty cents! But we were all fouled up from the start. We were in Guatemala City for a couple of days and that wasn't so bad, but then Natasha said she wanted to see more Indians. So we took these wretched bus rides through their horny mountains to look at the bloody Indians. I mean, people were noticing us. Every time one of those fat little cops waddled by, I'd go gray."

"The wicked flee when no man pursueth," Rheinhardt said.

"Eh? Wicked? It was that rotten-hearted Mrs. Helm[illegible] that was really to blame for everything. Ministers run a terrible risk dealing with neurotic old women, they do, really. Anyway, I didn't want to go up to Mexico City right off because I knew that's where they'd expect me to go. You know they have this bloody Interpol setup where all the cops are in league. I was scared to death. But after a couple of weeks we took the boat up to Campeche and got through somehow. Natasha had already started to go bats. She was stealing from my wallet every night to buy pot, and these crink vendors were selling her butts stuffed with pine needles. . . ."

The curtains parted and Farley swallowed his tongue. A large colored woman came in and set two plates of franks and beans before them in a distinctly casual manner.

"Thank you, Rose," Farley said kindly.

"Yeah," Rose said.

Farley looked after her as she went out. "Bloody ingrates, you'd think they would have some respect for religion. Where was I?"

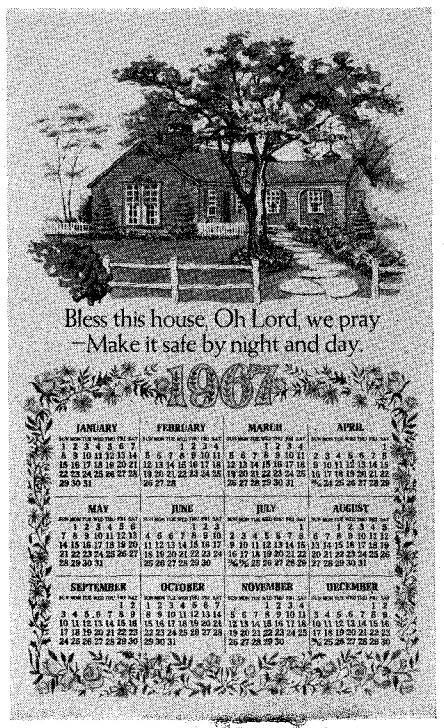
"With Natasha in Mexico."

"Righto. Well, we went up to Vera Cruz and rented this squalid hovel. I had an idea there might be some agreeable Yank tourists around but there were only these penniless European creeps. We hadn't been there a bloody week when the cops came nosing around. . . . I mean, they know there's something wrong with you if you stay in Vera Cruz—there has to be. Every time I turned around there would be this little *commissario*, giggling at me with his hand out. Then about once every few days the bastards would come tooling up our fetid little alley in a bloody welter of sirens and red lights, kick the door open, poke me with their Tommy guns, and lock me in their pigsty of a jail. An hour or two hours or twenty-four hours later they'd turn me loose, and I'd go home and find out the *commissario* had gone for a ride with Natasha. It didn't matter to her. She was wigged out by now."

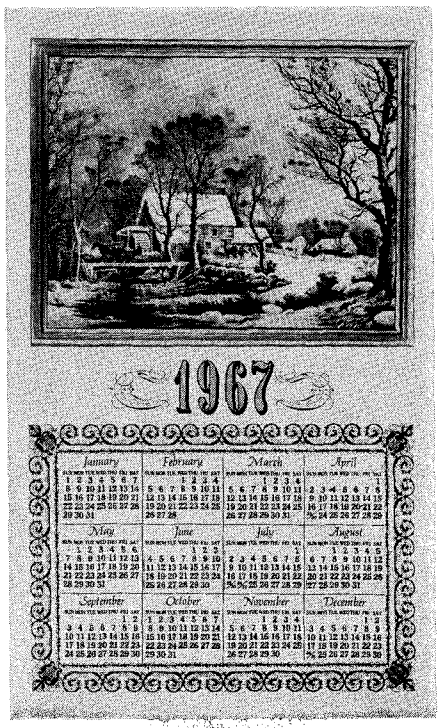
AMAZING $1 OFFER!

All Three 1967 Calendar Towels Reproduced For Your Home

Woodland Pool



Bless This House



Home Sweet Home

3 Beautiful Full Color 1967 Calendar Towels Yours As Giant Linenized Prints—All 3 for $1

Imagine the beauty and convenience of hanging all 3 of these exquisite, full color reproductions of beautiful Calendar Towels in different rooms of your home or office. Their lovely rich colors add a decorative spark, and the 1967 calendars will be used over and over all year long.

You can't possibly appreciate how beautiful and colorful they are from the small black and white pictures shown above. Each Calendar Towel is reproduced as an exquisite large art print on linenized paper to look like a genuine linen calendar towel.

Make Beautiful and Practical Gifts

Use these lovely reproductions as decorative calendars during the coming year. You will also be delighted with the idea of using them as lovely gifts.

Offer Will Not Be Repeated This Year

We urge you to order your 1967 Calendar Towel reproductions now while the supply lasts. SAVE MONEY by ordering for your friends and relatives. Money Back Guarantee if not delighted. This is your last chance to order this year. This offer will not be repeated.

The HOMESTEAD, Dept. CT-8
420 Lexington Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me the three 1967 Calendar Towel art prints for just $1 plus 10¢ postage, on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

Enclosed is $_____ (Please Print)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ **SAVE!** Order 3 sets of all 3 prints (9 prints) for $2. (We pay postage). Extra sets make perfect gifts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rheinhardt muttered condolences with his mouth full of porky red frankfurter. He was rather glad to see Farley the sailor. "That's too bad, Farley," he said solicitously.

"Ah, poor Natasha. I should hate her, but sometimes I think I might have been a little to blame for the way things turned out. You know moral responsibility weaves a devious bloody web. We're all to blame for each other's sins, Rheinhardt. What?"

"You mean like Each Man's Death Diminishes Me."

"Affirmative," Farley said. "Each man's death and all the rest of it. Truest words ever written." He reached over and put his hand on Rheinhardt's shoulder. "To know all is to forgive all. You've got perception, baby. That's probably why you're with us now."

"That's right," Rheinhardt said. "If there's one thing I got, that's what it is, all right."

"I'll tell you, old boy, things might be the other way 'round if I were a native juicehead like you. How I stood up under it all, God only knows."

"Faith is a great consolation," Rheinhardt said.

"Mock on, mock on, Rousseau, Voltaire," Farley the Sailor declaimed, "—we don't live by bread alone. But the last part down there would have tried the first Franciscans. Natasha picked up with this teahead bus driver who lived somewhere in the building. I mean, you know what bus drivers are like anywhere, but this bloke was really *incredibly* bad news. And he had it for Natasha, or at least he thought he had. The beggar carried this Smith & Wesson in a shoulder holster wherever he went; he even drove around in his bus wearing it. And every damn night, the man would barge into our pad, stoned out of his skull and wave his gun around yelling *blam blam blam*. He'd give it to Natasha to play with—I mean, I'd come home some nights and open the door and there she'd be with this dreamy faraway look and the .45 pointed square at my heart. It was a nightmare, Rheinhardt, no less. What?"

"People are funny," Rheinhardt said, scooping up wedges of baked beans with his red plastic spoon.

"Funny," Farley repeated bitterly. "Funny, he says. That wasn't the end of it, mate, nor the worst. The idiot suddenly took up Russian roulette. Every night now instead of *blam blam blam* it was him whipping out the piece and spinning the chamber around and pointing it at his head. Natasha encouraged him. He'd click the thing and bellow like a bloody animal and challenge me to take a turn. I'd tell him to go to hell, politely, you know—and the idiot would do it again three, four times, all the time yelling about how courageous he was. Well, mate, one bloody cursed night I'm just rounding the stairwell on my way home and *ka-pow!* The whole house shakes and I like to fall down the stairs. As soon as I walked in and saw the beggar's sunglasses lying in the middle of the living-room floor I knew what had happened. And there was Natasha standing amid the gore. She looks at me in that deuced angelic way and she says—I did it! Duck, I told her, I don't want to know about it, but let's get the hell out of here, and I grab up all the money I can find and throw some things in a suitcase and make for the door. I tell you, friend, I was bloody well aware of what the scene would be if those loathsome *policia* came by. The man drove a bus, what? He was something of an official, and so forth. But I couldn't get Natasha to stir. She kept on standing there saying—I did it. I did it, she'd say. He let me play.

"By the time I finally got her into the hall, the neighbors had started in to jabber and mill around and harass us, but we made it safe to the street. Then this bicycle mechanic comes down the stairs and says he'll drive us to the airport for fifty dollars. What could we do? We climbed into his dirty, oily wreck and took off. There was a Power greater than mine involved, I can tell you—we just made a local Mexicana flight to Mexico City. But by now, Natasha was out of contact. Try as I would, I could not get in there to her. It was a bad moment, actually. I mean, I couldn't just leave her like that—the girl would have wandered off to destruction. You know how I felt about Natasha."

"And still do," Rheinhardt said reverently.

"And," Farley said, "still do. At the same time, I couldn't put her on a plane for New York because, you know, it would have been like sending the cops a bloody memento with my address on it. So I compromised. We went down to the Greyhound office on the Reforma and I bought her a ticket for Oklahoma City. She had her identification and all that. I figured she might get lost in Dallas or somewhere and they could figure out who she was up there."

"They must have mailed her home," Rheinhardt said. "She was safe in Wingdale, the last I heard about her."

"Good old Natasha," Farley said, his voice heavy with emotion. "I'll bet she had a better trip back than I did. In Mexico City I bedded down in this ghastly hotel full of Syrians that was about a block from the slaughterhouse. I thought it would be a good idea to hang around Sanborn's

BLONDIE
CHIC YOUNG
DON'T FORGET TO ASK MR. DITHERS FOR THAT RAISE.
I WON'T BLONDIE.
I HOPE HE SAYS YES THIS TIME.
YES, BUMSTEAD, YOU DESERVE A RAISE. HERE'S A DIME.
SHE'S SURE TO ASK ME HOW MUCH I GOT.
YOU EARNED EVERY PENNY OF THAT RAISE TODAY, MY BOY.
THANKS MR. DITHERS.
I WONDER IF HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.
1966.

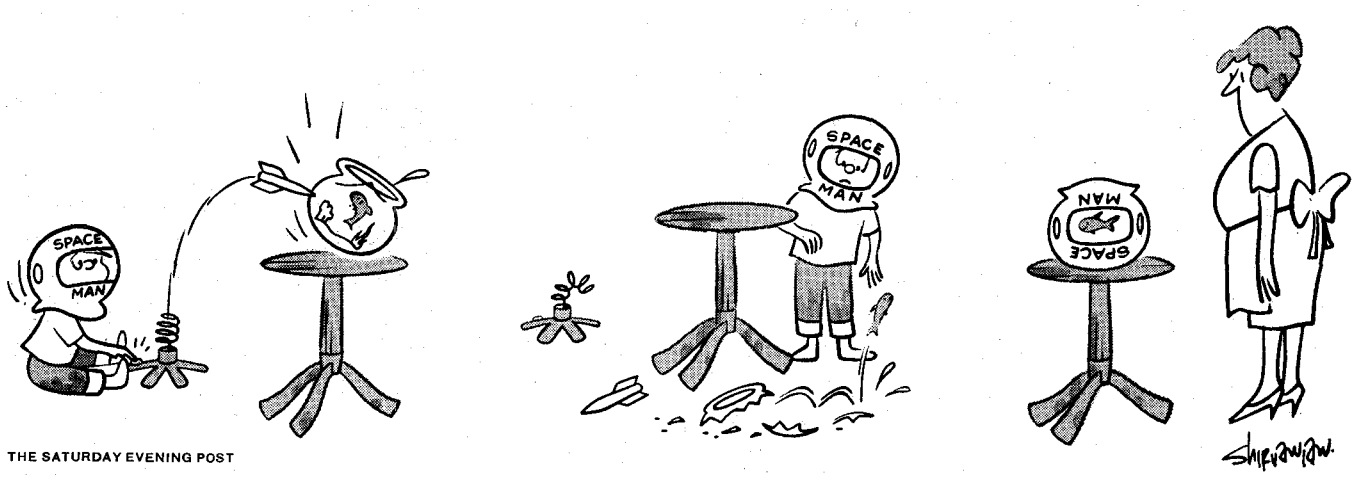
IF YOU ARE NOT GETTING AHEAD FAST ENOUGH ...COME SEE US

We have thousands of job opportunities with the finest companies. Perhaps one of them is just right for you. Come in and talk over your present situation with our skilled Professional Employment Counsellors. With over 275 offices coast to coast, there's one near you. Look us up in the white pages, and call for a no-obligation interview.

Fort Snelling

Snelling and Snelling franchises are available in many cities and suburbs, as well as internationally. Write Franchise Director, Snelling and Snelling, Inc., International Headquarters, Radnor, Pa. 19088.

Snelling AND Snelling
Headquarters Radnor, Pa. ®
World's Largest Professional Employment Service



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Restaurant discreetly. What I really needed for expedience was a birth certificate. Well, one afternoon in Sanborn's I met this oaf from Indianapolis and on a sort of hunch I called the National Railways and reserved a seat on the night express to the border. You know, in his name. That evening we went drinking and he happened to let me have his tourist card and his birth certificate, which was what I rather expected he might do. Presto—to the station, safe to the dear old train and off to El Paso. What?"

"This is New Orleans, Farley."

"Yes, damn it." Farley balanced the last of his bean sauce on a corner of biscuit. "After I was back in the States, I had the feeling logic pointed west—you know, Southern California and all that. But my money was draining badly, y'see. I had to stop in Denver and pick up telephone soliciting and so forth. Finally I heard about this Passion Play group in Phoenix that was looking for a Christus."

"A what?"

"A Christus. The lead, man. You know—Him. I took a chance and went down, and by all that's holy they hired me. By God, I thought, saved again, and His hand was in it! It was bloody supernatural."

"Well," Rheinhardt said, "I guess f you're looking for a disguise to dodge he cops that's the best one there is."

"That's what I thought, too. But don't think every toff with a manner can play the Christus. Passion Play audiences may not be erudite but they're a real speciality house. You have to have it to play the Christus. You have to have it *here*."

"Farley," Rheinhardt asked, "I was wondering about something. That picture hanging up out there. Is that maybe you?"

"That picture," Farley said, "is a representational thing. In the vulgar sense it's a picture of me but like it's a representational thing. It represents the Christus through the impersonal medium of me. You know."

"Oh."

"Well, that Passion Play was touring straight back into Texas. They play all year, y'see—Canada and the border in the summer and the South in winter. We played all through the dry sticks—to Sunday schools, church groups, and so forth. It was a pretty moving experience. They paid seventy-five dollars a week to the principals, but you had to make your own hotel bills. By Christmastime we were in Lafayette with a bloody score of bookings for the Northeast over Holy Week and Easter, and it was at that point I thought I'd had about enough. Things weren't altogether cool. I began to get a bit wary, if you know what I mean. I wasn't sure what had become of Natasha. Now, the company had always let it out to our subscribers that I was a lay preacher as well as an actor, so when we played to the Mission Society down in Houma, I went to the boss of the Mission and told him I had gotten the call again. My acting days are over, I told him—I want to serve. You should have seen that man, Rheinhardt. He acted as if he had just booked J.C. Himself. When he took me on, I figured, you know, what hath God wrought? I came up and took this place over from the old fool that had been running it, and that was all."

"I hate to see you reduced like this, Farley," Rheinhardt said. "You're wasted here."

"Rheinhardt," Farley said, "I always try to think like St. Francis. Every day each man must hoe his own small garden. Anyhow, I have a feeling that something may break in this town before too long."

"How about a piece for an old chum-buddy?" Rheinhardt said. "Not for long, you know, just for a while."

Farley looked at him kindly. "A piece of this, y'mean? Not a chance. What the hell would I do with a clarinet player?"

"Not that," Rheinhardt said. "I mean, can't I be saved and can't you turn me on as an Alyosha?"

"You don't know what you're talking about," Farley said distantly. "Man, Alyosha is *really* saved. I saved that poor old man from drink, Rheinhardt. He's my moral compensation for this shoddy life. Some things shouldn't be treated that lightly, mate."

"Can't you use an assistant? I mean to wash up or something?"

"Baby," Farley said, slapping Rheinhardt on the forearm, "you're a young punk but you've got a lot of talent. I would love, I mean I would simply love to have you with us. But all the Society makes allowance for is Brother Todd, three wore-out helpers, and Alyosha. Brother Todd gets a salary—he's some kind of reformed sinner, at least they say he's reformed. The help live by stealing and Alyosha lives on air. He doesn't even get paid. If I could fit you in, old boy, I surely would. Anyway, you're a juicehead, aren't you?"

"That's right," Rheinhardt said, "but I've got talent. I've been pitching a while now, Farley. There must be some kind of a job in a town this size."

"Right now? Sure, there's telephone pitching, door to door, sucker foundations—it's all petty. You'd do better as a waiter. No," Farley said, shaking his head earnestly. "Sorry, old boy. All I know of at the moment is a gig in a soap factory out on the Chef Menteur Highway. Rehabilitation. It's the graveyard shift and the pay is scurrilous, but then you're not particular, are you?"

"I'll take it."

"Crazy," Farley said. "Go take a shower and tell Alyosha to give you some work clothes. Service of the house. I'll have to send you over tonight."

Rheinhardt stood up and started through the curtains. Then he paused and turned back to Farley. "Tell me something," he said. "Where did you get that pitch about how you were a gone juicehead and everybody dies and you see the light?"

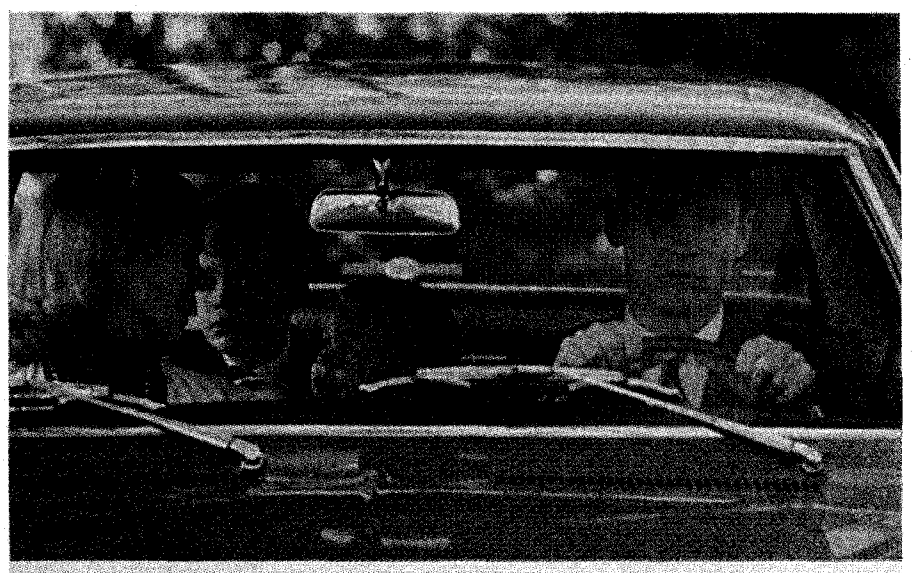
"I heard it on the radio one night," Farley said. "I don't think it's amusing in the least. I think it's a poignant and moving moral story."

Rheinhardt walked out into the chapel. Farley came out and put his hand on Rheinhardt's shoulder as they walked toward the stairs.

"See me tomorrow. And listen, my boy. If you'd like to talk about that drinking problem, I'm at your disposal."

"You're a prince, Farley," Rheinhardt said. "You're just like your picture." □

Another chapter of Rheinhardt's quest will appear in the next issue of the *Post*.



It's no picnic when you and your wife and kids are headed out for a Sunday drive and you have hemorrhoids that hurt.

It makes no difference that the sun is out and you've been planning on this since Wednesday. All you can think about is how in the world can you answer the questions from the back seat when you're wishing you had something for the pain.

We have something for the pain. Nupercainal® Suppositories and Ointment. Nupercainal is the most effective and longest lasting painkiller of the leading products available without prescription. It is over eight times stronger than the most commonly used topical anesthetic preparation. And doctors have recommended Nupercainal for hemorrhoids for over 33 years.

You have a nice afternoon ahead of you. Nupercainal will help keep it nice.

The Painkiller. For hemorrhoids that hurt.

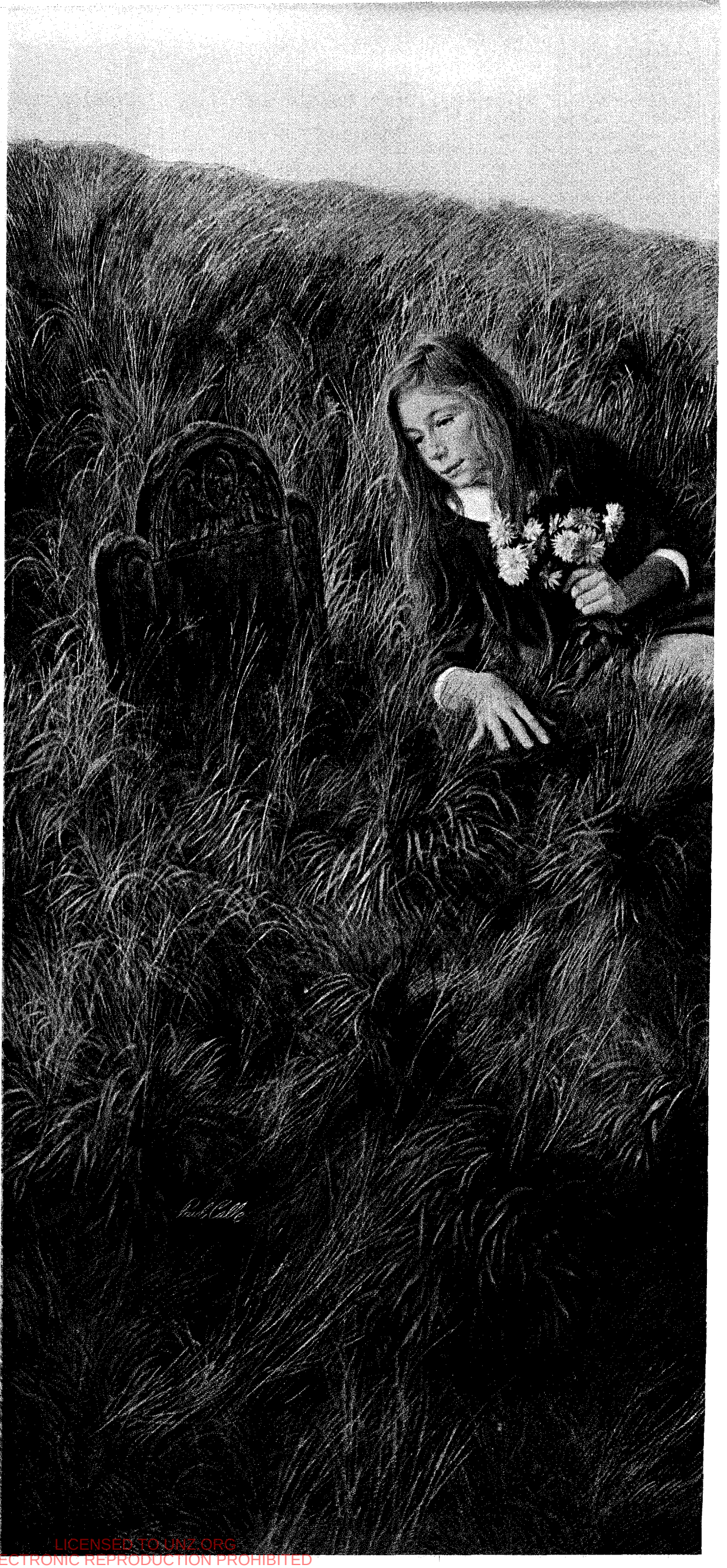
Over 8 times more pain-killing power than the most commonly used topical anesthetic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMONG THE QUIET FOLKS

"Why did you
steal them? Why?"
the Crocodile Women cried.
But no grownup would
ever know, ever.

By JOHN MOORE
Painting by Paul Calle



The child watched her father sharpening his scythe. Her eyes, turning to and fro, could hardly follow the swift movement of the whetstone. His wrist flicked deftly as he stroked the blade with the stone. Long practice enabled him to do this without looking; he spoke over his shoulder toward the cottage behind him: "I'm going to have a day with them that can't answer back."

"Then take the brat with you, for goodness!" the child's mother said.

"She'll be all right playing in the garden."

"She never do play. She just hangs around. Gets on my nerves."

It seemed to the child that the whetstone shrieked in imitation of her mother's voice. "Why they wants half-term at Whitsun beats me. What for do we pay them teachers?"

"The likes of us don't have to pay 'em."

"Well, somebody do. And what do we get for it? They ain't taught *her* much, for goodness ——"

"Not in front of Emily."

"That kid ain't right. I asked her what she was doing just now and she said, '*Thinking*.' Well!"

"Emily," said her father, arresting his right hand in the middle of a stroke, "like to come along with me, have a day among the quiet folks?"

She knew what he meant. It was what he always said when the vicar asked him to cut the grass in the churchyard cemetery. "A day among the quiet folks," who didn't gossip or chatter or nag, nag, nag.

He took her hand, and slung the scythe over his shoulder, and they went down the short village street between the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thatched houses, through the gate, into the silent acre of grass and of graves.

For a while she was content to watch the green swath falling. It was still dewy, and sweet-smelling; she heaped it up to make hillocks, which she burrowed into, and pretended she was some kind of animal that lived in such hillocks. Every few minutes her father paused and made the whetstone sing against the blade; its keen edge when he started again made a *swish* so soft it was like a sigh. Here and there were clumps of nettles; and when the scythe met them it made a rougher, rasping sound. Old mossy tombstones appeared where the nettles had stood, and he trimmed neatly around th m. Sometimes he bent down and tried to read the words on a tombstone; and he would talk to himself: "'Annie Elizabeth, 1757, R.I.P.' *You* been quiet over two hundred years." Then he would straighten himself and relight his pipe, and stand looking up at the tall church spire. Emily had a sense of his easiness as he stood there, and they smiled at each other, which they never did at home.

But soon she grew tired of watching him, and of the game with the grass hillocks, and she crept away, through the soft, tickling grass and the daisies that stood higher than her waist. She remembered something her father had said about the quiet folks "pushing up the daisies," and she fancied the flowers were taller wherever there was a stone. She tried to imagine how the dead people pushed them up, but she couldn't understand it—how they could do such a thing when they were dead. She explained it to herself in terms of magic—the quiet folks *wished*, and the daisies grew. The idea pleased her, and she began to feel familiar with the quiet folks and close to them.

She observed the different monuments which marked their habitations, and before long a large white angel engaged her attention. Its wings were spread wide as if it were about to fly, or perhaps as if it had only just landed. It was the tallest thing in the churchyard, and Emily made a beeline toward it. The grave, she soon saw, was quite a new one, and there were flowers on it, as well as a holly wreath with a label, *In loving memory of Auntie*. The name on the headstone caught Emily's eye, and it was one you couldn't forget if you had ever heard it: Penelope Prendergast. At once she remembered Mrs. Prendergast, who had lived in the big house at the top of the village, and Mrs. Prendergast's corgi dog, which she dragged around on a leash, jerking the leash viciously to hurt its neck every time it looked at a lamppost. She remembered the terror of meeting Mrs. Prendergast, who looked like an old witch and who hated all children because she thought they might damage the flowers in her garden when they crept in to look for lost balls. Even if you hadn't done anything wrong she would stop you and stare at you in her peaky way and say, "Whose little girl are you?"

"Emily Radford."

"Well, your mother wouldn't like you going about with your knees all filthy. You've been climbing over walls, I dare say. Going where you shouldn't. Go home and clean yourself. Tell Mrs. Radford I said so."

America, America

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just imagine that this board represents the investment tax credit rollback without an accompanying decrease in Great Society spending programs."

Once Emily did tell her, and her mother said, "The old bitch."

Emily now remembered the hearse going by, on a Saturday morning in March. She remembered it because of the flowers; they were piled up all over the coffin so that it seemed as if Mrs. Prendergast was taking her whole garden with her on her last ride, in case the boys should do harm to it. Behind the hearse, in a big car, sat two sharp-faced women in black. They both held handkerchiefs and dabbed at their eyes. Emily's mother, leaning over the garden gate, had said, "Crocodile tears. They comes into sixty thousand." She had a mop in her hand, and she spun it around and sent the dirty water flying, as if to show that she didn't care tuppence about Mrs. Prendergast in her coffin. "Well, *she* won't trouble no one no more," said Emily's mother as the bareheaded men carried the coffin through the cemetery gate.

Emily wondered why there were no daisies around Mrs. Prendergast's tomb. Perhaps she hadn't *wished*, down there under the earth; perhaps she couldn't; more likely she wouldn't, out of sheer bad temper. Idly glancing about her, Emily was struck by something unfriendly, even menacing, in the attitude of the angel. It looked as if it were about to pounce, to swoop down on Emily because she trespassed there. Warily, she began to crawl backward, on her knees, because she was reluctant to turn her back on the angel. Thus she retreated until she was in the long grass; and, feeling fairly safe there, but not quite safe, she got up and ran until she came to the very edge of the churchyard. There she happened to stub her shins against a very small tombstone which was hidden by the grass, and, being out of breath from running, she lay down before it.

She was listening to the sound of her father's whetstone, and watching a bumblebee, furry with pollen, burrowing into a flower, and forgetting about Mrs. Prendergast, when she realized with the utmost dismay that the name on the little tombstone was her own. All the letters weren't there, for it was an old stone, smoothed by the weather, but she could make out E M—then there was a blank space—L, and part of a Y. For a moment this terrified her; then she assured herself that there were other people with the same name—no less than three girls at school were called Emily—so she crept nearer to the stone, wriggling on her tummy until she was lying along the narrow hump just in front of it. She parted the grass, and now she could read quite easily what it said on the stone, for the slanting sun etched each letter with a black shadow. HERE LYETH, she read, EM LY BELOVED CHILD OF JOHN AND JANE NOTT, WHO DYED OF THE SMALLPOX AT HER AUNT CATCHMAY'S IN GLOSTER ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1720 IN THE 8TH YR. OF HER AGE . . . There was some more writing after that, but the moss at the bottom of the stone had covered up several of the letters.

She spelled them out as best she could: AFT R LIF 'S FITFU FEV SHE SL PS WELL.

Emily began to feel it was important that she should make out the meaning of the words. They tantalized her. At last, puzzling over them, she achieved an inspired guess at "sleeps well." This feat she promptly chalked up in her mind as a small triumph over her mother, who had declared only this morning: "They ain't taught *her* much. That kid ain't right."

Murmuring the three words, "She sleeps well," over and over again, Emily had a powerful impression of the everlasting quietude in which the other Emily dwelt. At the same time she discovered, with much awe and a little misgiving, that her own body exactly fitted the grassy ridge on which she was lying. She pressed her toes into the bottom of the hump and her face into the cool, moss-grown bit at the top of it; it was made exactly to her measure. This gave her an extraordinary feeling of closeness to her namesake, and before long her dismay vanished, and she put her mouth to the earth and breathed, "I'm an Emily, too."

She wondered why they had put this child so far away from the other graves, and tears came into her eyes as she thought of the loneliness of Emily. She wanted to give her some comfort, so she picked a handful of daisies and laid them neatly along the top of the hump. But they didn't look very impressive when she remembered the white carnations and lilies of the valley on Mrs. Prendergast's grave. A daring project formed in her mind, and she could feel her heart beating against the earth as she whispered, "I'll fetch you some proper flowers."

She jumped up and ran back toward the angel. At first she ran very fast, but as she approached it she slowed down to a trot, then to a walk, and at last she stopped altogether. She began to wish she hadn't promised the flowers to Emily, for the angel was looking straight at her, peering very much as Mrs. Prendergast had peered, and the angel's arms were stretched over the flowers in an attitude which seemed to say, "You *dare* touch them!"

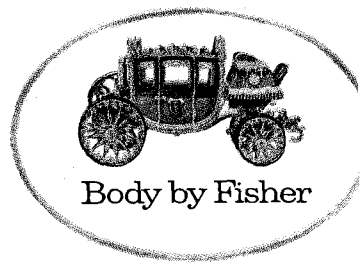
Emily edged nearer, one step at a time, until, at the very brink of the grave, her resolution failed her, and she drew back. Perhaps she would have run away then, but she heard her father at the other side of the churchyard sharpening his scythe, and the familiar sound gave her a brief sense of security. In that moment she dashed forward, seized the flowers, and bore them away. Scarcely feeling the prickly thistles and the hot nettles against her knees, she did not pause until she came to Emily's grave. She laid the carnations at its head and the lilies of the valley at its foot. She knelt down and smelled the clove scent of the one bunch, the sweetness of the other, and the thought that Emily could not smell them moved her to pity. With love and tenderness, she rearranged the flowers, and suddenly the sense of a mysterious communion overcame her so that her heart seemed to be filled simultaneously with happiness and terror. She lay down by the grave and wept a little, but the tears were not the kind that hurt. They dried at once when she heard her father shouting, "Em'ly, Em'ly—where's that brat got to?" She stayed only long enough to whisper into the green moss, "I'll come back some day. I'll come back soon." Then she ran to her father.

Her father said, "Where you bin, kid?" but he didn't wait for an answer; he was grumbling about his back. "Hard cutting; I'd like that fat parson to try it. Half a crown a blessed hour!" Then he said he wasn't going to do the bit around the edges, and Emily was glad, because nobody could see the little grave while the grass stood around it, and the flowers would remain a secret between her and the child who had died on Christmas Day. Her father slung the scythe over his shoulder and Emily fell in beside him, and as they went up the village street her father said, "Ah, well, 'twas a change to spend an hour or two with them as don't answer you back."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quiet zone by Fisher.

Sweet dreams, little one. Cradled ever so gently in Fisher Body elegance. With soft layers of insulation to soak up sound. Thick cushions of rubber to shush vibration. Plush fabrics and carpets to add a final quiet note. Rest easy. Fisher's at work. So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes GM cars a better buy. Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.



GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next day was Sunday, and the church bells were ringing so loudly that her mother said, "I wish they'd shut up, banging and clanging; what right have they got? If I was to shove on the wireless as loud as that, they'd have me for disturbing the neighbors." Then she did put on the wireless as loud as she could.

Emily slipped out and went down to the churchyard, but because of all the cars outside, she dared not go in. She lurked by the cemetery gate and listened to the organ playing in the church and the gabbling noise of people trying to catch up with long sentences as they sang the Psalms. Later she watched the congregation coming out. She saw two women go across the grass to Mrs. Prendergast's grave, and she recognized them as the two who had sat in the car behind the flower-filled hearse. She remembered what her mother had said about them, but she hadn't known what it meant; she thought of them, however, as the Crocodile Women. As they approached the grave, they pointed and became suddenly agitated, and, of course, Emily realized that they were missing the flowers. They stood under the angel, and seemed to argue, and shook their heads. Then they walked away, and they passed quite close to Emily Nott's little grave without noticing it.

It pleased Emily to think of the flowers lying there unseen, a secret shared between herself and the other Emily.

In the afternoon she returned, but there was a confirmation. She watched the fussy parents hurrying along their girls in white dresses, their boys with scrubbed faces and specially brushed hair. Still, she was afraid to go into the churchyard, and she was curiously troubled by the thought of Emily's loneliness.

On Monday, because it was Bank Holiday, there were more cars than ever. Crowds of people were visiting the old church. Emily walked on down the lane as far as the river and picked some flowers for her friend and namesake: yellow irises and tall pink things and one water lily which she hooked out of the water with a stick. She nearly fell in, and she got her dress muddy, so that when she went back to the churchyard and looked over the wall, she could imagine Mrs. Prendergast peering at her through the eyes of the angel and saying, "Go home and tell your mother to clean you up. Tell her I said so."

She did go home, because there were still too many people about. She felt about the little grave as she imagined a bird must feel about its nest: She must not allow herself to be seen going to it.

The flowers had faded in her hot hand; but her mother, seeing them, guessed she'd been down to the river, which was forbidden. She suddenly lifted up Emily's skirt and smacked her bottom. Then she sent her to bed. Lying there still and sullen, Emily was remembering that there were some new white flowers on Mrs. Prendergast's grave. She had seen them when she looked over the wall, and she was thinking that the Crocodile Women must have put them there; they were grand-looking flowers, and she was coveting them for Emily.

On Tuesday afternoon, she found the churchyard deserted. Only the pigeons on the church roof saw her as she darted to Mrs. Prendergast's grave and stole a large bunch of white gladioli off it. The magnificence of the snowy spray gave her an undue sense of victory over the detested angel, and on the spur of the moment she did something dreadful. She thumbed her nose at it, and was immediately ashamed, terrified, and convinced that she would be punished for what she had done. In a chastened mood, she went to the little grave and laid the white flowers upon it, but her foolish act had robbed her of the pleasure she would otherwise have got from bringing so princely a gift to Emily. Then she saw the vicar, with his stomach bulging under a black cassock, striding down the path toward the church door. She thought of him as a possible instrument of the angel's revenge, so she lay down and hid in the grass on the grave, and there it seemed her punishment crept up on her, for her head began to ache; she felt sick, and shivers ran up and down her spine. She got up at last and tottered home, and as soon as she went into the back room her mother pounced on her. "Look at you, all flushed and dopey. Took sick, have you? It's getting in the river done it. You been down there again, I dare say—good mind to give you a hiding."

But she didn't give her a hiding. Upstairs in the bedroom, undressing her, she exclaimed, "Goodness, look at that. Well, I never!" There were small pink spots all over Emily's body, from her waist down to her thighs and across her back—she saw them in the mirror while her mother went downstair for a hot-water bottle. They itched all the more after she'd seen them, and she scratched wildly, so that she left the marks of her nails. Her headache was like a hammer thumping within her skull. She thought that she was going to die and that it had something to do with the angel.

Tucked into bed, she cuddled the hot-water bottle, and the world drifted away from her; she saw letters before her eyes—FITFUFEV—and was troubled by them. Now and then her mother's face appeared, unfamiliarly kind, and her mother's hand stroked her forehead. A night light was lit, and it cast huge shadows like angels' wings. Her father's voice spoke out of these shadows, half laughing, and surprising her because of the laughter in it just as she was going to die. "All the kids has it—*chicken pox*." The last syllable stuck in her mind and awakened a memory of the writing on the tombstone: "Dyed of the smallpox . . . Christmas Day . . ."

She must have spoken the last words aloud, for her father's voice said, "No, child, it's six months to Christmas."

Her mother's voice: "She's dreaming. Look how she tosses and turns."

Emily heard them tiptoe out. She heard the door close. Fever, she said to herself. FITFUFEVER. The letters danced before her again, but this time it was like one of those puzzles which they had given her to do at school, what they called an I.Q. test—the girls said it was to find out if you were a loony. Gradually, the puzzle began to

"Show me a filter cigarette
that really delivers taste and
I'll eat my hat!"
Lucky Filters
will show you plenty.
Plenty of smooth flavor. Plenty of fine, mild-tasting tobacco, too.
It's the filter cigarette with fine tobacco.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

resolve itself: AFTER LIF 'S—AFTER LIFE'S. Then suddenly she had it, all except one letter: AFTER LIFE'S FITFU FEVER SHE SLEEPS WELL.

It was quite clear in her mind for a moment, and she saw the words etched by sunlight on the tombstone under the name EM LY. Halfway between waking and sleeping, she began to talk to herself: "Em ly Nott," she said. "Em ly Nott, Em ly is not."

It struck her as funny, and she laughed aloud. Then the door opened and her parents were beside the bed.

"What's the matter, child?"

"Emily is not. I am."

"It's the fever."

"I am. She's not, but I am. I am Emily Am."

"Try to lie quiet, child. . . . Better tomorrow. . . . Sleep well."

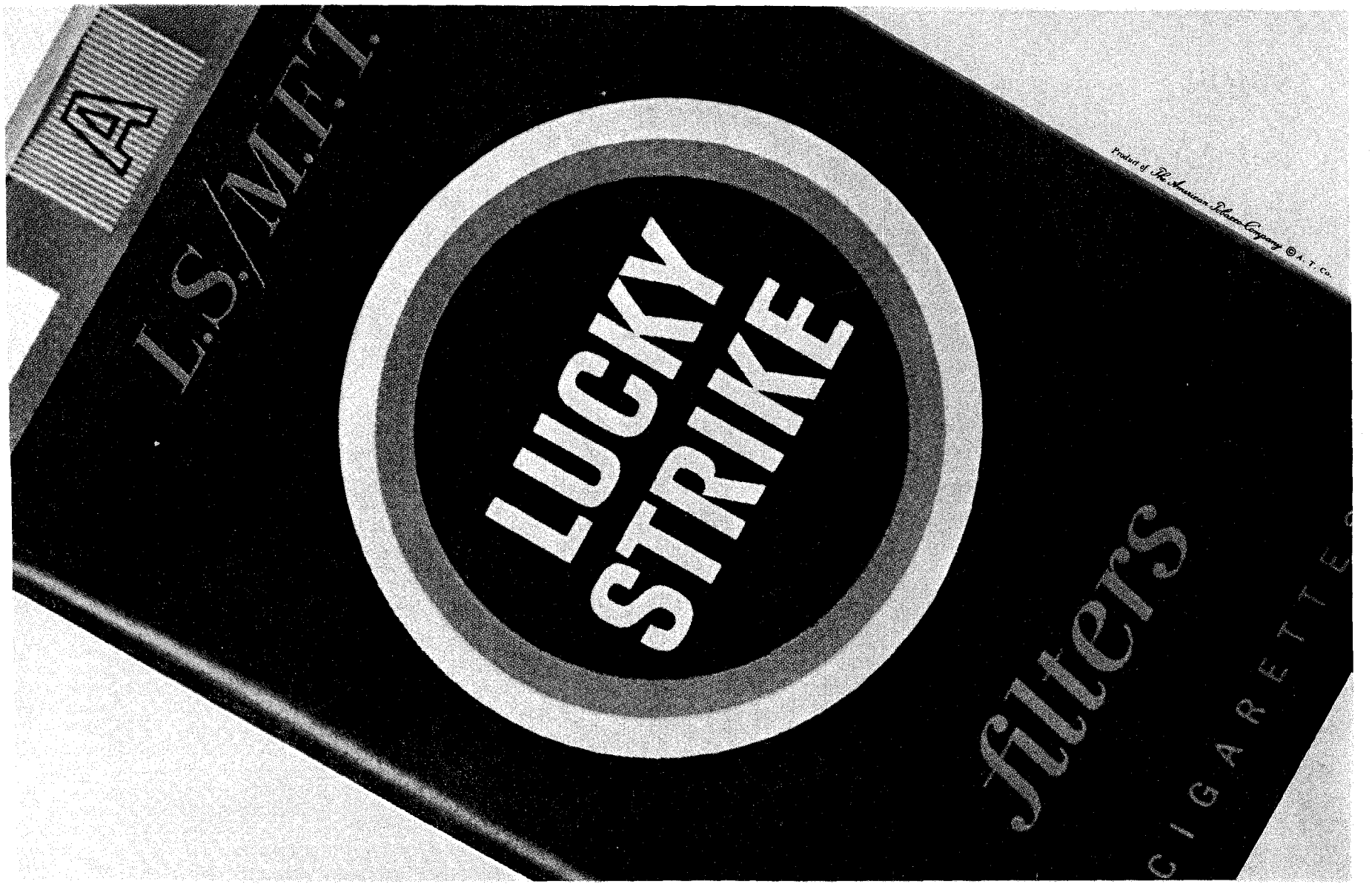
This time she didn't hear them go out. She slipped imperceptibly into a dream, and she was smelling the wet earth. She was lying side by side with Emily Nott, and at last she knew what Emily Nott looked like: She had carroty hair and a very pale skin with freckles. She loved her, and held her hand for comfort as they lay together. She was looking at the freckles on Emily Nott's nose, and then she suddenly realized that she was looking at herself, as if in a mirror. The freckles became pink spots. And now she didn't know whether it was she or Emily Nott lying in the earth, Emily Nott or Emily Am, or both of them together. The spots became enormous; they swelled and swelled until they covered all the nose and the cheeks and the eyes, and then there was no face at all, and the dream faded, and she slept well.

The nightmare had been so vivid that the first thing she did, when she woke in the morning, was to jump out of bed and look at herself in the mirror. She was thankful to find that she still had cheeks and eyes and a nose. Indeed, there were no spots on her face at all; and the ones on her stomach were only pinhead size. Her headache had gone, and she no longer thought she was dying. Within two days the spots changed to little water blisters, rather like teardrops, and she scratched them off with satisfaction. Scabs formed, and her mother tied woolly socks over her hands. Then, on a warm day, Emily was allowed to play in the sun; but because she was still infectious she couldn't go to school.

Seizing an opportunity when her mother was out, Emily made her way down to the churchyard, filched a bunch of rather faded white roses off Mrs. Prendergast's grave, and took them as tribute to Emily Nott. But this time an alarming thing happened. She was on her way out of the churchyard when suddenly a man rose up out of the ground in front of her. It was just like a picture of the Resurrection she had seen in church, and she screamed. The man, however, laughed, and Emily saw that he had a spade and was digging a hole for some new dead person.

"Made you jump," said the man. "Well, you mind I don't pop you in it, 'stead of old Butcher Barnes as kicked off today."

Emily remembered Butcher Barnes, who was very fat with bulging red arms. You could hardly tell them from the meat when he was cutting it; and she thought it would be a squash if he were going into that narrow hole. But of course it wasn't finished yet. Emily ran away, and she was glad he hadn't seen her carrying the flowers. She had realized by now that there was an element of danger in what she was doing,



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look...

for the special

Ladies' Home Journal order card

bound between pages 50 and 51 in this issue.

LIPS SORE? FASTER RELIEF

for COLD SORES FEVER BLISTERS

Blistex

Helps promote healing fast! Apply early—prevents unsightly cold sore—fever blister formation.

BLISTIK

for DRY, CHAPPED CRACKED LIPS

Most highly medicated lip balm. Combats infection . . . Quick healing . . . better moisture retention. Handy twist-type case.

For free Blistex sample write: BLISTEX, INC. 75 E. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Dept. SE-2

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION

25% GLYCERIN!

NOTHING RICHER SOLD FOR *Rough, Dry, Chapped Skin.*

33¢, 59¢, $1.19 at stores everywhere.

CHAMBERLAIN DISTRS., DES MOINES, IOWA

and, oddly enough, this pleased her, for there seemed something sacrificial in running a risk on behalf of Emily Nott.

The memory of her nightmare had mostly faded, but a trace of it remained imprinted on her mind as the scab marks stayed on her body. This mere shadow of a recollection gave her an added sense of closeness to the child in the ground. She saw Emily Nott as a little girl like herself—pale skin, freckles, carroty hair, and all—almost as real as someone you held hands with. She was also aware, though she couldn't have put it into words, of having shared with Emily Nott a profound and awful experience. Her illness, she thought, had been the same as Emily's: Fitfu-fever, poxiness. But Emily Nott had died—leaving behind the Christmas holly and mistletoe and the new toys on her bed—whereas *she* had survived. She was Emily Am. She began to think of herself most of the time as Emily Am, and when she laid the roses on the grave she had whispered, "Emily Am here," and it was like sharing a joke.

She believed that the flowers in some way might make up to Emily Nott for the Christmas presents unopened, the bulging stocking unexplored.

So two days later she went again to the churchyard; but this time she dared not go in, for the Crocodile Women were walking around and around the angel, and with them was the fat vicar. She crouched behind the hedge and tried to hear what they were saying. The only word she heard was "poltergeist." It was repeated two or three times. The vicar laughed and said, "Poltergeist with two legs, I'm sure." She didn't like the sound of that; it had the implication of some horrible, horned, long-toothed ravening *Thing*.

Then the vicar and the Crocodile Women moved out of earshot.

"Sacrilege," one of the women was saying. "That's what it is. Sacrilege."

"Well, I'd hardly go so far . . ." said the vicar. Sacrilege, he supposed, would have to happen inside a church. Perhaps you could call it petty larceny? Both women bridled at that.

"Petty, indeed!"

"Well, I'm afraid I've got a churchwardens' meeting . . ." The vicar disliked these nieces almost as much as he had disliked Mrs. Prendergast. He loathed churchyard angels, and he particularly disliked the ostentatious one they had put up in memory of Mrs. P. He could have forbidden it, but that would have caused a fuss, and he was an easygoing man. He often invited nice, cheerful old ladies to Madeira cake and Madeira wine after the service on Sunday, shortening his sermon to allow plenty of time before lunch. But he never invited the Misses Prendergast. Indeed, no! He knew exactly why they had put up that expensive angel. It was because they were superstitious and still frightened of Mrs. Prendergast. They thought she might do them some harm, even from beyond the grave, if they did not pay proper tribute to her. She might, for instance, give them diseases, or cause their stocks to go down. That was why, although they only put threepence in the collection plate, they laid costly flowers every week upon her grave, like poor, ignorant savages placating the spirits of their ancestors.

"Heathens," he grunted to himself as he hurried toward the vestry (although of course he didn't *really* have a churchwardens' meeting).

The Misses Prendergast, walking back toward the cemetery gate, were saying: "Some *special* flowers. Arum lilies. Bait the trap. Keep watch."

But Emily didn't hear them. She was still hiding behind the hedge, and she nearly jumped out of her skin when they suddenly appeared and saw her crouching there.

"What on earth . . . Come here, child. What are you doing?" said the taller.

"N—nothing," said Emily. Then she added swiftly, "Looking for birds' nests"—for, indeed, she had found a blackbird's nest in the hedge.

"You ought to know better," said this Crocodile Woman, who talked just like Mrs. Prendergast. "Stealing the poor things' eggs"—though Emily had said nothing about eggs.

Muttering, the Crocodile Women walked away. They knew she could hear, so they spelled out words, as if that would prevent her from understanding. "T—o—u—c—h—e—d," said the one Crocodile.

"It's interbreeding," said the other. "The schoolmistress was telling me some of the children are almost ——"

"What?"

"M—e—n—t—a—l."

Next day was the last before Emily went back to school. It seemed very important that she should replace the faded roses and explain to Emily Nott why she wouldn't be able to visit her very often. But she had a keen sense of danger, rather pleasurable, as she made her way down to the churchyard that afternoon. The church bell was tolling gloomily; at noon, she'd overheard her mother saying they were going to put Butcher Barnes under the ground.

"The old meanie," said her mother. "*He* won't fill no more sausages with bread."

What Emily had to do had to be done quickly.

She slipped through the gate and ducked low so that the grass almost hid her as she ran toward Mrs. Prendergast's grave.

The angel's hands looked ready to clutch her; she could see the sky between the spread fingers. She hated the angel, and her hatred gave her courage. Even without it she could never have resisted those great, creamy-soft flowers lying so temptingly upon the grass like great white cups, each with a yellow spike sticking up in the middle of it. She had never seen such things before, and she thought they were the most beautiful flowers in the world. She instinctively recognized their *sickroom* quality. Their paleness and languor made them, as it were, the special property of the dying and the dead. Emily Nott should have held them to her bosom, to match her pale cheeks. Emily Nott, lying under the ground, should have them now, a belated recompense.

She bent down swiftly and picked up the flowers. She looked around to make sure that no one was watching her, but there was no human being in sight. Nevertheless, Emily played the trick which she had learned from the nesting lapwings in the field by the river: She didn't go straight toward Emily's grave—indeed, she walked for a little way in the opposite direction. Then she began to zigzag warily toward it. She had a sense of being watched, but she put that down to the yews standing sentinel all around the churchyard.

The arum lilies, cradled in her arms, felt much heavier than familiar flowers, as if they were made of something silken or velvety, richer and rarer than petal-stuff. She touched them, and they had a strange, baby-skin softness. She stared in wonder at the yellow tongues within them.

Then the shout—it was more like a screech—froze her limbs and seemed, for a moment, even to stop her heart beating. It wasn't just an ordinary shout; there was a dreadful crow of triumph in it. She ascribed it at first to the angel, and turning around in terror, she saw the angel's hands pointing toward her. Then she saw a black-clad figure step out from behind a yew—it was as if the tree itself had moved—and she turned again, bewildered, only to see another figure emerge from behind another yew. This one held out its arms as if to shoo her back. She recognized the figures and knew that the Crocodile Women were after her. She fled wildly, still clutching the flowers, and tried to hide herself in the long grass. More shouts followed her. Suddenly a hole yawned before her feet, and she fell or jumped—she wasn't sure which—into the grave which the man had been digging. The lilies were crushed beneath her and gave out a queer, rancid smell. She heard the voice of a Crocodile Woman saying, "This way."

She lay still and tried not to breathe. A few moments later the other Crocodile Woman said, "Where can she have got to?" Emily pulled herself up and peeped out of the grave. She saw the vicar come out of the church. He was dressed up as he always was on Sundays. One of the Crocodile Women ran to him. They talked. The vicar shook his head and pointed up the village street. Then, rather reluctantly, he walked across the short grass beside the Crocodile Woman. The other woman joined them. They were coming toward Emily. When they reached the long grass, they spread out like the beaters she'd watched when the squire had a shooting party. They quartered the ground until they were so close that Emily dared not look out any more. She crouched at the bottom of the grave and heard the sound of their feet brushing through the grass as they came nearer. All the time the bell was tolling from the church tower.

Even in her fear she felt her kinship with Emily Nott; this was the kind of place *she* inhabited. It had a wet smell. At the bottom it was rough with bits of stone. On the sides (as Emily looked up) there was first a layer of yellowish chalk. Near the top there was very dark brown soil with roots in it. Daisy roots? It was possible to see how the quiet folks could push up the daisies, *wishing* away right at the roots of them. Emily looked at some tall daisies, slanting over the edge of the grave. A little wind stirred them. Suddenly she saw a boot. It crushed the daisies. The vicar stood over her, enormous, and with a strange surprise she saw gray flannel trousers underneath his surplice and cassock.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Well," he said. "Well. Well, I never."

Then she heard the quick breaths and the small, excited cries of the Crocodile Women as they approached. In a second they, too, were standing above her, and she had a jumbled impression of gray stockings and thick black drawers under the black skirts, of peaky faces against the sky, long noses and flared nostrils seen from below.

The vicar was saying urgently: "They're just coming . . . wouldn't like the relatives to see . . . *decorum* . . ."

He leaned down toward Emily and stretched out his hand. "Come out, child," he said quite kindly.

Emily took his hand, fat and soft, with rings on it. He lifted her out, and then the Crocodile Women saw the flowers. They almost screeched. "There they are . . . She had them, you see . . . Look, all broken, the beautiful flowers."

They seized Emily's arms, one Crocodile Woman on each side of her. The vicar murmured: "Be gentle with her. Strange fantasies of childhood . . . We cannot understand."

One of the Crocodile Women said, "What's your name, little girl?"

Emily knew that she was putting on a kind voice in front of the vicar, but at the same time she was deliberately digging her thumbnail into Emily's arm.

Perhaps it was because this hurt so much, or because she was so frightened and confused, that Emily blurted out, "Emily Am."

"Ham?" said a Crocodile Woman. "Ham?"

"No, no," said the vicar. "She's the little Radford girl from just up the road."

"She said *Ham*," insisted the Crocodile Woman.

Her sister snapped, "Cunning, you see. Even giving a false name," and dug her thumbnail in deeper.

"Some childish foolishness. She meant no harm. You didn't mean any harm, Emily, did you?" The vicar smiled at her, and then suddenly, as if he'd pressed a button to change his expression, his face went very solemn and he began to walk away, with his hands folded across his chest. Following him with her eyes, Emily saw the top hats outside the churchyard, and as if at a signal, all the top hats were removed, and then she saw the men carrying the box. There were flowers on it, but not so many as there had been on Mrs. Prendergast's.

The vicar walked toward the pallbearers, with his head bowed and the sun shining on the bald top of it.

The Crocodile Women began to tug her arms, and in their anxiety to get out of sight of the funeral party, they dragged her between them through the long grass at the edge of the churchyard. They were making straight for the grave of Emily Nott. Of course they did not know about it; you couldn't see it because of the grass. So, although Emily could tell to a foot where the tombstone was, she averted her eyes and looked hard in the opposite direction lest she should help the Crocodile Women find it and let them see the faded roses on the grave.

"Why did you steal the flowers?"

Emily didn't answer.

"Why did you steal them?"

"Why?" . . . "Why?" . . . "Why?"

They were just by the little grave now, and still Emily would not speak. However much they hurt her—and now one of them was pinching the skin under her armpit—she wouldn't say a word. Being so close to Emily Nott, scarcely two yards from where she lay, she was strong with the sense of their secret communion. No one must ever know, no grown-up person, ever, ever, ever. She bit her lip, and tears tickled her face, and the bell in the church tower tolled a last toll which vibrated on the still, hot air.

"Take you to your mother, see if she can get some sense out of you . . ."

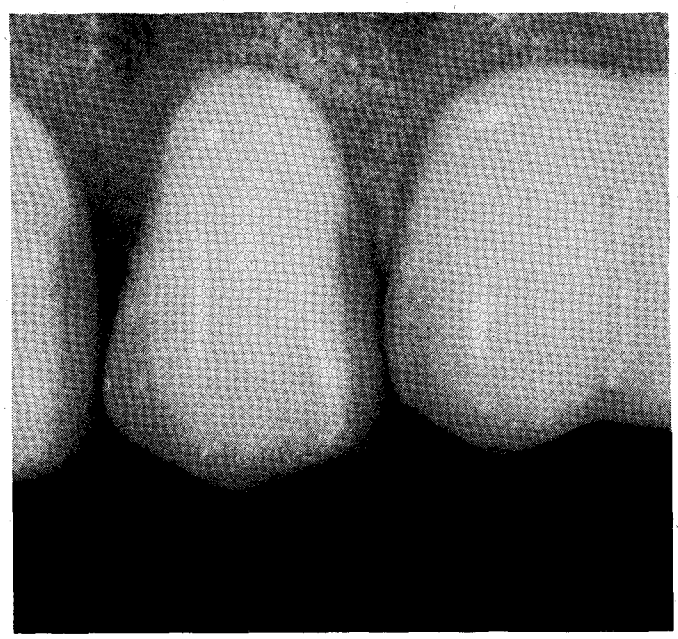
And now the funeral party had gone into the church, so the Crocodile Women pulled Emily between them to the cemetery gate and through it, and up the village street. Her mother was leaning over the garden gate because she'd been watching the funeral. When her mother saw her with the Crocodile Women, she began to run down the street toward them.

They went on at Emily: "Why did you steal them? Why?"

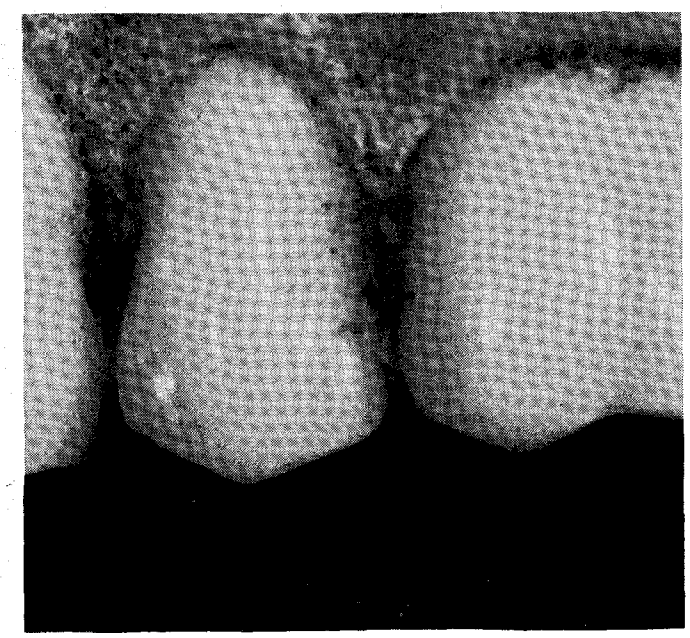
Soon her mother's voice was joined with theirs; but the questions were as meaningless to her as her answers, if she had spoken, would have been to them. She and they inhabited different worlds, and no language could cross the frontiers between them. They might as well have tried to talk to Emily Nott under her soft hillock of mossy grass, as to wrest her secret from Emily Am. □

DENTURE WEARERS:

New Efferdent® denture cleanser tablet removes even stubborn food stains between the teeth in 15 minutes.



The leading powder cleanser in the same tests still left stains like this.



For years, denture wearers have been searching for a quick, easy way to get rid of stubborn food stains—the kind that build up between teeth. Even the *leading powder* cleanser hasn't solved the problem, because it can require overnight soaking.

But now there's a cleanser powerful enough to do the job in minutes. It's not a powder, but an effervescent *tablet* called Efferdent.

The fact is, an Efferdent tablet can release *twice* as much effervescent cleaning action as the leading powder.

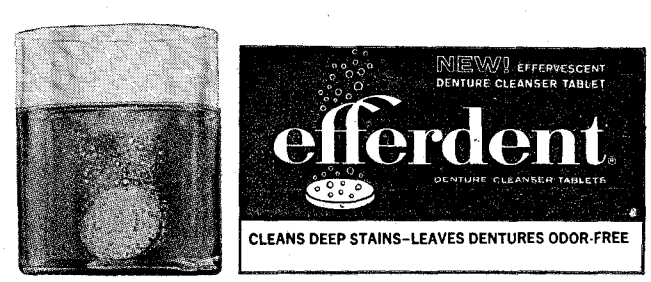
Here's how it works: Just put an Efferdent tablet in a glass of warm water. Then put your dentures in. Instantly, the water turns blue, as Efferdent releases thousands of bubbles that scrub away at stain and odor. Minutes later, the blue disappears, Efferdent's signal the job is done.

And when the blue is gone...the stain is gone.

New Efferdent is now available in your area, in boxes of 20 and 40 individually wrapped tablets.

Try it once, and you'll never go back to those old-fashion powders again.

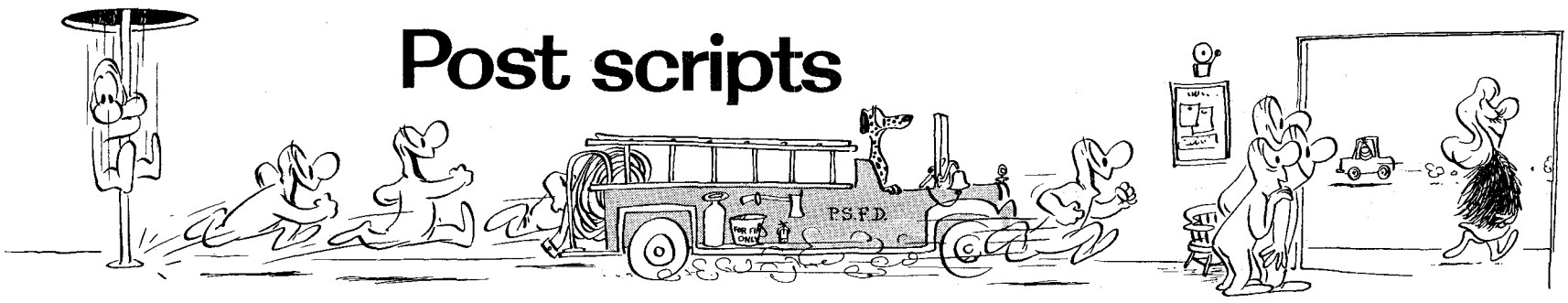
From out of the blue come the brightest dentures ever!



© Copyright 1967, Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

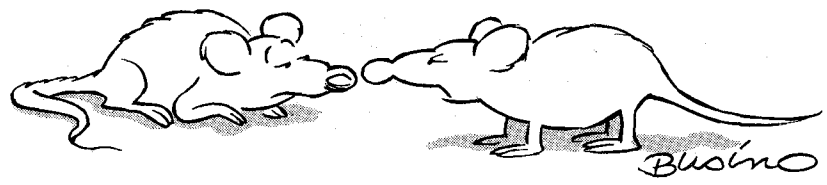
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post scripts



"Alfred, please! I'm your wife—these are your children—come home, we need you."

"It's been taken care of, Miss."



"I've got three sisters in psychological testing and an uncle in heart research."

"Ten years from now, don't come stammering at me for a date."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't let an ice cold car spoil your nice hot breakfast.

Even at 25° below, Citgo takes the worry out of winter starts.

Relax. Enjoy your breakfast. Citgo has developed a special gasolene for this time of year—new Winter-Blended Citgo Premium. What it does is prevent the major cause of cold weather stalls—carburetor ice build-up. Lets your engine breathe. Helps you start in seconds. Saves wear and tear on your battery, to say nothing of your nerves. Try a tankful of Citgo Premium Winter Blend. It's nice not to worry about whether you'll start. You will.

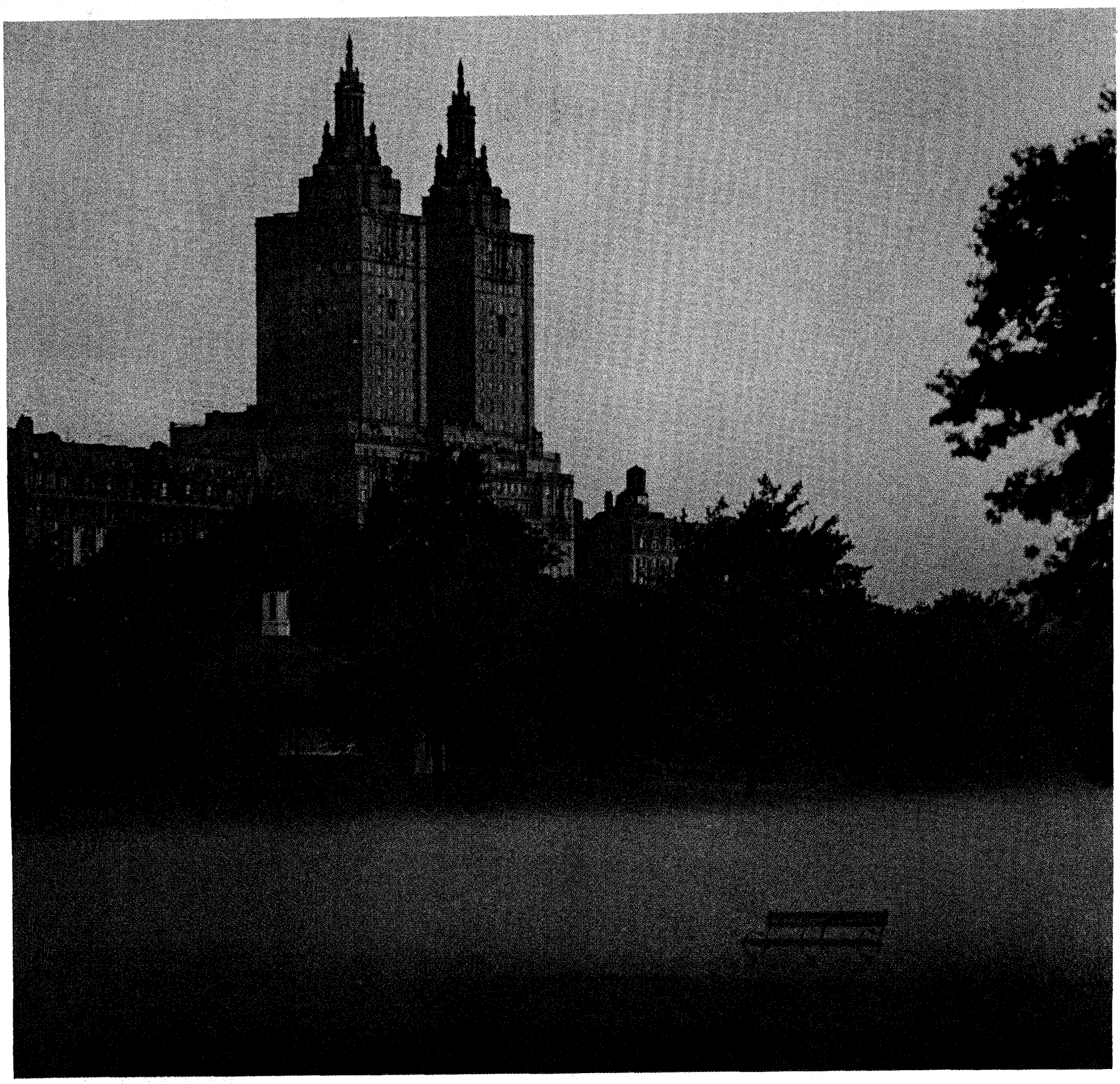
ZZOOOMMMM

CITGO—Trademark of Cities Service Oil Co.—subsidiary of Cities Service Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAREWELL TO THE

I was twenty when I first saw New York, and nothing like this, I felt,

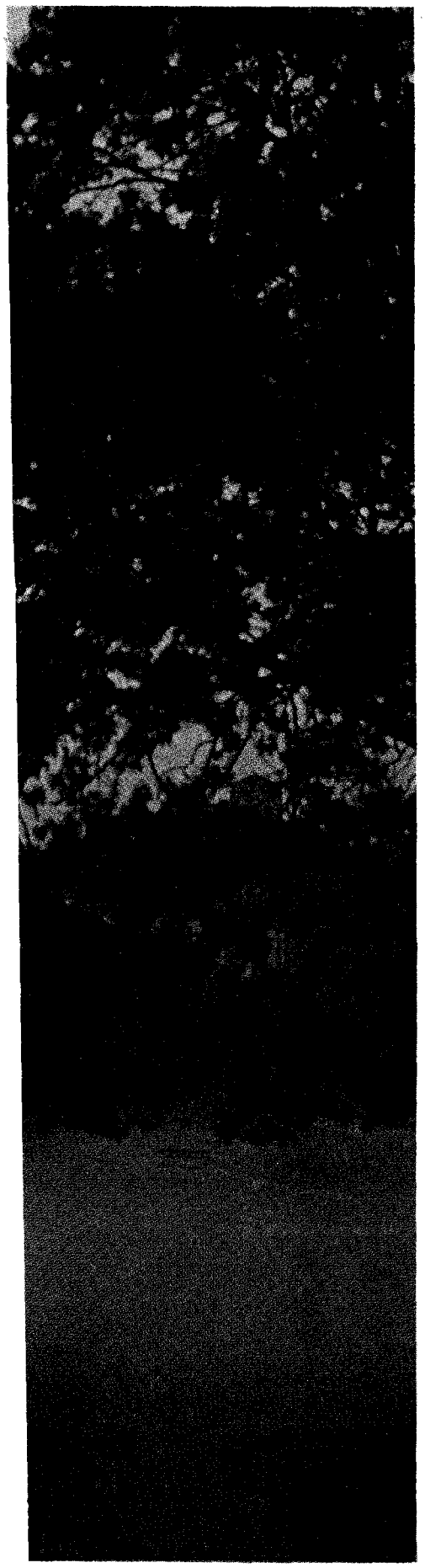


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

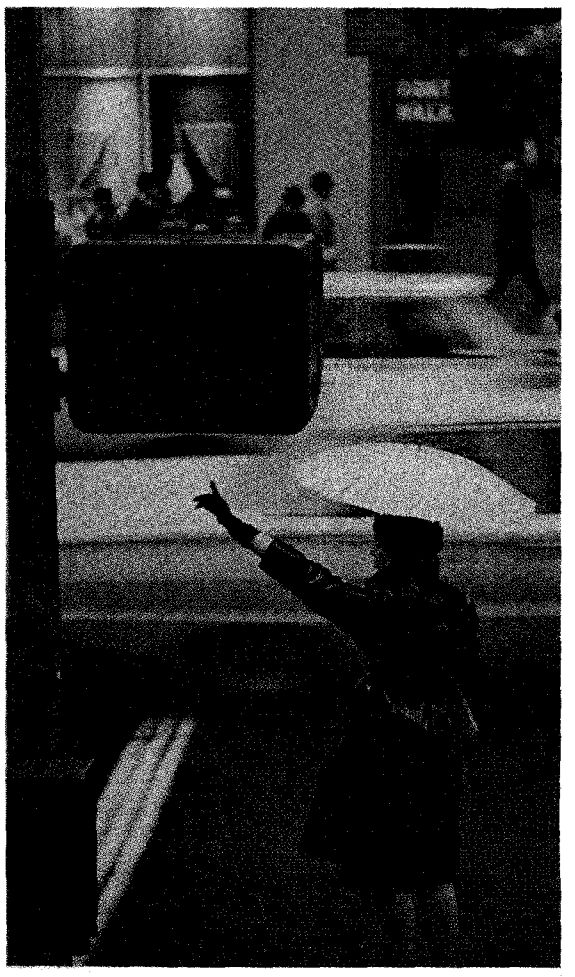
ENCHANTED CITY

By JOAN DIDION

had ever happened to anyone before. I was mistaken; it happens to everybody, but only once.



How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten—
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again—
If your feet are nimble and light,
You can get there by candlelight.



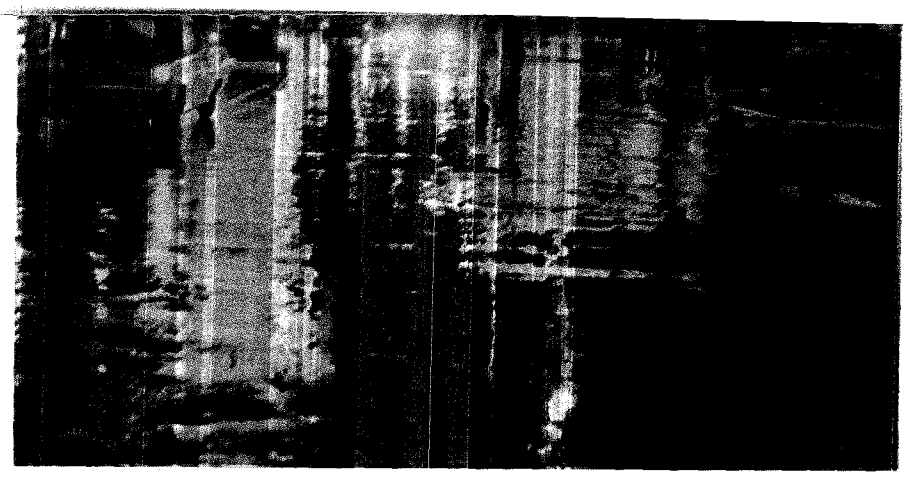
It is easy to see the beginnings of things, and harder to see the ends. I can remember now, with a clarity that makes the nerves in the back of my neck constrict, when New York began for me, but I cannot lay my finger upon the moment it ended, can never cut through the ambiguities and second starts and broken resolves to the exact place on the page where the heroine is no longer as optimistic as she once was. When I first saw New York I was 20, and it was summertime, and I got off a DC-7 at the old Idlewild temporary terminal in a new dress which had seemed very smart in Sacramento but seemed less smart already, even in the old Idlewild temporary terminal, and the warm air smelled of mildew, and some instinct, programmed by all the movies I had ever seen and all the songs I had ever heard sung and all the stories I had ever read about New York, informed me that it would never be quite the same again. In fact it never was. Some time later there was a song on all the jukeboxes on the upper East Side that went, *but where is the schoolgirl who used to be me?* and if it was late enough at night I used to wonder that. I know now that almost every woman wonders it, wherever she is and whatever she is doing, but one of the mixed blessings of being 20 and 21 and even 23 is the conviction that nothing like this, all evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, has ever happened to anyone before.

Of course it might have been some other city, had circumstances been different and the time been different and had I been different, might have been Paris or Chicago or even San Francisco, but because I am talking about myself I am talking here about New York. That first night I opened my window on the bus into town and watched for the skyline, but all I could see were the wastes of Queens and the big signs that said MIDTOWN TUNNEL THIS LANE and then a flood of summer rain, and for the next three days I sat wrapped in blankets in a hotel room air-conditioned to 35 degrees and tried to get over a bad cold and a high fever. It did not occur to me to call a doctor, because I knew none, and although it did occur to me to call the desk and ask that the air conditioner be turned off, I never called, because I did not know how much to tip whoever might come—was anyone ever so young? I am here to tell you that someone was. All I could do during those three days was talk long distance to the boy I already knew I would never marry in the spring. I would stay in New York, I told him, just six months, and I could see the Brooklyn Bridge from my window. As it turned out the bridge was the Triborough, and I stayed eight years.

In retrospect it seems to me that those days before I knew the names of all the bridges were happier than the ones that came later, but perhaps you will see that as we go along. Part of what I want to tell you is what it is like to be young in New York, how six months can become eight years with the deceptive ease of a film dissolve, for that is how those years appear to me now, in a long sequence of sentimental dissolves and old-fashioned trick shots—the Seagram Building fountains dissolve into snowflakes, I enter a revolving door at 20 and come out a good deal older. But most particularly I want to explain to you, and in the process perhaps explain to myself, why I no longer live in New York. It is often said that New York is a city for only the very rich and the very poor. It is less often said that New York is also, at least for those of us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was in love with



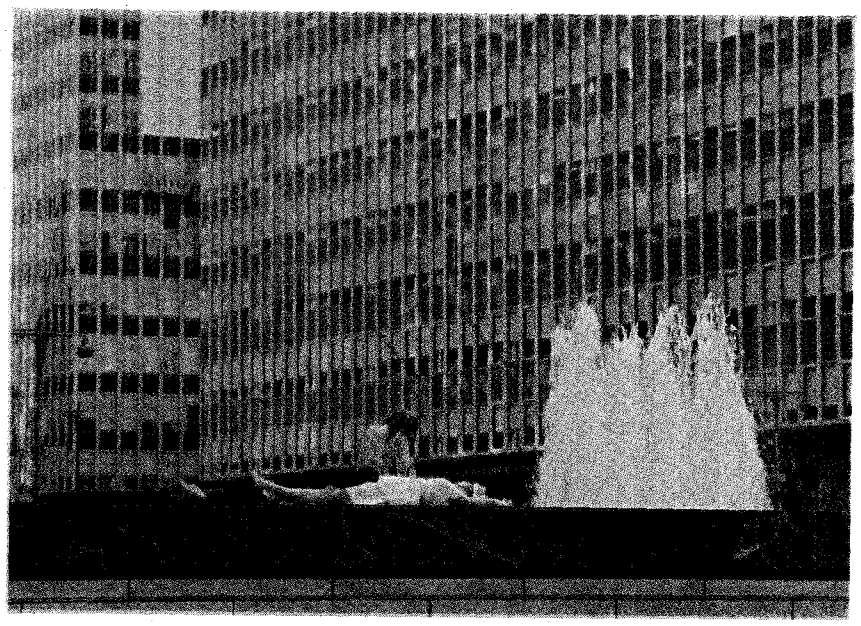
the city, the way you love

ENCHANTED CITY

who came there from somewhere else, a city for only the very young.

I remember once, one cold bright December evening in New York, suggesting to a friend who complained of having been around too long that he come with me to a party where there would be, I assured him with the bright resourcefulness of 23, "new faces." He laughed literally until he choked, and I had to roll down the taxi window and hit him on the back. "New faces," he said finally, "don't tell me about *new faces.*" It seemed that the last time he had gone to a party where he had been promised "new faces," there had been 15 people in the room, and he had already slept with five of the women and owed money to all but two of the men. I laughed with him, but the first snow had just begun to fall, and the big Christmas trees glittered yellow and white as far as I could see up Park Avenue, and I had a new dress, and it would be a long while before I would come to understand the particular moral of the story.

It would be a long while because, quite simply, I was in love with New York. I do not mean "love" in any colloquial way, I mean that



I was in love with the city, the way you love the first person who ever touches you and never love anyone quite that way again. I remember walking across 62nd Street one twilight that first spring, or the second spring, they were all alike for a while. I was late to meet someone, but I stopped at Lexington Avenue and bought a peach and stood on the corner eating it, and knew that I had come out of the West and reached the mirage. I could taste the peach and feel the soft air blowing up from a subway grating on my legs, and I could smell lilac and garbage and expensive perfume, and I knew that it would cost something sooner or later—because I did not belong there, did not come from there—but when you are 22 or 23 you figure that later you will have a high emotional balance, and be able to pay whatever it costs. I still believed in possibilities then, still had the sense, so peculiar to New York, that something remarkable would happen any minute, any day, any month. I was making only $65 or $70 a week then, so little money that some weeks I had to charge food at Bloomingdale's gourmet shop in order to eat, a fact which went unmentioned in the letters I wrote to California. I never told my father that I needed money, because then he would have sent it, and I would never know if I could do it by myself. At that time making a living seemed a game to me, with arbitrary but quite flexible rules. And except on a certain kind of winter evening—6:30 in the 70's, say, already dark and bitter with a wind off the river, when I would be walking very fast toward a bus and would look in the bright windows of brownstones and see cooks working in clean kitchens and imagine women lighting candles on the floor above and beautiful children being bathed on the floor above that—except on nights like those, I never felt poor; I had the feeling that if I needed money I could always get it. I could write a syndicated column for teen-agers under the name "Debbi Lynn," or I could smuggle gold into India, or I could become a $100 call girl, and none of it would matter.

Nothing was irrevocable; everything was within reach. Just around every corner lay something curious and interesting, something I had never before seen or done or known about. I could go to a party and meet someone who called himself Mr. Emotional Appeal and ran The Emotional Appeal Institute or Tina Onassis Blandford or a Florida cracker who was then a regular on what he called "the Big C," the Southampton—El Morocco circuit ("I'm well-connected on the Big C, honey," he would tell me over collard greens on his vast borrowed terrace), or the widow of the celery king of the Harlem market or a piano salesman from Bonne Terre, Mo., or someone who had already made and lost two fortunes in Midland, Tex. I could make promises to myself and to other people, and there would be all the time in the world to keep them. I could stay up all night and make mistakes, and none of it would count.

You see, I was in a curious position in New York; it never occurred to me that I was living a real life there. In my imagination I was always there for just another few months, just until Christmas or Easter or the first warm day in May. For that reason I was most comfortable in the company of Southerners. They seemed to be in New York as I was, on some indefinitely extended leave from wherever they belonged, disinclined to consider the future, temporary exiles who always knew when the flights left for New Orleans or Memphis or Richmond or, in my case, California. Someone who lives always with a plane schedule in the drawer lives on a slightly different calendar. Christmas, for example, was a difficult season. Other people could take it in stride, going to Stowe or going abroad, or going for the day to their mothers' places in Connecticut; those of us who believed that we lived somewhere else would spend it making and canceling airline reservations, waiting for weatherbound flights as if for the last plane out of Lisbon in 1940, and finally comforting one another, those of us who were left, with the oranges and mementoes and smoked-oyster stuffings of childhood, gathering close, colonials in an exotic country.

Which is precisely what we were. I am not sure that it is possible for anyone brought up in the East to entirely appreciate what New York, the idea of New York, means to those of us who come out of the West and the South. To an Eastern child, particularly one who has always had an uncle on Wall Street and who has spent several hundred Saturdays first at F.A.O. Schwarz and being fitted for shoes at Best's, and then waiting under the Biltmore clock and dancing to Lester Lanin, New York is just a city, albeit *the* city, a plausible place for people to live. But to those of us who came from places where no one had heard of Lester Lanin, and *Grand Central Station*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the first person who ever touches you and never love anyone in quite the same way again.

was a Saturday radio program, where Wall Street and Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue were not places at all but abstractions ("Money" and "High Fashion" and "The Hucksters"), New York was no mere city. It was instead an infinitely romantic notion, the mysterious nexus of all love and money and power, the shining and perishable dream itself. To think of "living" there was to reduce the miraculous to the mundane; one does not "live" at Xanadu.

In fact it was difficult in the extreme for me to understand those young women for whom New York was not simply an ephemeral Estoril but a real place, girls who bought toasters and installed new cabinets in their apartments and committed themselves to some reasonable future. I never bought any furniture in New York. For a year or so I lived in other people's apartments; after that I lived in the 90's in an apartment furnished entirely with things taken from storage by a friend whose wife had moved away. And when I left the apartment in the 90's (that was when I was leaving everything, when it was all breaking up), I left everything in it, even my winter clothes and the map of Sacramento County I had hung on the bedroom wall to remind me who I was, and I moved into a monastic four-room floor-through on 75th Street. "Monastic" is perhaps misleading here, implying some chic severity; until after I was married and my husband moved some furniture in, there was nothing at all in those four rooms except a cheap double mattress and box springs, ordered by telephone the day I decided to move, and two French garden chairs lent me by a friend who imported them.

All I ever did to that apartment was hang 50 yards of yellow theatrical silk across the bedroom windows, because I had some idea that the gold light would make me feel better, but I did not bother to weight the curtains correctly, and all that summer the long panels of transparent golden silk would blow out the windows and get tangled and drenched in the afternoon thunderstorms. That was the year, my 28th, when I was discovering that not all of the promises would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a very long time before I stopped believing in new faces and began to understand

be kept, that some things are in fact irrevocable and that it had counted after all, every evasion and every procrastination, every mistake, every word, all of it.

That is what it was all about, wasn't it? Promises? Now, when New York comes back to me, it comes in hallucinatory flashes, so clinically detailed that I sometimes wish that memory would effect the distortion with which it is so commonly credited. For a lot of the time in New York I used a perfume called *Fleurs de Rocaille*, and *L'Air du Temps*, and now the slightest trace of either can short-circuit my connections for the rest of the day. Nor can I smell Henri Bendel jasmine soap without falling back into the past, or the particular mixtures of spices used for boiling crabs. There were barrels of crab boil in a Czech place in the 80's where I once stopped. Smells, of course, are notorious memory stimuli, but there are other things

which affect me the same way. Blue-and-white-striped sheets. Vermouth cassis. Some faded nightgowns which were new in 1959 or 1960, and some chiffon scarves I bought about the same time.

I suppose that a lot of us who have been young in New York have the same scenes on our home screens. I remember sitting in a lot of apartments with a slight headache about five o'clock in the morning. I had a friend who could not sleep, and he knew a few other people who had the same trouble, and we would watch the sky lighten and have a last drink with no ice and then go home in the early morning light, when the streets were clean and wet (had it rained in the night? we never knew), and the few cruising taxis still had their headlights on, and the only color was the red and green of traffic signals.

It is relatively hard to fight at six-thirty or seven in the morning without any sleep, which was perhaps one reason we stayed up all night, and it seemed to me a pleasant time of day. The windows were shuttered in that apartment in the 90's, and I could sleep a few hours and then go to work. I liked going to work, liked the soothing and satisfactory rhythm of getting out a magazine, liked the orderly progression of four-color closings and two-color closings and black-and-white closings and then The Product, no abstraction but something which looked effortlessly glossy and could be picked up on a newsstand and weighed in the hand. I liked all the minutiae of proofs and layouts, liked working late on the nights the magazine went to press, sitting and reading *Variety* and waiting for the copy desk to call. From my office I could look across town to the weather signal on the Mutual of New York Building and the lights that alternately spelled out TIME and LIFE above Rockefeller Plaza; that pleased me obscurely, and so did walking uptown in the mauve eight o'clocks of early summer evenings and looking at things: Lowestoft tureens in 57th Street windows, people in evening clothes trying to get taxis, the trees just coming into full leaf, the lambent air, all the sweet promises of money and summer.

Some years passed, but I still did not lose that sense of wonder about New York. I began to cherish the loneliness of it, the sense that at any given time no one need know where I was or what I was doing. I liked walking, from the East River over to the Hudson and back on brisk days, down around the Village on warm days. A friend would leave me the key to her apartment in the West Village when she was out of town, and sometimes I would just move down there, because by that time the telephone was beginning to bother me (the canker, you see, was already in the rose), and not many people had that number. I remember one day when someone who did have the West Village number came to pick me up for lunch there, and we both had hangovers, and I cut my finger opening him a beer and burst into tears, and we walked to a Spanish restaurant and drank Bloody Marys and *gazpacho* until we felt better. I was not then guilt-ridden about spending afternoons that way, because I still had all the afternoons in the world.

And even that late in the game I still liked going to parties, all parties, bad parties, Saturday-afternoon parties given by recently married couples who lived in Stuyvesant Town, West Side parties given by unpublished or failed writers who served cheap red wine and talked about going to Guadalajara, Village parties where all the guests worked for advertising agencies and voted for Reform Democrats, press parties at Sardi's, the worst kinds of parties. You will have perceived by now that I was not one to profit by the experience of others, that it was a very long time indeed before I stopped believing in new faces and began to understand the lesson in that story, which was that it is distinctly possible to stay too long at the fair.

I could not tell you when I began to understand that. All I know is that it was very bad when I was 28. Everything that was said to me I seemed to have heard before, and I could no longer listen. I could no longer sit in little bars near Grand Central and listen to someone complaining of his wife's inability to cope with the help while he missed another train to Connecticut. I no longer had any interest in hearing about the advances other people had received from their publishers, about plays which were having second-act trouble in Philadelphia, or about people I would like very much if only I would come out and meet them. I had already met them, always. There were certain parts of the city which I had to avoid. I could not bear upper Madison Avenue on weekday mornings (this was a particularly inconvenient aversion, since I then lived just 50 or 60 feet east of Madison), because I would see women walking Yorkshire terriers and shopping at Gristede's, and some Veblenesque gorge would rise in my throat. I could not go to Times Square in the afternoon, or to the New York Public Library for any reason whatsoever. One day I could not go into a Schrafft's; the next day it would be Bonwit Teller.

I hurt the people I cared about, and insulted those I did not. I cut myself off from the one person who was closer to me than any other. I cried until I was not even aware when I was crying and when I was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the lesson in that story, which is that it is distinctly possible to stay too long at the fair.

not, cried in elevators and in taxis and in Chinese laundries, and when I went to the doctor he said only that I seemed to be depressed and should see a "specialist." He wrote down a psychiatrist's name and address for me, but I did not go.

Instead I got married, which as it turned out was a very good thing to do but badly timed, since I still could not walk on upper Madison Avenue in the mornings and still could not listen to people and still cried in Chinese laundries. I had never before understood what "despair" meant, and I am not sure that I understand now, but I understood that year. Of course I could not work. I could not even get dinner with any degree of certainty, and I would sit in the apartment paralyzed until my husband would call from his office and say gently that I did not have to get dinner, that I could meet him at Michael's Pub or at Toots Shor's or at Sardi's East. And then one morning in April (we had been married in January), he telephoned and told me that he wanted to get out of New York for a while, that he would take a six-month leave of absence, that we would go somewhere.

It was almost three years ago when he told me that, and we have lived in Los Angeles since. Many of the people we knew in New York think this a curious aberration, and in fact tell us so. There is no possible, no adequate answer to that, and so we give certain stock answers, the answers everyone gives. I talk about how difficult it would be for us to "afford" to live in New York right now, about how much "space" we need. All I mean is that I was very young in New York, and that at some point the golden rhythm was broken, and I am not that young anymore. The last time I was in New York was in a cold January, and everyone was ill and tired. Many of the people I used to know there had moved to Dallas or had bought a farm in New Hampshire. We stayed 10 days, and then we took an afternoon flight back to Los Angeles, and on the way home from the airport that night I could see the moon on the Pacific and smell jasmine all around, and we both knew that there was no longer any point in keeping the apartment we still kept in New York. There were years when I called Los Angeles "the Coast," but they seem a long time ago. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sunday. The day that belongs to families.

It's a perfect day for a romp in the snow with your brood... and a visit by Long Distance with the folks. There's no need to wait till evening. Lowest interstate rates are in effect all day Sunday. Why not call your folks? You'll agree, Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.

BELL SYSTEM AT&T and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KENNEDY ASSASSINATION (*continued from page 25*)

That draft I personally burned in the fireplace of my recreation room."

The commission failed to ask Humes the obvious question: Why did he destroy anything? Specter, who discussed the act with Humes privately, says, "He simply thought the papers weren't important, which, I have to admit, is hard to believe now." Humes himself, who refused to be interviewed, replies to a reporter's question with another question, "Use your own judgment. Would I have burned anything that I thought was important?"

Another of the Bethesda doctors, Boswell, had a curious idea of what was important in the autopsy of a President. On a chart showing a figure of a man used to symbolize the President, Cmdr. Boswell, while in the autopsy room, placed a dot representing the back wound well below the right shoulder. His handwritten notes on the margin of the chart place the wound in the position set forth in the autopsy report: 14 centimeters, or 5½ inches, from the right acromion process (the top of the right shoulder joint), and 14 centimeters below the tip of the right mastoid process, the bony point behind the ear. What draws the eye, however, is the oddly errant dot. Dr. Boswell, now retired from the Navy and in private practice in Maryland, recently explained, "This was unfortunate. If I had known at the time that this sketch would become public record, I would have been more careful. It was strictly a worksheet, the same as rough working notes. . . . The photographs were to provide the exact visual description."

The autopsy X rays and photographs, it will be recalled, left Bethesda in Kellerman's custody, and they were taken to the White House early on the morning of November 23. Thereafter they vanished. The following March, when the three autopsy doctors testified, the pictures were "not available"; instead, the doctors used "schematic drawings," which placed the disputed wound at the base of the neck. According to a high FBI official, the autopsy pictures were sequestered by the written order of Attorney General Kennedy, directing the Secret Service not to release any information or material pertaining to the autopsy without his permission—leaving the public record incomplete. At the 18th annual meeting of the American Academy of Forensic Sciences in March, 1966, panelists discussed the lack of autopsy information in the *Report*. Said a forensic pathologist: "By standards found in most good medicolegal investigative facilities . . . certain essentials are missing." Missing was any mention of findings pertaining to several organs, including the adrenals. If there was any truth in the rumor that the President suffered from Addison's disease, the autopsy report kept it within the family.

Also strangely missing, both from the printed record (Exhibit 397) and file folder 371 in the Archives, are the working notes Dr. Humes made during the autopsy and later used to prepare his report. These notes were *not* destroyed, but were sent from Bethesda with the last copy of the autopsy report to Adm. George G. Burkley, the White House physician, three days after the assassination. The Secret Service then took custody of the papers. During his testimony, Humes identified "various notes in longhand made by myself, in part during the performance of the examination of the late President, and in part after the examination when I was preparing to have a typewritten report made." No one will acknowledge the existence of these notes today.

Arlen Specter had begged and pleaded for the commission to examine the autopsy photographs. Specter, who assumed sole responsibility for the chapter of the *Report* setting forth the basic facts of the assassination, recognized the importance of this photographic evidence, particularly in view of the conflicting eyewitness testimony and the troubling discrepancy between the FBI and official autopsy reports. His plea was made to General Counsel J. Lee Rankin, the intermediary between the commissioners and the staff, who at length informed Specter that the commission had decided not to "press" for the photographs. At once very junior and ambitious, Specter could not press the eminent lawyers on the commission too hard. But he reentered his plea, and when he was again refused, he was reportedly on the verge of tears. "I believe that Robert Kennedy had the final authority over the pictures," Specter now says, "and the Chief Justice was truly solicitous of the family's feelings."

Last October 31 the rest of the X rays and photographs finally came to light, but too late to undo the effects of their suppression. The Department of Justice ended the mystery by disclosing that the material had been given to the Archives by the Kennedy family, under tight controls that would continue throughout the lifetimes of the late President's immediate family. Federal law-enforcement officials may see the material at once; scholars and independent researchers will require family approval for at least five years. What was not disclosed was where the pictures had been. According to an official of the Treasury Department, the Secret Service did not turn over the autopsy material to the family until April 26, 1965. Hence, at the time when the pictures might have proved enormously useful, they were still in Government hands, and therefore within the reach of the Warren Commission if it had pressed the matter urgently.

Just recently Specter admitted in an interview that he saw a single autopsy photograph under curious circumstances. Over the weekend of May 23–24, 1964, the commission staged, at his insistence, an elaborate reenactment of the assassination in Dallas. Specter's sole concern was to gain support for the single-bullet theory. While in Dallas, Secret Service Inspector Thomas J. Kelley, who knew about Specter's arguments within the commission and perhaps sensed concealed doubts, drew him aside and privately showed him a photograph. "I saw one picture taken at the autopsy, which was not technically authenticated," Specter now says. "It showed the back of a body with a bullet hole, apparently of entry, where the autopsy report said it was." In the absence of the other pictures and of the autopsy doctors testifying under oath, the picture Specter saw proved little if anything.

Nevertheless, barely a fortnight after Kelley had shown Specter the autopsy picture, Specter stood at the sixth-floor window in Dallas with the Chief Justice. These few minutes alone with the usually remote and aloof chairman had been carefully arranged through General Counsel Rankin. Only a few days before, Specter had submitted his chapter setting forth the basic facts of the assassination. Now he ran through the reenactment and outlined once again his arguments for the single-bullet theory. The Chief Justice was silent.

"It was the only time he was quiet and listened for a few minutes," Specter recalls. "He didn't say anything, but I think I convinced him."

This was no easy job. Throughout the investigation he led, the Chief Justice revealed himself to be a man of stubborn convictions. It was Warren who decided Marina Oswald was "a brave little lady" and treated her accordingly, while members of the staff seethed with anger at her sly evasiveness. It was Warren who vetoed a long list of questions Specter had prepared for the President's widow, who refused to allow him to be present at her brief questioning, and who directed the deletion from the record of her description of the President's wounds. (Her testimony covers only two and a half pages; she was interviewed for hours by the writer she had commissioned to prepare the authorized account of the assassination.) The Chief Justice was understandably reluctant to assume the task forced on him by the President, for he was miscast. In a unique situation, demanding a supple and pragmatic, yet unswerving, truth-seeker, he was a figure of granitic rectitude and decorum.

The mysteries left unresolved in the Warren *Report* are chiefly the result of the failure to ask obvious questions during the investigation. The single-bullet theory was left in limbo, never completely accepted or rejected, because the commission declined to confront the disturbing possibility that the strong case against Oswald might not be the *only* explanation. The critics who allege a cover-up of the "true facts" by the Warren Commission can as easily argue their case on the basis of the *appearance* of concealment as they can on the ground of actual conspiracy. The commission, all too often, permitted such an appearance to exist unnecessarily. The autopsy documentation—or the lack of it—can be used to raise suspicions of a gigantic cover-up.

The evidence against Oswald remains as "hard" as it was when Ruby's bullet killed him. Every piece of "soft" evidence, from the puff of smoke to the tracing of the President's head-snap, tends to support the possibility of a second assassin. Why not, then, face in that direction and weigh every shred of evidence, old or new? The appropriate forum for such an airing of dissenting views might be a special joint committee of Congress, or perhaps a "citizens' panel" of independent investigators, with unlimited access to official records, to be appointed by the President without concern over how long it sat and when it issued a report.

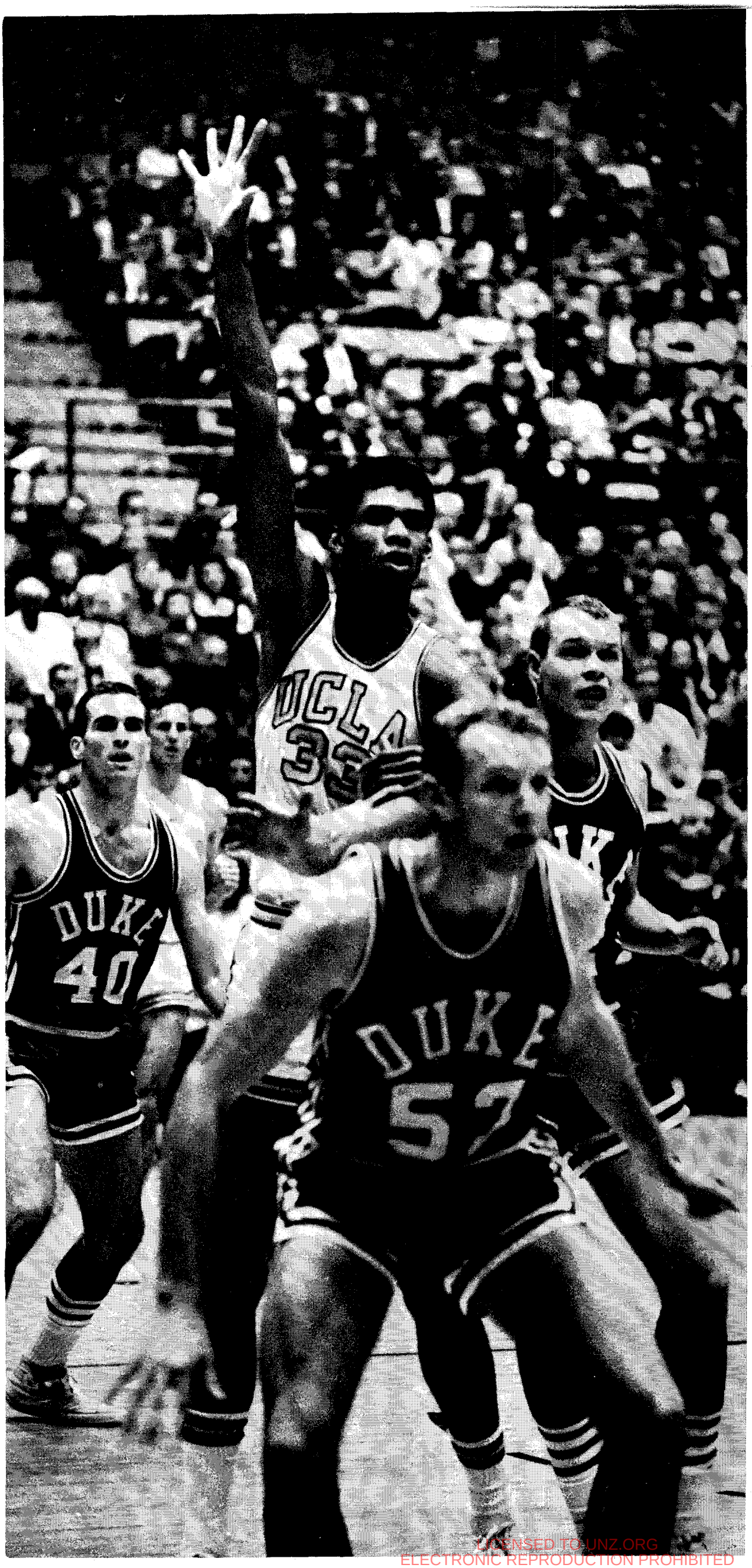
The alternative is to remain imprisoned by the Warren *Report*, which was an interim account intended to meet an immediate need. The enduring need is not only for the truth but for a determination of the truth in a manner that commands the respect of reasonable men. The cruel loss America suffered on November 22, 1963, has been shamefully compounded ever since by the timidity of official fact-finding and the excesses of irrational conspiracy-mongering. To John F. Kennedy the sanity of the nation was as precious as its honor. The nation's honor will not be entirely secure until reason addresses the many unanswered questions of the assassination. □

Hazel by Ted Key

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hot chocolate."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CAN

Towering supremely above his rivals,

It is just before the opening tap-off and U.C.L.A. basketball coach John Wooden, who looks like a bespectacled math professor, is going through his customary agonized ritual. To begin the ceremony, Wooden pulls up his socks. Then he pats assistant coach Jerry Norman on the shoulder, spits delicately on the hardwood floor, wipes it up with a towel and turns around to face the stands.

His wife Nell, who used to carry ammonia to games in case she fainted from excitement, is seated in her traditional spot several rows up. When he turns, she smiles and holds up her hand with the forefinger tip touching the thumb: Everything-is-under-control.

The sign—and the ritual—give Wooden comfort, as they did during the seasons of 1963–64 and 1964–65, when his U.C.L.A. teams won the national championship. Last year nothing seemed to work for Wooden, neither his good-luck invocation nor his team, and U.C.L.A. was not even in the running. But Wooden never abandoned his elaborate, pregame twitch, and now he has every reason to believe it will work like a charm. For when Wooden is done pulling on his socks and glancing worriedly at his wife, he turns and looks out at the court. And there, wearing U.C.L.A. in block letters across his jersey, looms the greatest piece of good luck ever to come the way of any college basketball coach: Lew Alcindor, who stands 7 feet 1 and 3/8 inches tall, who has hands that curl around a basketball as though it were a grapefruit, who has a reach of nine feet from toe to outstretched fingertip, who can jump like a graceful kangaroo, and who can stuff the ball down into the net with the same ease—and from about the same angle—as most men stuff junk mail into their wastebaskets.

It does not matter that Alcindor is only a sophomore, and it does not matter that he is only 19 years old. He already is so good that many coaches privately agree that he may dominate this season and the next two more thoroughly than the great Oscar Robertson or Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain controlled the game in their day. College basketball, in fact, seems to be entering the Alcindor Era.

Ever since he was a high-school sophomore, basketball experts have been staring at Alcindor in astonishment and saying he could develop into the greatest player in the history of the game. Ken Norton, the coach of Manhattan College, feels that he is stronger and better coordinated than Wilt Chamberlain at the same age. Washington State coach Marv Harshman is ready to concede the conference title to U.C.L.A. for the next three years. "He can hold you off with one hand and stuff the ball in the basket with the other," he declares. "How are you going to stop him?"

Wilt Chamberlain says Alcindor was the greatest high-school player he ever saw. An idol of Alcindor's, Chamberlain has helped the boy develop some of his moves by scrimmaging against him man-to-man. "He's got that *sweet* attitude," he says, referring to Alcindor's genuine humility in the presence of the established stars and his eagerness to master the refinements of the game. Bill Sharman, the former Celtics star and now coach of the pro San Francisco Warriors, feels that Alcindor was foolish to go to college. "He could be earning $100,000 a year for the next three years," he says.

Waving for a pass, Alcindor dwarfs his cordon of Duke men, making the three players look like desperate little boys.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BASKETBALL SURVIVE LEW ALCINDOR?

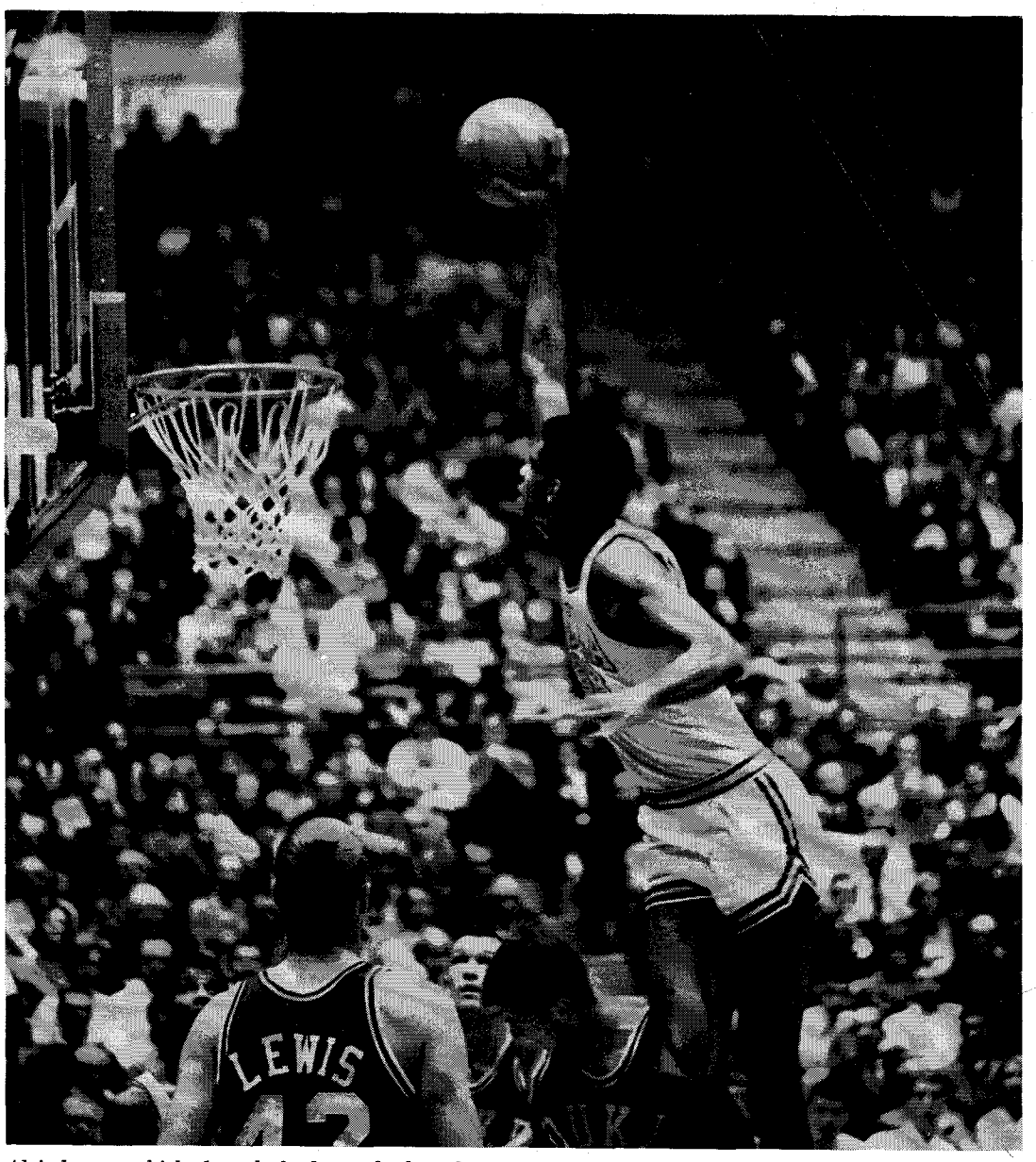
U.C.L.A.'s 7 foot 1 3/8 inch star sophomore is threatening to turn the game into a one-man show.

By REX LARDNER

College basketball got an inkling of what was coming when U.C.L.A. opened the season against Southern Cal. Alcindor seemed to cover half the court in three or four bounding strides. Effortlessly he soared high above the scramble to gather in rebounds. He scored with driving lay-ups, with turn-around jumpers from the foul line, with hook shots that floated into the basket.

The most spectacular play of the game occurred close to the end of the first half. Mike Warren, a U.C.L.A. junior, threw the ball high toward the hoop and Lew, with perfect timing, launched himself into the air, caught the ball with both hands above the basket and stuffed it through. In all, Alcindor sank 23 of 32 shots and 10 out of 14 from the foul line, for a total of 56 points—a U.C.L.A. record. "As good as advertised," commented a happy U.C.L.A. rooter as the vast crowd filed out of the Bruins' arena into the night, relishing the 105–90 victory.

U.C.L.A. Coach Wooden is not a man to praise a player lightly, but after the Southern Cal game he had one word to describe Alcindor: "Awesome." "At times," Wooden said to reporters, "he frightens me."



Alcindor soars high above the basket to dunk a shot as one Duke man ducks and two others watch helplessly.

To stop Alcindor in the next game, Duke surrounded him with three tall men, who prevented him from getting off a shot for the first seven and a half minutes of play. But Alcindor was able to pass to wide-open teammates so effectively that U.C.L.A. soon opened a commanding lead. Alcindor ended up scoring only 19 points in his team's 88–54 victory, but he enhanced his prestige by showing himself to be a remarkably poised playmaker. In a second game against Duke, Alcindor scored 38 points, despite the desperate efforts of the three men who swirled around him, and U.C.L.A. scored a ludicrously easy 107–87 win over a solid team that was ranked seventh in the country.

After the two-game series, Duke Coach Vic Bubas said that Alcindor was capable of scoring 80 points some night. What was more, he was just as intimidating on defense. "With him in there, you simply can't play your regular brand of basketball," said Bubas.

People have not known what to make of Lew Alcindor since he was born on April 16, 1947, weighing an impressive 13 pounds and measuring 21½ inches. By the time he reached the sixth grade, he was 6 feet tall. One day his teacher glanced up from her desk and asked him, "Why aren't you sitting down?"

"I am sitting down," Alcindor replied.

The boy's startling height became the overwhelming fact of his life. Everywhere he went, people stared at him as though he were a freak. He was just 13 years old—and 6 feet 8 inches—the day a lady poked him hard with an umbrella to see if he was real.

It was only natural that Alcindor should become shy and solitary, and only natural that he should seek refuge on the basketball court, the one place where his height was not a handicap.

When Lew was 13, and obviously still growing, a flock of prep schools began offering him scholarships. Lew's father, a New York transit policeman, is a Catholic, as is his mother, and the Alcindors decided to send their only child to Power Memorial Academy, a small parochial school on Manhattan's West Side.

At Power, Alcindor came under the control of Coach Jack Donohue, a stern young man who was already acquiring a reputation as one of the best coaches in the city. Donohue brought Alcindor along slowly. As a freshman the boy was too awkward to do much but wave his long skinny arms and dunk an occasional shot from close to the basket. But by his sophomore year, when he was 15 years old and nearly 7 feet tall, Alcindor was agile enough to make the high-school All-America team and to lead Power to an undefeated season.

From then on he simply got better. Some rival coaches used to whisk their teams off the floor before Power warmed up so that their players would not see him any sooner than they had to. Wearing size 16D shoes and sucking a lollipop, Alcindor would loosen up by starting his leaping lay-ups from somewhere around the foul line. Then he would casually dunk the ball with either hand, to the delight of the fans.

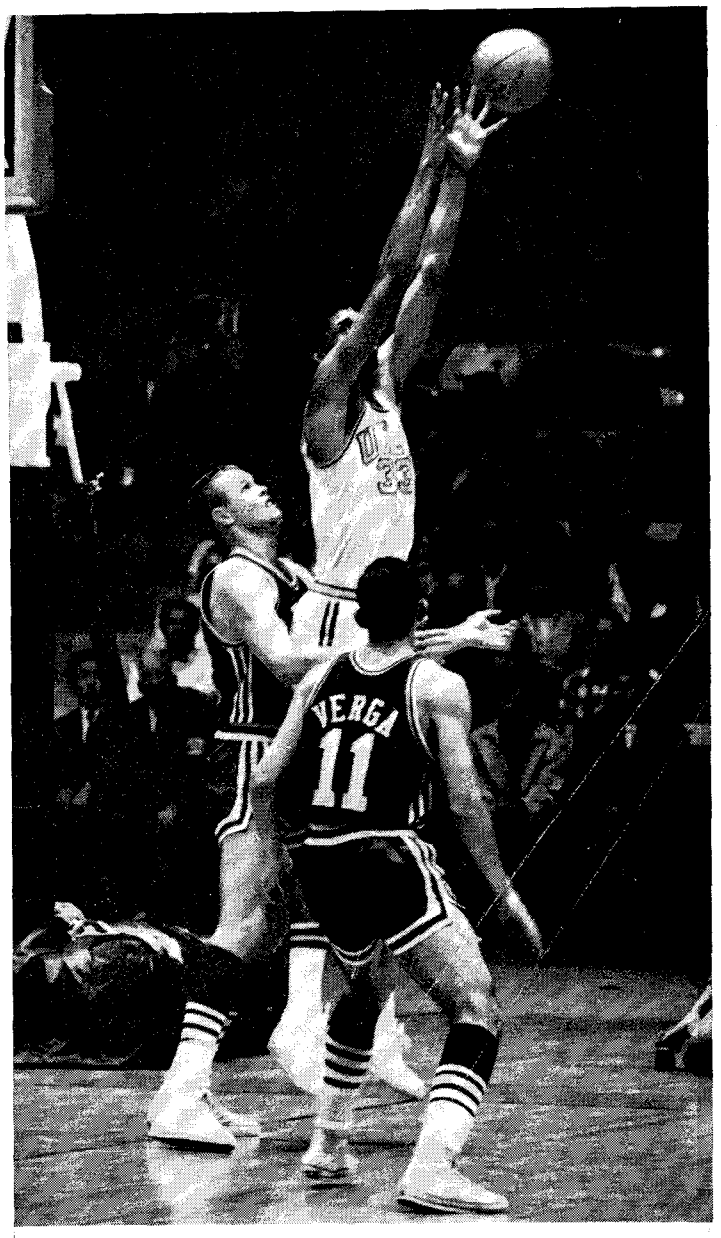
When reporters and photographers began to hound Alcindor, Donohue protected his boy in his usual forthright fashion. He simply ordered Lew to talk to no member of the press, and the arrangement suited Lew fine. He was ill at ease talking to adults, perhaps because he towered over them. Frustrated photographers began stalking him as though he were a skittish giraffe. Once, after ducking into a subway to escape, Alcindor told a friend that it was all becoming like cops and robbers. "People want you not for yourself," Donohue warned him, "but because you're a basketball player. Don't forget that."

Even more frustrated than the newsmen were the droves of college recruiters who began to show up to try to persuade Alcindor to accept a scholarship. To spare his star the ordeal of having to

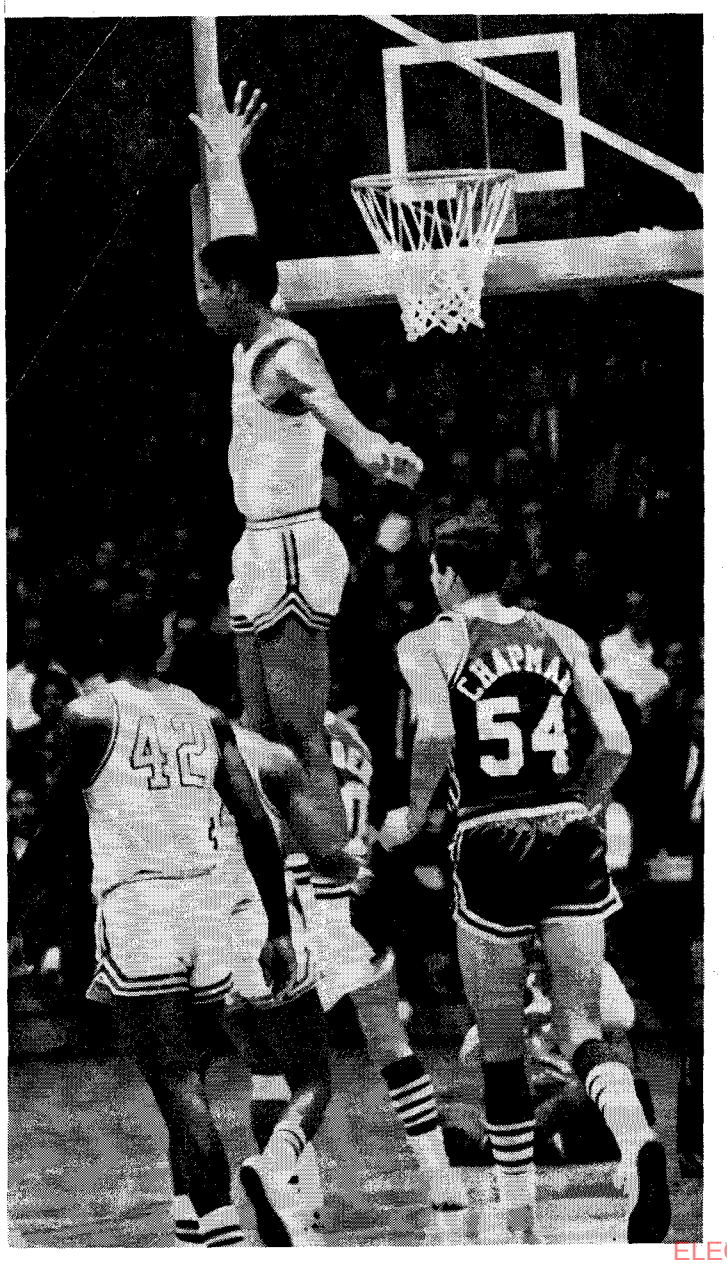
Photographs by Bill Bridges

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At times he frightens me," confesses U.C.L.A.'s Coach Wooden



On offense (above), Alcindor can get free for a pass by simply jumping. On defense, he seems to float above the floor, forcing startled rivals to make basic mistakes.



ALCINDOR

barter with dozens of schools, Donohue ruled that all offers would have to be made through him. Scouts were allowed to stare greedily at Alcindor, but no one was allowed to utter a word to him. When one man dared to say hello to Lew at a practice session, Donohue loudly ordered him out of the school's gym.

As Alcindor swept through his last season at Power, averaging 33 points a game, the offers of scholarships came thicker and faster. The Alcindors got an unlisted telephone. Any mail that bore the return address of a college was forwarded unopened to Donohue. Left alone, Alcindor was able to maintain a B average while Donohue considered offers that included bids from heretofore stanchly segregated Southern schools. There was even one frank proposal from a Midwestern college which pointed out that its coach was dying and that the job could be Donohue's—if he brought Alcindor along.

It was just this kind of senseless, frenetic atmosphere that made the style and approach of John Wooden of U.C.L.A. seem so distinctive and appealing. Wooden is an unusual coach, as Alcindor is an unusual player, and it somehow seems fitting, in retrospect, that the two figures should be drawn together.

John Wooden neither smokes nor drinks nor swears. His most pejorative exclamation when aroused is "Goodness gracious sakes alive!" He says U.C.L.A. does not scout opposing teams—believing his teams should approach games positively and not fret about their opponents. "You can't be effective if you play scared," he says.

Wooden does not allow card games, except cribbage, to be played on road trips. If a player swears on the court during practice or a game, Wooden seats him on the bench. He does not like players to play practical jokes on one another—hiding their dessert, giving hotfoots and so on. "Basketball players are the most high-strung of athletes," he says. "Some of them simply do not respond to practical jokes. Why take a chance on upsetting a boy? It can't do the team any good."

All college basketball coaches "live" basketball during the season—it is one of the demands of the job—but Wooden's preoccupation with the game is legendary in the trade. During one game against Southern Cal, Wooden needed a particular talent at a critical moment and, without looking around, shouted, "Sawyer!"

"Sawyer graduated last year," assistant coach Ed Powell murmured. "Goodness gracious sakes alive!" said Wooden.

In a sport that depends upon persistent and canny recruiting, Wooden is known as a remarkably casual operator. He will not sacrifice principles to obtain potential stars, and he once turned down a fine player's request for a scholarship because he did not like the way the boy talked to his parents. Wooden tried to discourage still another player from attending U.C.L.A. because he felt that the school did not offer the precise courses that would be most useful to the boy in the pursuit of his career. The boy and his parents were so impressed by Wooden's thoughtfulness that they decided he should attend U.C.L.A. anyway, and Wooden had himself a fine rebounder.

Wooden naturally wanted Alcindor—everyone wanted Alcindor—but he would not change his tactics to gain even such a prize. He used the soft, influential sell. Ralph Bunche, a guard for the Bruins in the '20's, wrote Alcindor to point out the advantages of the school, which has produced such distinguished Negro athletes as Jackie Robinson and track star Rafer Johnson, winner of a gold medal in the decathlon at the 1960 Olympics. One of U.C.L.A.'s most effective emissaries was Willie Naulls, an alumnus and pro star, who regularly worked out with Alcindor in New York.

In April, Donohue agreed to let Alcindor fly out to Los Angeles, where he was met at the airport by assistant coach Jay Norman, Naulls and Edgar Lacey, a Negro who was a star junior forward. It was raining and, since part of the California sell is constant sunshine, Norman kept saying, My, isn't the weather unusual? Wooden intuitively felt that Alcindor would appreciate being left alone, so Lacey was assigned to guard him, the alumni were told to stay clear, and the whole approach was casual. Lew hunched on a stool in the campus drugstore to have a meal, was shown the offices of the school newspaper (he was interested in journalism) and saw Wooden in his office.

True to form, Wooden did not try to high-pressure Alcindor, but then he really didn't have to. The quiet boy and the reserved man hit it off well from the start. When Alcindor left, Wooden later admitted, "I knew he would be coming here if he could get his parents' approval."

A few days later Wooden flew to New York, made an hour's visit to Lew's parents in their apartment and flew back. And that was all that U.C.L.A. did to get the greatest prospect in the history of college basketball. Other schools have spent more effort trying to land a trombonist for the marching band.

By spring a hundred or more college coaches were panting to learn which school Alcindor would allow to educate him for free in return for his services on the basketball court. Lew found, to his bewilderment, that he already was a celebrity. "People would holler at me from out of cabs," he recalls, "and come running out of bars. 'Where are you going? Did you decide yet?'"

When Alcindor did decide in May, Coach Donohue called a press conference to allow Lew to make his own announcement. At the time, Donohue had accepted a job at Holy Cross, and most sportswriters assumed he would be taking his boy with him. But Alcindor stood up before scores of newspapermen, magazine writers and TV and radio people and said that he would be going with John Wooden. "I have always been captivated by California," were his first words.

Ironically, Wooden was not terribly impressed with Alcindor when he first saw him play. He tired quickly, and he sometimes faded away from the basket while shooting, so that he was not in a position to grab the rebound if he missed.

Jay Carty, a former Oregon State star studying for his doctorate at U.C.L.A., was engaged to tutor him. He put Alcindor on a crash program of conditioning that included jumping up 15 times in a row and touching a line on the backboard one and a half feet above the basket. After that came a dunking drill in which Alcindor time and again leaped high in the air and jammed the ball down through the hoop. Carty also played him hard in one-on-one games, trying to rattle the youngster to accustom him to the rough college game.

Alcindor learned fast. He led the freshman team to a victory over the varsity, 75-60. Then the Brubabes, as the freshman team is called, ran off 21 straight victories, often swamping the opposition by scores that were embarrassing. For the season Alcindor averaged 33 points, and his shooting average was an amazing 68 percent.

As a freshman, Alcindor asked Wooden to protect him from the press and public the same way Donohue had, and Wooden was delighted to comply. When newsmen found that they couldn't make

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And Alcindor, who is still learning to use his height, is bound to become even more awesome.

appointments to interview Alcindor, they tried to intercept him on the U.C.L.A. campus and ask him questions on the run as the boy lengthened his tremendous stride. "Freshmen are not allowed to talk to reporters," Lew would tell them politely, and disappear.

Reporters who tracked him down last summer found that he was employed by the music division of Columbia Pictures Screen Gems in midtown Manhattan, working at a variety of tasks to become familiar with the record business. There Alcindor would relax enough in the presence of a reporter to talk a little about jazz, and he spent some of his lunch hours trying to master the saxophone. He felt very much at home in the place. Yet one day a lady walked in the door, saw him standing there and screamed.

If Alcindor were 5 feet 11, he would be a normal teen-ager with normal interests—jazz, anthropology, journalism—but he is 7 feet 1⅜ inches tall, and he is different. He has few close friends—only those he can trust—and he leads a solitary life. When U.C.L.A. students began to stare too hard at him this year, Alcindor moved out of a dorm holding 800 students and moved in with teammate Edgar Lacey. He drives to and from the campus in a 1958 Mercedes, which he is quick to say he bought with his own money. Instead of eating in a crowded student cafeteria, he arranged to take his meals in a small fraternity house, where he can be sure that no more than 35 students will be on hand to watch him.

"I suppose I should get used to being pointed out," he says, "but it's not my nature. It's like being willing to accept insults."

Despite his sensitivity, and the attention he has been getting, Alcindor is a remarkably self-possessed young man. These days he will pause to talk to reporters, although he will rarely sit down for an interview. ("You have to kind of lean back and look straight up," says one newsman. "It's like interviewing the Statue of Liberty.")

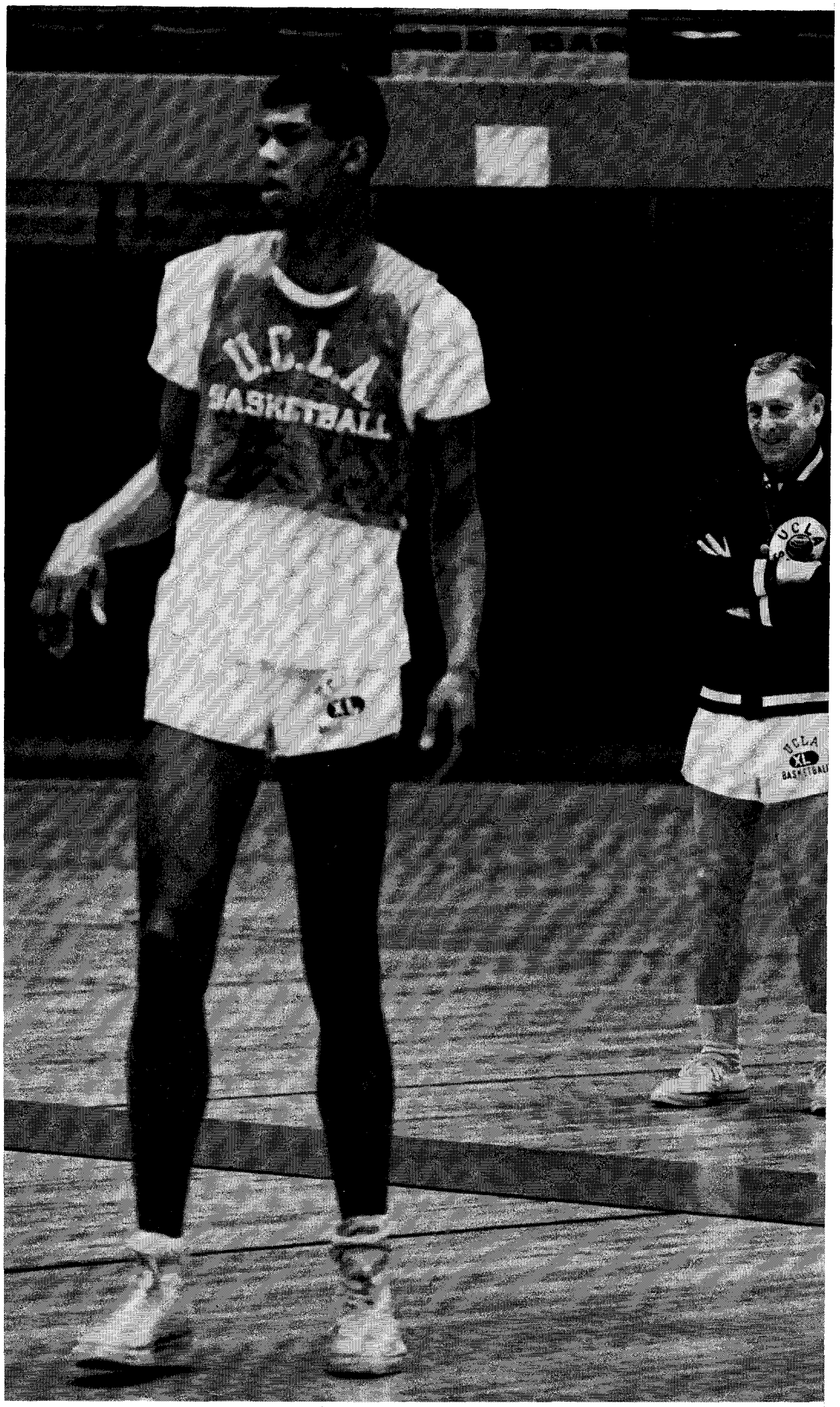
A thoroughly New York boy, Alcindor admits to being baffled by some of the customs and people he sees at U.C.L.A. "These Californians," he says. "I can't believe they're for real."

But Alcindor is quick to add that he is glad he came to U.C.L.A. "I'm not here to be a social butterfly," he says, "just to get an education. And the people in the athletic department have been great. If they said they'd do something, they did it. They've kept their part of their bargain, and I'll keep mine."

Lew's part of the bargain, of course, is to play the best basketball he can, which will have to be better than very good; it will have to be great. Alcindor is a legend *before* his time and, as Wilt Chamberlain has pointed out, a seven-foot basketball player cannot hide.

Ironically there are already some complaints that Alcindor may be *too* good, that he is turning the game into a dull, one-man show. "I'm afraid that some of the fun is going to go out of U.C.L.A. basketball," says one student. "Alcindor will be considered a giant scoring machine, and the excitement will come only if some team can rig a defense against him. Otherwise the game will be like a ballet—not a contest."

Wooden scoffs at the idea that his star sophomore will revolutionize the game, but he readily admits that he as yet has no idea how good he will become. "Lew is still a youngster emotionally, mentally and in terms of experience," says John Wooden. "He's never really been challenged, never really had to drive himself." There is a glimmer of a smile as Wooden talks. "When that happens, there should be quite an explosion." □



U.C.L.A.'s Coach Wooden smiles contentedly as he contemplates his star and the 2½ seasons he still has to play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

A new Warren Commission?

After months of diligent investigation into the details of President Kennedy's assassination, Richard J. Whalen has reached some profoundly disturbing conclusions, notably that "there is still room for reasonable doubt about the [Warren] Commission's essential finding—that Lee Oswald alone murdered the President." There are serious conflicts in the available evidence, this veteran reporter found, and the conflicts tend to support the possibility that there was a second assassin. To resolve these conflicts, he urges a new investigation by a special congressional committee or presidential panel of civilian experts, on the ground that "the enduring need is not only for the truth but for a determination of the truth in a manner that commands the respect of reasonable men."

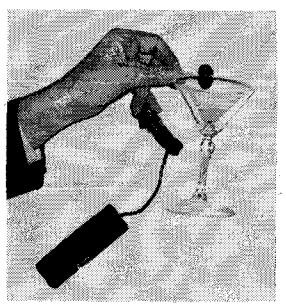
We believe Whalen presents a persuasive argument, and we think there are good reasons for an official resolution of the challenges posed by the many critics of the Warren *Report*. Still, the nature of the controversy makes it less certain that a thoroughgoing public re-investigation would be the wisest course. Disturbing as the questions are, raising the possibility of conspirators still unpunished, the last thing the country needs is a spectacular sequel to the Warren Commission, with reporters and cameramen swarming around, with every bit of evidence spread out before the public, and with all the conspiracy-mongers crying out their dubious speculations.

Publicity and politics are both dangers to such an inquiry. It would be difficult to find anyone totally immune to the pressures that would inevitably arise—pressures to suppress the unpleasant, to cover up any mistakes, to leak conflicting versions of the evidence. Nonetheless, it would be a total rejection of our society to assume that we cannot create a fact-finding committee of indisputable impartiality, skill, experience, rectitude, and concern for the truth.

Nor need everything be investigated at once. Instead, a fact-finding group could concentrate on the major areas of controversy one by one, starting with the autopsy report. The essential X-ray evidence here would be available to such an investigation, as it was not made available to the Warren Commission and as it is not available to any private inquiry. And thus a re-examination could determine once and for all that the autopsy report was correct or incorrect. If it was completely correct, the Warren *Report* acquires important support; if it was even partly incorrect, a whole new series of questions inevitably arises. And so, step by step, the examiners could proceed through the ballistics tests, the Zapruder film and so on.

The possibility of a conspiracy is too ugly and too important to be left to gossip and speculation. The Warren Commission was appointed not so much to solve a crime as to heal a people's wounds, by proving that Oswald acted alone. In the short term, it succeeded quite brilliantly; in the longer term, its success has been eroded. Only by a meticulous reexamination of the disputed findings will its mandate be fully and finally carried out.

Why get bugged about bugging?



There has been a lot of arguing recently about who is to blame for the large amount of electronic eavesdropping done by the FBI, but it seems worth asking why there should be any blame at all. Is it not possible that our unthinking anxiety about "Big Brother" eavesdropping on us is a sign not of civic virtue but of paranoia?

In actual fact, there is a wide gap between what the law prohibits and what the engineers have made possible. The Fourth Amendment provides the basic law: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated. . . ." What, however, is an "unreasonable search"? Congress and the courts have imposed strict controls on wiretaps, but engineers now have devised miniature gadgets that can overhear and record conversations from a block away. There is no trespassing, no intrusion. And when technology can produce something that a lot of people want to use, it will be used.

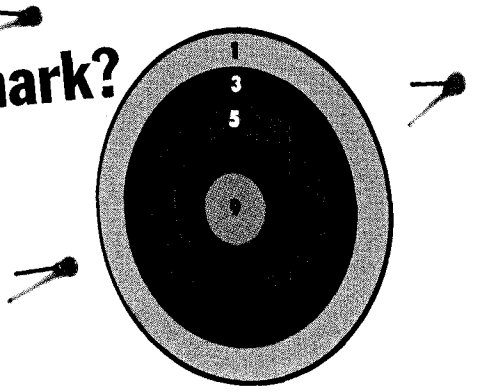
As a result, electronics companies openly advertise a wide range of snooping devices, and eavesdropping is increasingly widespread. Curiously enough, while eight states ban wiretapping and six others permit it only in limited cases, there is little law governing the most advanced forms of eavesdropping. And even more curiously, the people most notably prevented from such surveillance are the federal authorities—by a presidential order of 1965 which forbids U.S. agencies to eavesdrop except in cases that involve national security.

This is not to say that the FBI should be given a free hand to trap and imprison anyone it dislikes. Wiretap evidence, aside from all moral questions, is easy to falsify, and the courts have been wise to bar most of it as "tainted." But a great deal of police activity involves not getting convictions but getting information. It seems only reasonable that most of the information the police would like to get by eavesdropping is information that would lead to the prevention or solution of crimes. It also seems reasonable that the police, in such efforts, should be able to use the same means that now are available to ordinary citizens.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tired of halfway cars that miss the mark? Aim for Coronet 500!"



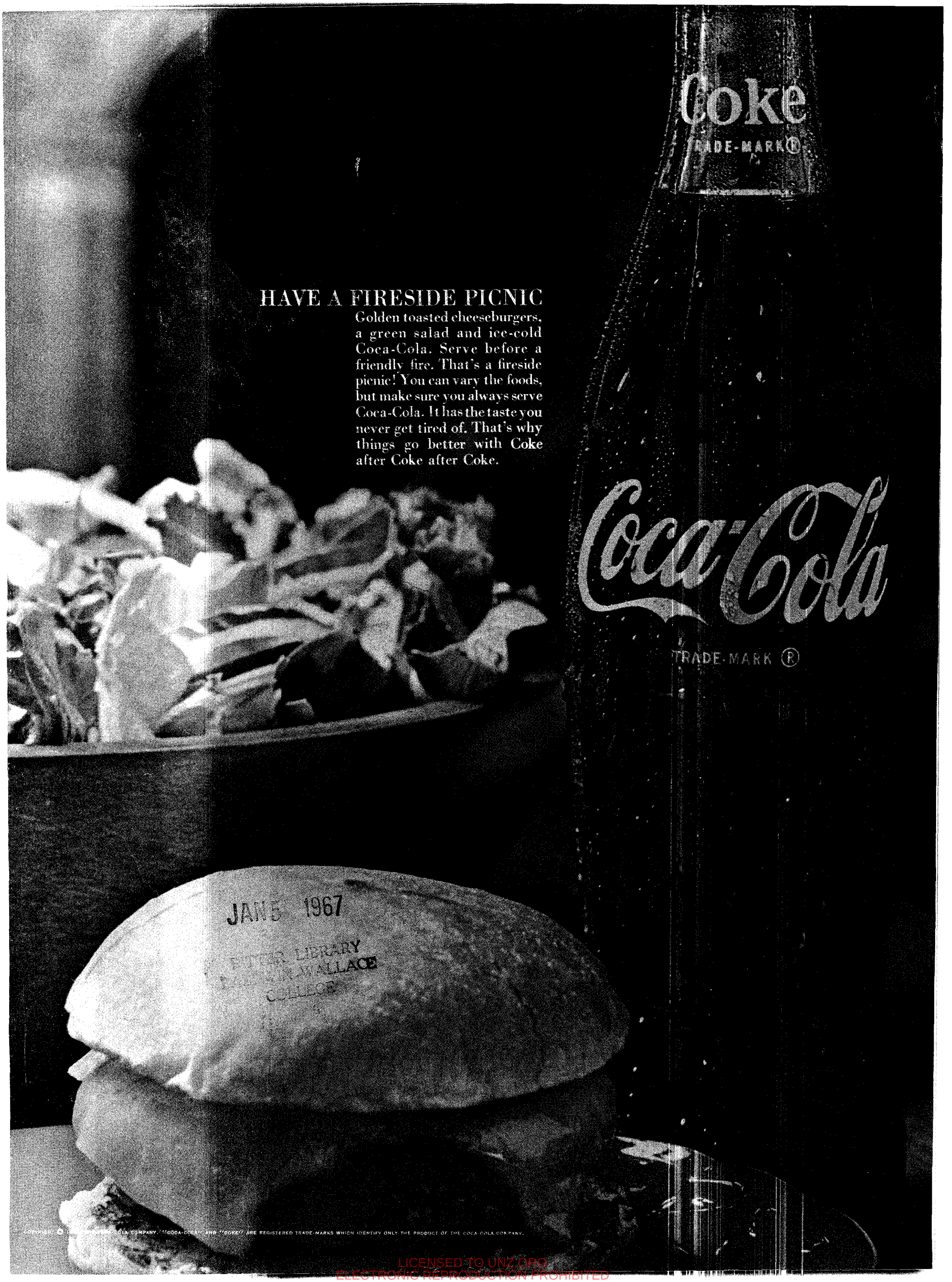
DODGE REBELLION OPERATION '67

This time, aim high. Set your sights on Coronet's luxury, and distinction, and outstanding performance. And get all you aim for at a very down-to-earth price. Coronet for '67 offers a full line . . . sedans, wagons, convertibles, hardtops. The Coronet 500 convertible you see here is one. It and its companion Coronet 500 two-door hardtop have these extra touches of luxury, all at the standard price: bucket seats up front, a distinctive grille design, center cushion and pull-down armrest, and plush carpeting wherever your feet touch down. Coronet 500 also offers a choice of five engines—up to a 383-cu.-in. V8. Options include front seat headrests and a vinyl-covered roof. There's nothing halfway about Coronet. It's right on target. Don't take that old familiar trail to the ho-hum cars again. See your Dodge Dealer. If you haven't already enlisted in Dodge Rebellion Operation '67, your time has come.

'67 Dodge Coronet

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


HAVE A FIRESIDE PICNIC
Golden toasted cheeseburgers, a green salad and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Serve before a friendly fire. That's a fireside picnic! You can vary the foods, but make sure you always serve Coca-Cola. It has the taste you never get tired of. That's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.
Coke
TRADE-MARK ®
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK ®
JAN 5 1967
LIBRARY
WALLACE
COLLEGE

Copyright © 1966 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED